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HOME WORDS

FOR
HEART & HEARTH

1880

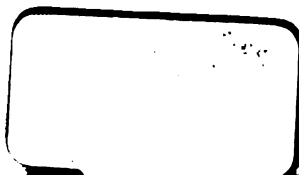


The Heart has many a dwelling place

But only once a Home



Per. 1419. d. 279.
1880.









From a Photograph by

B. W. BENTLEY, Manchester.

*Ever yours affly,
John A. Taylor*

"More light from my Saviour's Face, that I may shine the brighter; more knowledge of God, that I may instruct others; more holiness of walk, that the world may learn that there is a power which crucifies self, and enables the possessor to live 'as seeing Him who is invisible.'"—From "MORE AND MORE," Home Words, Vol. iii. p. 106.

HOME WORDS

FOR

HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;

EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," AND "HAND AND HEART."



"Peace be within thy walls.

A land
Where lives a faith Divine ; where graceful rise
Religion's hallowed domes, and close at hand
The school-house, fit ally, within whose walls
Kind culture early moulds the plastic mind
To virtue and to truth ; where stand embowered
The mantled cottage and the tasteful Home.
Dear tranquil scenes ! Home, o'er the world a name
That like a talisman calls to the soul
All images of bliss, hath here a spell
Of mightiest working."

RAY PALMER.



1880.



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HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Another Year.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

ANOTHER Year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another Year for Thee!

The late Rev. William Pennefather:

THE POWER OF A GODLY LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.



LONG will the name of William Pennefather be a treasured memory in the hearts of thousands who loved him as their pastor, their benefactor, and their friend.

His life-work furnished a striking testimony to the power of Christianity to bless and elevate — a testimony which none

could gainsay. He was "a living epistle" of the truth he taught—the very type of an Apostle—"a man who reflected the image of Jesus, who Himself is Love, as brightly as any saint of God." The twin graces, love and humility, gave him a power to influence others rarely equalled. He seemed to dwell in the very sunshine of the Divine favour. His heart was full of love, and "wide as the world." A

former curate testifies—"His face, to my knowledge, never wore but two expressions, one of love, the other of self-consecration;" and Lord Shaftesbury well described him as "the gentle, the pious, the good, and one of the most amiable of mankind."

In the Islington parish of St. Jude's, in which he laboured, the eye has but to look around, and his monument is everywhere. Orphanages, Homes, Mission-rooms, Workman's Hall, Conference Hall, Schools, Mothers' meetings, classes of all kinds established and flourishing, testify to the exemplary zeal and devotedness of the faithful pastor.

Although not a voluminous writer, he was the author of several valuable experimental books; and his Hymns* entitle him to be regarded as a true poet of the Sanctuary.

But he was preeminently the pastor in action. His path was ever onward; new plans of usefulness, new openings for Christian work, seemed constantly occurring to him. Claiming no remarkable or special intellectual gifts, he was spiritually "great in the sight of the Lord;" and in the Lord's strength he aimed at—and he accomplished—great things. Gifted with an amiable and buoyant temperament, he loved to work amongst the masses; and the special need of any sphere of labour was to him its chief recommendation.

The real secret of his power—to quote his own words, so applicable to himself—was found in "the calm dignity of one, who, while grasping an Almighty hand, exclaims, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'" He knew, in fact, what it was to "rest in the Lord," whilst he worked for the Lord.

His biography is best summed up, as that of Enoch is summed up by the word of Inspiration, in the single, emphatic sentence, "He walked with God." The *Power of a Godly Life* made him what he was. "Walking with God" as a forgiven child walks with a loved parent, he became "more and more" of one mind with God; and he witnessed "more and more," by a life of holy joy and spiritual service, to the transforming and sanctifying "grace that is in Christ Jesus."

Thus living, he gained the love and esteem of tens of thousands; and it was said with truth on the day of his funeral, that it might have been "the funeral of a king." It was assuredly the funeral of a pastor who *reigned*, as few have reigned, in the hearts of his people.

"Being dead," he "yet speaketh." What *he* was, bids us "Go and do likewise." "There is not one of us who knows what he may be able to do for God, if only he will walk in the path God marks out for him, and cast himself for strength on the Lord his God. There is not one of us who can tell what a field of usefulness may be opened to him, if he but say, 'Master, here am I, to die, and live, and work for Thee.'"† Let our watchword for the New Year be the watchword he himself so earnestly commended and exemplified—"More light from my Saviour's face, that I may shine the brighter; more knowledge of God, that I may instruct others; more holiness of walk, that the world may learn that there is a power which crucifies self, and enables the possessor to live 'as seeing Him who is invisible.'" Then will others take note in us of the *Power of a Godly Life*.

* Specimens of these Hymns will be given in the first of a series of papers, entitled "Modern Hymn Writers, Specimen Glasses for the King's Minstrels," by the late Frances Ridley Havergal, which will commence in our February Number.

† "Funeral Address," by the late Rev. C. D. Marston.

Next-Door Neighbours.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE RECTOR'S HOME," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

PHIL AND I.



"WON'T stand it, and I can't, and that's a fact," says Phil angrily. "So you needn't talk, Sue." And he looked me straight in the face with the sort of glowering frown that a man will put on even to the wife that he loves when his temper is up to white heat. He gave a stamp too, and the dust fell off his boots, making a grey mark on the carpet. "You're not going to come over me with soft words this time," said he. "It's past mortal patience. I've borne and borne and borne as much as a man can bear, and I'll put up with him no longer. A cantankerous, cross-grained, ill-natured chap! I'll have no more of such ways. I'll give it him before I'm one hour older. He shall have a bit of my mind this time, and no mistake."

I didn't try any arguing just then. My Phil was always one of the best of husbands, but he had a sharp temper, and anybody knows that to argufy with a man out of temper is like pulling a pig by the tail. The more you pull one way, the more the pig will go the other.

"Very well, Phil," said I, quite mild-like. "You ought to know best what is right to be done."

"Right! Of course it's right," says Phil: for, you know, a man in a passion always counts himself as infallible as the Pope makes believe to be.

"And I won't say one word more against it if you'll just promise me one thing," said I.

"Promise what?" says he.

"Only, Phil, please don't go and give Gilpin the scolding he deserves, for just three-quarters of an hour."

"Three-quarters of an hour! What on earth should I wait three-quarters of an hour for?" says he.

"Because I want it," says I, smiling up in

his face; and, there's no doubt of it, a smile has a sort of soothing way over a man. "Women have their little fancies, Phil, and that is one of mine. You say the scolding has got to be over in an hour, but if you begin in three-quarters of an hour you'll have lots of time. It don't take a man longer than a quarter of an hour to give a bit of his mind, does it?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," says Phil: and he sat down by the table, and put on a downright determined sort of look. "I suppose not, and I'll wait because you want it, Sue; but you needn't suppose I'm going to change my mind and give over speaking to Gilpin. It is only just and right I should."

"I wouldn't for anything have you leave undone what is just and right to be done," said I. We were sitting, I remember, on opposite sides of the round table, and I was mending one of Philip's shirts.

"If it was anybody but you, I'd think you were asking me to put off, just because you knew that Gilpin would be out of the way in three-quarters of an hour," said Phil. "But that sort of underhandedness isn't your sort."

"No," I said. "Gilpin's more sure to be in then than now, to my thinking."

"Then it's only because you're in hopes I'll cool down. But I shan't," says he. "It'll take a deal longer than three-quarters of an hour to cool me down, I can tell you. All the pains I've taken with them plants, and everybody saying I was as sure of a prize as if it was mine already; and now to have a smash-up like that, just because a cantankerous chap can't stand a child throwing a stone into his garden; it makes a man's blood boil! Why, I'd set my heart on getting you a nice new gown to go to church in, and no chance of that now,—not if it's to come out of the prize, anyhow."

"I'll do without the gown a bit longer; thank you all the same, Phil, for thinking of it," said I. "I've spoken to Jamie, and told him he was naughty to throw stones: for so he was."

Jamie came in while we were talking. I

don't think anybody would ever have guessed our little Jamie to be near upon nine years old. He was always such a white-faced, puny, mite of a child. I used to be very proud of his goldy-looking hair, all curling over his head, and as fine as silk, and he was a good, gentle child; but he gave Philip and me many a heartache, for he had scarce all his life long known a day of really good health. One thing and another thing was always wrong with him. Not but what he was a merry boy commonly, though just then his little lips were trembling, and his blue eyes were running over.

"Eh, Jamie, what's the matter?" asked Philip, for he was dearly fond of the child: and Jamie threw himself right into Philip's arms, with his head down on his shoulder, in a way I like to see a little one cling to his father. For a father's love *ought* to be a little picture of the great deep love of our Father in heaven for His children on earth, and the trust and clinging of the children to their father ought to help them to trust and cling to their heavenly Father in every trouble. But, after all, it seems to me that nothing comes so near that love as a mother's love. And oh me, there's many a father and many a mother too, whose children can't cling to them at all, and would run anywhere rather than to them for help. It's a poor notion of a father's love that Gilpin's children could ever learn from him.

"O father, he's gone and smashed 'em all up, quite all up," sobbed Jamie. "And the beauty white rose has a lot of earth on it—and not one of them is fit to be seen—and mother says it's all my fault."

Philip looked across at me a bit fierce when he heard that.

"No, Jamie, not all," says I, "only partly. It wasn't right to throw stones in Gilpin's garden. We shouldn't like to have him throwing stones into ours."

"It wasn't your fault a bit, Jamie, so don't you mind mother," said Philip, who was a deal too much out of temper to be wise. "Not one bit. It was all Gilpin. Mind you never have a word to say to him again."

Jamie looked up in a wondering sort of way.

"Mustn't I speak to Gilpin again, father?"

"No," says Philip, quite determined.

"Never,—never at all?"

"Never," says Philip. "I'll give him my mind the moment the clock is on the stroke of half-past four, and I'll never exchange one word with him after."

It was easy to see how puzzled Jamie felt.

"Mother said I was to forgive old Gilpin," he murmured. "Mother said I was to forgive him when he broke my little wheelbarrow, and father made me learn a text, and said I was to be kind to him back. And I did mean to try. Needn't I be kind to him any more, father?"

I knew Philip gave a wince, and I spoke up quick to leave him time for thought.

"Why was it father said you were to be kind to him, Jamie?" said I.

"'Cause he's such a dreadful bad unhappy old fellow, mother, and don't know the way to heaven. And if he don't learn it quick, he'll be a deal unhappier when he dies. And father said if we weren't gentle and kind to him, like the Lord Jesus is, he'd maybe never learn to be better."

"Well, you're a good boy to remember what you're told," I said to him. "And I dare say you haven't forgotten the text too, Jamie."

"No," said Jamie, and he repeated it straight off,—"'For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' And I know what trespasses means, 'cause father told me," Jamie went on. "It's when the neighbours do nasty spiteful things, like old Gilpin."

"Or when little boys throw stones into their neighbours' gardens," I said.

"Well, but, mother, why don't Gilpin forgive me?" asked Jamie very quick.

"I'm afraid he isn't one that cares much about what the Lord Jesus tells us," I said softly. "But father and you and I care, Jamie: so we've got to attend, and we've got to forgive old Gilpin: only father means to tell him that he mustn't do such things again. And you needn't speak to Gilpin till father gives you leave. You can go and play in the garden now."

Jamie went off, and I sat and worked, and Phil looked hard at me. I knew he wanted

me to talk: for as sure as I had said anything, he would have told me he meant to speak out his mind just the same, no matter what I thought. But as I didn't say anything, he had no particular call to say that either: so the clock ticked and neither of us spoke one word.

I always liked the ticking of that clock, with its big round pendulum, swinging to and fro in the wooden case with a glass front. It was such a strong, quiet, regular click, click, click, as if the clock knew its business, and meant to do it, and wouldn't be easily hindered. The clock was given me for a wedding present, when I was married, by my mistress, Mrs. Conner, after the years I had been in her service,—twelve years, neither more nor less, from the time I was fifteen to the time I was twenty-seven, first as school-room maid, then as under-nurse, and last as lady's-maid, and I never was in any other service.

My master's gift was a grand family Bible, heavy and purple-covered. It lay always on a little round table in a corner of our parlour, and I never let anybody dust it but myself; and on Sundays and holidays, when we sat in the parlour and had meals there instead of in the kitchen, we had prayers there too: so Philip read out of our big, beautiful Book.

On each side of the clock there was a handsome vase, and they had been given me by the young ladies of the house when I left. How sorry I was to say good-bye to them all, to be sure! But still it wasn't a good-bye of the worst sort, though my home was to be no longer under the same roof: for Phil and I lived still in Little Sutton, and they often came to see me. The young ladies were married by this time, and wedding-cake had been sent me four times, and now there were grandchildren running about often in the house, as sweet as my own young ladies had been when I was there.

We had two or three neat framed pictures hanging on the walls, and a little bookcase of three shelves nearly full of books, and a comfortable rocking-chair, and a pretty bright red table-cloth to smarten up the room. Phil and I took a real pride in having our parlour look nice. It was a cosy

little cottage, with the kitchen at the back, behind the parlour, and three little bedrooms overhead. Phil and I slept in one, and the two boys in another, and we commonly had a lodger in the third. We made a little more that way; not that it was really needful, for Phil was a good workman, and he earned good wages, and he used to bring all his wages straight home to me, instead of leaving half in the pockets of the publicans by the way.

I always did say, and I always shall say, that there are not many men in England like my husband: and yet maybe there are more than I think. It isn't that he ever was so very particularly clever. He was a skilled workman, but not at all one of those men who make a stir wherever they go, and get everybody to admire them.

Of course it is a great thing to be clever. Phil always declared I was cleverer than him, because I could read fast and write easily, while he was one of the slowest readers I ever saw, and writing was a great bother to him. But then he always had so much sense. If I was cleverer than Philip,—and I don't know that I was, for all he said so,—I know I never had half his sense. And if he didn't read fast, he thought over everything he read, and never forgot it after.

And Philip had such a straightforward way of looking things in the face. Truth was truth, and right was right, and wrong was wrong, and a lie was a lie, with my husband. He would never say black was white to please anybody, and he never could follow the doublings and shiftings and shilly-shallyings of some men. That wasn't always liked, maybe,—and especially it wasn't always liked by the men when he became foreman,—but all the same he went straight ahead, and he was fifty times as much respected in the end for not giving in to what was wrong.

Little Sutton was not so small a village even in those days as its name would seem to make out. Our little row of cottages—Philip's and mine in the middle, with old Gilpin's on one side of us, and Will Saunders' on the other side, and two more cottages beyond each, making seven in all—was in about the most countrified part of the whole place. Little Sutton had grown into quite a town

on the other side of the church, and there was such a deal of building going on that the masons had a pretty good time of it. My husband was a mason.

Besides being so true in his ways, my husband was very kind-hearted,—as kind-hearted a man as ever I knew. He could not see a child tumble down in the road without stopping to pick it up and comfort it. And as for cuffing and knocking about his wife and his boys, like what—well, I needn't say *which* of the neighbours often did—I should just have thought he had gone out of his mind if I had seen him begin such ways. No; he was a good husband to me, and he always said I was a good wife to him. I hope so, I am sure, or it would be bitter work looking back now.

As I have just said, Philip earned good wages in those days, and we were gathering quite a nice sum in the savings bank. For it never was our plan to spend every penny we could earn on dress and food, and then expect the parish to support us, or gentle-folks to step in and keep us from the work-house, when sickness or age or a slack season should stop work. No; Philip always said he didn't count that to be proper self-respect. If we did our best, and God took from us the means of getting along, then, he said, he would be grateful for help: but he had too much of honest pride to trust to that as long as he could provide for himself and for his,—not only in fine weather, but on rainy days. Why, dear me, the bees and the ants and the dormice and the swallows show a deal more forethought than many a working-man and his wife show when they have good times and plenty of work. Of course I don't mean to say but there's many a one as wise as my husband, for there's seldom a rule without a lot of exceptions; still I do know that such are the exceptions, and not the rule.

Phil and I sat awhile as quiet as two mice: only I saw Phil looking up slyly at the clock, as if he was tired of waiting, and didn't much enjoy this sort of spending of his half-holiday. And presently I said to him in a cheerful sort of way, "What do you think of our new lodger, Phil?"

"Don't know," says Philip gruffly.

"He's a pleasant young fellow in the main,

and steady, I do think, and that's a comfort."

"He wouldn't stay here long if he wasn't, I can tell him," said Phil.

"I'm sure he is. And he seems so good-tempered, and not a bit fussy in his way. The boys take to him wonderful. I wonder where he comes from."

"No knowing where any of them young navvies come from," said Philip, rather crusty still. "Just regular birds of passage, all of 'em,—coming and going."

"Well, it's like to be a good two years' business, he says, in these parts,—such a deal of tunnelling, and a bridge, and a viaduct, and I don't know what all. But I'm glad you are not a navvy, Phil. It's nice to have a settled home."

"Settled as long as there's work to be had," said Phil.

"Building in Little Sutton isn't like to get less, now we're to have the railway brought to our doors," I said. "And as long as Mr. Conner keeps on, you're never like to be wanting work."

"Maybe not, but there's no knowing what may happen next," said Phil. You see, he was in a mood to take everything on its wrong side. And then he got up, and said, "I'm going out now, but I'm not going far. You needn't suppose I've changed my mind, Sue."

"No," said I.

"Gilpin's ways *must* be put down," said he.

"Yes, he's got to be conquered somehow," said I.

"That's just what I say. And I mean to do it, too."

"Only there's different ways of doing it," says I. "I suppose it's a question which is the best way."

"I'm not going to be put upon any longer," says Phil gruffly. "He's determined to have the upper hand of me, and I'm determined he shan't."

"Well, the Bible does tell us not to be overcome of evil," said I, as quiet as I could. "So you've got to conquer him, no doubt."

"It don't mean——"

I expect Philip was going to say, "It don't mean that, though." But he stopped short in the middle, shut his lips, and walked off.

(To be continued.)

"Nane but Christ."

A MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.



YE, but it's hard to live the life o' sainted men o' God ;
To tread the path o' faith an' prayer as our Great Master trode ;
To die to sin, to live for Him, in thought, in word, an' deed ;
To give all praise—oursels forgot—to Him, our livin' Head.

It's fine, no doubt, to tak' an oar, wi' Him just i' the boat :
To think that we can lend a hand to keep oursels afloat ;
When skies are fair this *may* look weel, but oh ! to trust Him sae
That *He* will lead—we follow on—unto the perfect day !

A "decent life" is not the life for follo'ers o' the King ;
A *bonnie* life, a *fragrant* life—just like the flowers o' spring :
The rose's scent, the lily's hue, the palm tree's upright form,
The cedar's strength, the willow's droop when bent beneath the storm !

Oh, lowly One ! we need Thee sore, that we may lowly be :
Oh, Saviour meek ! break down our pride, mak' us as meek as Thee :
Give us more love an' charity, mak' us completely Thine—
No wayside plants, but garden flowers, kept by a Hand Divine !

I've heard "Eyes Front" given in comman' to soldiers on review :
An' such, methinks, is the comman' to Christian soldiers too :
"Eyes front" to Him, in life or death, whatever may betide—
Not right, nor left, nor yet behind, but only on our Guide.

We maun look in, to see our sin an' a' our daily need ;
We maun look in, to purge oursels frae ilka wicked deed ;
We maun look in—but just to tak' our vileness to His feet,
An' stan' in Him, in Him alone, most gloriously complete !

As sailors, then, we'll lay the oars completely in His han's ;
As soldiers true we'll look to Him, and follow His comman's ;
As garden flowers we'll look above for sunshine an' for dew,
To smile on us, an' water us, an' keep our lily hue.

An' bless the Lord, we may live so, that we shall sair be miss't :
May tell o' Him in silent deeds, an' a' our ways be blest ;
Juist bury *self*, an' hide in Him, till only He appears ;
The glory His, the profit ours, through a' the tide o' years.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.



In Yacht and Canoe.

I. "MY SECOND SHIPWRECK."



BY JOHN MACGREGOR, M.A. (ROB ROY), CAPTAIN OF "THE ROYAL CANOE CLUB."

HERE was a very pretty little iron cutter for sale in the large harbour of Kingstown, near Dublin, and I saved my pocket-money (as a boy of fifteen ought to do) and hired the charming craft on Saturday holidays several times, until "the man" let me "go out alone"—you know the delicious feeling of *that*, young reader lad!

Sailing alone makes you understand the whims and fancies of a boat, and how its boom will gibe and hit you under the left ear; and how much sheet is enough for the jib.

I got bolder after practice—which was right, but at last I got rash—which was wrong; and so I ventured outside the harbour, just "to go a *little way* and then come back"—the usual intention which is so difficult to fulfil.

The first few rollers in the great tide-way outside the piers were perfectly delicious; but at last a sudden billow gave us such a jerk that the peak-halyard snapped, and at once my mainsail dropped and hung dishevelled all in "a mess."

It was dangerous to "wear her," for the sea would come over the stern, and it was impossible to "go about" in the regular way. So I had to jog on and thus get into smoother water: and yet, somehow, it didn't get smoother.

But eyes were upon me in this danger, and the skipper of a big yacht, then at anchor in the harbour, kindly "boused up" his crew and gallantly came out to save the lonely

mariner. Oh! how I thanked him in my heart as I saw the fine schooner dashing through the waves, and then he whirled round my lee and dropped a sailor boy on my bow with a strong rope to make fast to my sinking cutter. But the boy took fright and failed to fasten the rope; and, with a shout of fear, he scrambled back on board the schooner, while "oceans of water" poured into my lilliputian craft, and I was left alone again. Not only alone, but sinking fast, because my iron cutter had *no compartments*; and an iron boat is *sure* to sink when filled.

But see now, there are minutes still of hope; the schooner goes about to return, and here she is alongside again, in the whistling wind and the bursting surge—an anxious time indeed. They heaved a rope again to me, and I rushed forward, seized it, fastened it well round the "bits" (for the anchor and bowsprit), and down she sank while I climbed on board the schooner—all in a few seconds.

Heavy work it was to tow the sunken iron yacht into the harbour, until at last she grounded, and when the tide left her dry she was got all right again.

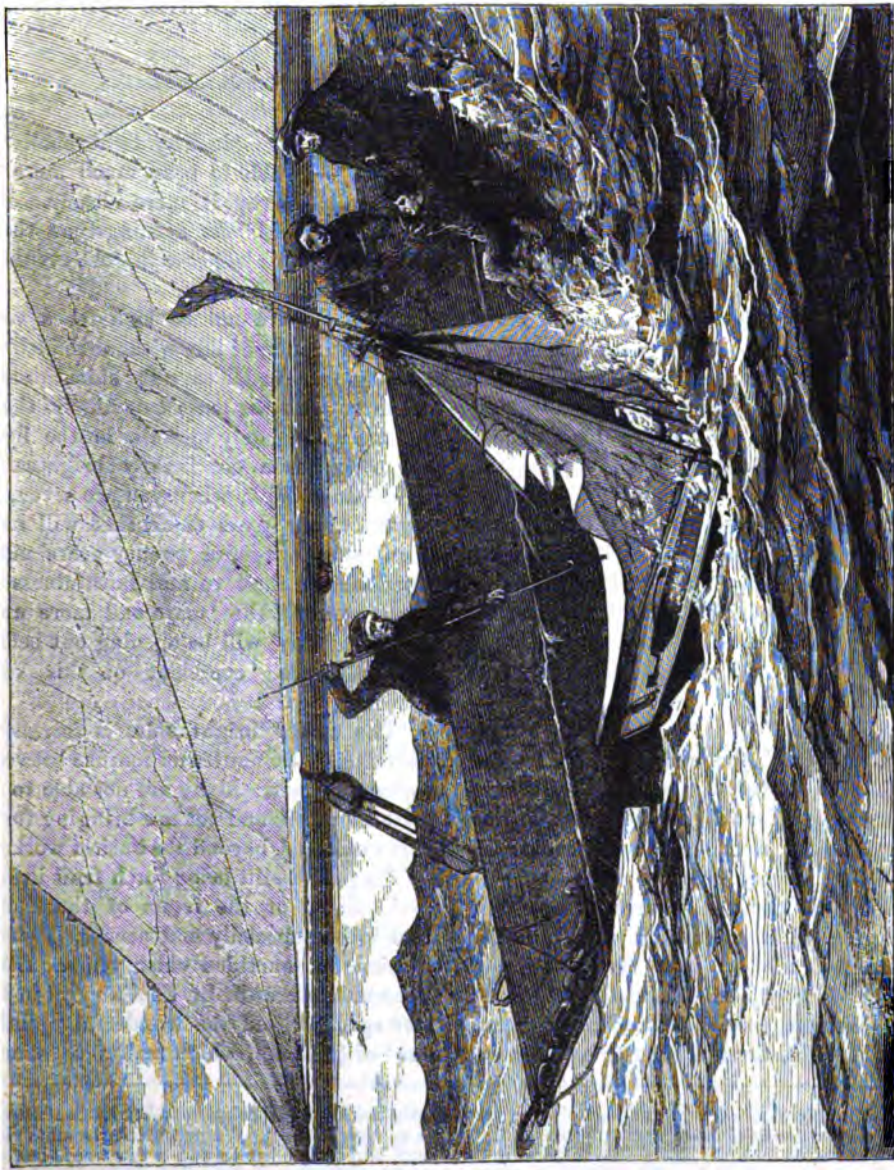
I was also got "all right," and with a bit of experience (not forgotten in thousands of miles of lonely sailing afterwards) which I hope many lads may profit by:—never to sail in an iron boat which has no compartments; always to help those whose ignorance or folly puts them in unexpected danger; and most of all to thank and praise Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost."

A Factory Song.

BRIGHTLY, brightly shines the skein,
Golden, yellow, smooth and soft;
But the slender silken thread,
Winding, see! is broken oft.
Well, no matter; find the end;
A little knot soon makes a mend.
But watch the knotty place with care;
'Tis apt to break again just there!

Like the silk our tempers seem,
Smooth and even till they're tried!
But oft we see the thread of peace
Broke short by roughness and by pride.
Well, now quickly join the ends;
Forgive! forget! shake hands! be friends!
But watch the knotty place with care,
Lest it should break again just there!

ANON.



Drawn by "Das Boot."

MY SECOND SHIPWRECK

[Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.]

Lessons from the Book.

I. THE BRIGHT SIDE OF GROWING OLDER: A LESSON FOR THE NEW YEAR:

BY THE EDITOR.



"Thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth:
thou shalt be as the morning" (*Job. xi. 17*).

"YEAR older!"—Is it a somewhat sad thought to any of us: or have we learned the happy secret of "The Bright Side of Growing Older"? There is a remarkable

paper bearing this title, in "Royal Bounty," by "the sweet Singer"—the bright and loving Frances Ridley Havergal—which should be read in the light of her translation "to the choir of Paradise" during the year that is gone. The thoughts in this paper are very precious: and that dying appeal of hers, when God's loving "Hand" was "pressing her sore"—"I want you to speak *bright* words about Jesus"—seems to give her testimony a voice from the inner sanctuary, whereby "she being dead may yet speak" to us "words in season" for the New Year.*

"The Bible," she says, "gives us the bright side of everything: and in this case of 'growing older' it gives us three bright sides of a fact, which without it could not help being gloomy.

"First, it opens the sure prospect of *increasing brightness* to those who have begun to walk in the light. Even 'our age is to be *clearer* than the noonday' (*Job xi. 17*). How suggestive that word 'clearer' is! The light, though intenser and nearer,

shall dazzle less: 'in Thy light shall we *see* light'—be able to bear much more of it, see all else by it more clearly. We should have said, 'At evening-time there shall be shadow:' God says, 'At evening-time there shall be light.'

"Also, we are not to look for a very dismal afternoon of life, without some final sunset glow: for He says it 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' So those who are willing only to walk in the light are to expect a continually brightening path. Just think, when you are seven, or ten, or twenty years older, that will only mean seven, or ten, or twenty years' more experience of the love and faithfulness of Jesus: and *still* the 'more and more unto the *perfect* day' will be opening out before us! We are 'confident of this very thing.'

"The *second* bright side, is *increasing fruitfulness*. Do not let us confuse between works and fruit. Many are not able to do anything at all, and yet are bringing forth fruit unto God, beyond the busiest workers—'They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.' Some of the fruits of the Spirit seem to be especially and peculiarly characteristic of sanctified older years. Look at the mellowness of St. Paul's 'joy' in his later epistles; and the wonderful 'gentleness' of St. John, which makes us almost

* We may mention that our dear Friend, very shortly before her translation to her Eternal Home, placed in our hands a paper, entitled "*Him with Whom we have to Do*." We suggested its suitability as a Watchword or Bible Motto for the coming New Year, and asked her to add a few words bearing directly on the flight of time, in order that we might so use it in one of our magazines. The manuscript was returned to her for this purpose only a week or two before the Master's Call reached her. The lines were not added, but the solemnity of almost "Last Words" attaches to this Watchword for the New Year. We have printed it in the January number of *The Day of Days*; and it can also be obtained as a New Year's Tract, with a Portrait of "F. R. H.", from any bookseller for 1d.; or in quantities for distribution, 5s. per 100, direct from *Hand and Heart* Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

forget his early character of 'a son of thunder.' And 'the same Spirit' is given to us that we too may bring forth 'fruit that may abound,' and always 'more fruit.'

"The *third* bright side is brightest of all: '*Even to your old age, I am He.*' Always the same Jehovah-Jesus; with us 'all the days;' bearing and carrying us 'all the days;' reiterating His promise—'Even to hoar hairs will I carry you . . . ; even I will carry and will deliver you,' just as He carried the lambs in His bosom. For we shall always be His little children, and 'doubtless' He will always be our Father. The rush of years cannot touch this!"

Truly these are "*bright words*" indeed—words of Gospel light and love, revealing "*the bright side of growing older.*" Walking beneath the light of God's countenance, forgiven and accepted in the Beloved, and daily "*increasing in God's Holy Spirit more and more,*" what can the New Year bring—but "*the supply of all our need*"?

"God's reiterated 'All!'

O wondrous Word of Peace and Power!
Touching with its tuneful fall
Each unknown day, each hidden hour
Of the coming year!

"He shall 'all' your need supply,
And He will make 'all' grace abound;
Always 'all sufficiency'
In Him for 'all' things shall be found
Through the coming year!"—F. R. H.

Perhaps one thought more may be added, to guard against a possible misconception. We must not forget that the *bright* side of Christian experience is ever found in the way of "*crucifixion with Christ.*" Progress in holiness, or the bringing forth of "the fruits of the Spirit" as the unfailing law and result of Christian life—must ever be the measure of Christian light and joy and peace; and this progress in holiness necessarily involves *discipline* and *trial* and *spiritual conflict*. The road to Heaven is indeed a *bright* road, but we have to learn much on

the way; and clouds, and crosses, and even falls are often our lesson books. There could indeed be no *growth* in grace at all, unless we were being thus constantly taught our need of *more* grace—even of *all* "the riches of grace" that God has stored up for us "in glory, by Christ Jesus."

Hence we know the forgiven, who have "known the love that God hath to them," are those who are ever feeling their fresh and constant need of the renewed sprinkling of the Atoning blood; and those who walk most closely with God are ever "counting themselves not to have attained," and for this very reason are "pressing towards the mark for the prize of their high calling in Christ Jesus." The deeper the Christian experience, the higher is the standard of holiness, and the greater the sense of spiritual need.

Thus it was with Frances Ridley Havergal. There was "*growth in grace,*" in knowledge, in humility, and holiness, even to the end. Up to the last she sweetly sang:—

"O *precious* blood! Lord, let it rest on me!
I ask not only pardon from my King,
But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee
Just as I came at first—a simple helpless thing.

"O Saviour, bid me 'go and sin no more;'
And keep me always 'neath the mighty flow
Of Thy perpetual fountain. I implore,
That Thy perpetual cleansing I may fully know."

And so also she ever felt that in order to the daily walk of holy, happy, *bright* communion with God and usefulness to man, there must be unceasing prayer for the continued *increase* of faith. "Let us," she writes in one of her latest letters to a Christian friend, "let us *ask* Him together to *increase* our faith, so that we may *more and more* come under the beautiful description of those who 'through faith *obtained* promises.'"

Yes! ever "*More and more*"—the Chris-

tian's onward watchword on his heavenward way—more light, more grace, more holiness! "*More* light from my Saviour's Face, that I may shine the brighter; *more* knowledge of God, that I may instruct others; *more* holiness of walk, that the world may learn that there is a power which *crucifies* self, and enables the possessor to live 'as seeing Him who is invisible'!"*

If then we would learn better this New Year the secret of "The Bright Side of Growing Older," our aim must be to abide

closely beneath the shadow of the Cross—"looking unto Jesus"—and to be often found as waiting and needy supplicants at the throne of grace. To us it may then be said,—

"Fear not the westering shadows,
O children of the Day!
For brighter still and brighter
Shall be your homeward way.
Resplendent as the morning,
With fuller glow and power,
And clearer than the noonday,
Shall be your evening hour."—F. R. H.

Sir Edwin Landseer.



BY H. G. REID, AUTHOR OF "OLD OSCAR," "LOWLAND LEGENDS," ETC.

O one ever painted animals like Sir Edwin Landseer. He was an artist from his earliest years: and happily he began by copying nature instead of prints or drawings. He studied the dogs and

the donkeys on Hampstead Heath, the lions in their cramped cages in the Zoological Gardens, and the mild deer in the parks. As early as the age of five he employed his pencil; and at the South Kensington Museum some of his sketches at this age are still to be seen.†

To genius he added diligent labour and perseverance: and this ensured greater power and brilliancy of execution as years advanced. All his paintings have *character*. Each dog has its own expression: sadness, misery, satisfaction, and drollery, the passions and the feelings, the hopes and the fears, are shown to belong as much almost to the countenance of a dog as of a man.

When barely eighteen years old, he secured a place in the first rank of the painters of the age, by his "Dogs of St. Bernard discovering a Traveller in the Snow." He early gained

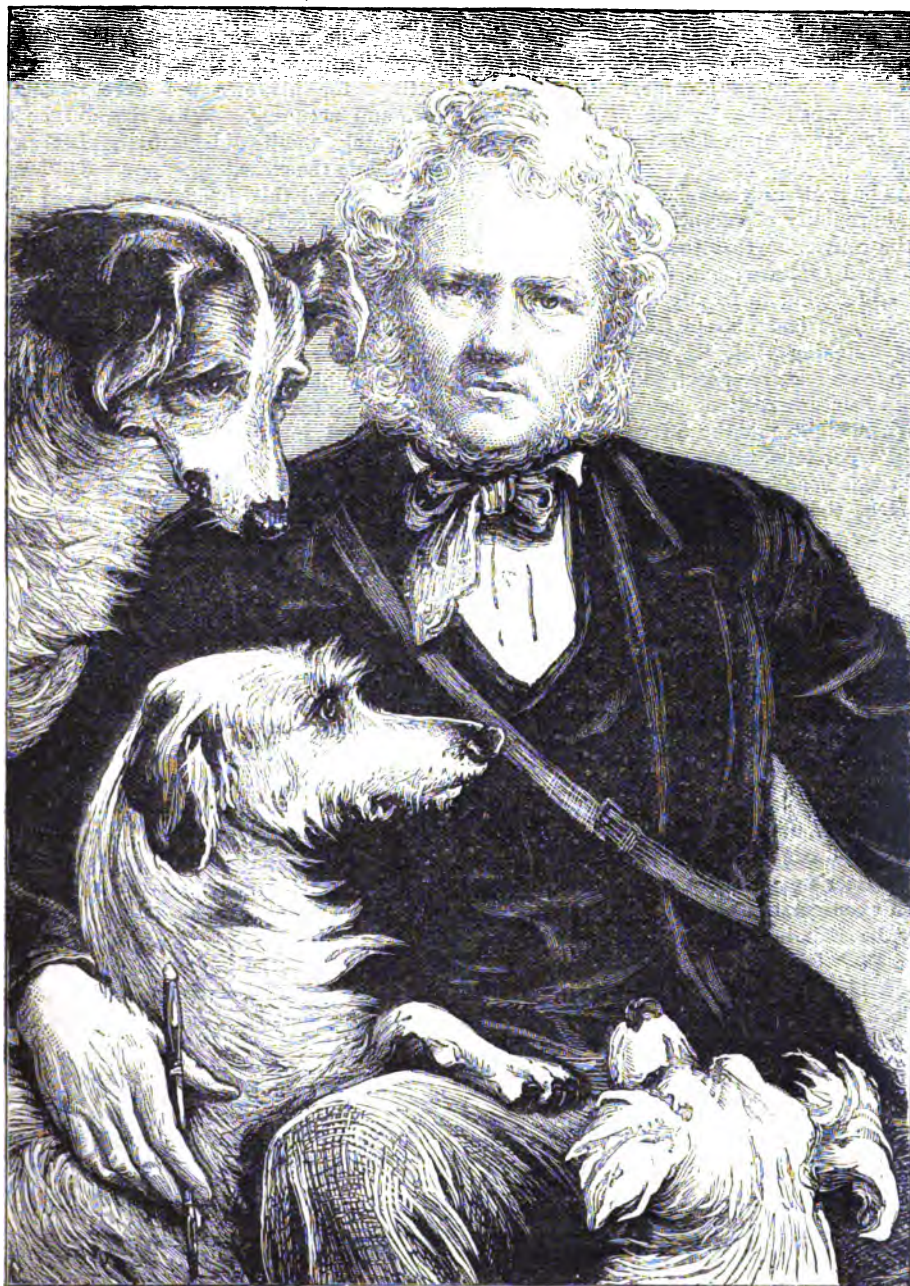
the notice of the Queen and the Prince Consort, ever ready as they were to encourage and foster art taste amongst the people. We are told that his neighbours at St. John's Wood, where from 1825 his life was spent, were sometimes startled on seeing the Royal party waiting for the young painter to mount his horse and ride out with them, it may be, to make observations for some picture of Her Majesty on horseback.

The private collection of Her Majesty contains many of his sketches and studies, some of which have been graciously lent for the purpose of popular illustration, to help in the educational work which was the original design of these and other reproductions. It is significant that the Queen had two exquisite designs—a pair of deer in different attitudes—specially drawn for her private note and letter-paper, both of which are still used, indicative of a loving link with one whose memory is cherished. The last picture which Landseer exhibited was in 1873: "An unfinished sketch of the Queen."

In 1824, when in his twenty-second year, he went to Scotland, and from this period his works gave proof of considerable advance in breadth of conception and freedom of style.

* The Rev. W. Pennefather, in a paper in *Home Words*, vol. iii. p. 106, headed "*More and More*," which appeared just before his translation.

† We hope to give engravings from these sketches in our February number.



LANDSEER AND HIS FRIENDS.

It would be hopeless to enumerate the multitudinous paintings Landseer produced. His fame became world-wide, and the nation rejoiced when the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him by the Queen in 1850.

As he grew in years he grew in breadth and in rapidity of execution. He grew also in the conviction that there is always room and need to learn; and down to his latest years, decaying in faculty and mentally beclouded, he had his old friends about him, ever watching their ways and discovering some fresh feature or fact, to him a source of delight and instruction.

When, eight months after his death, the artist's portfolio was opened to the public, and the famous seven days' sale took place in London, the crowded gatherings and the prices given—£300, £500, £1,000, £1,500—showed the value attached to his most truthful and beautiful paintings. When his sketch books were put up, old, rusty, and finger-worn, there were some curious incidents. For one, with a huge white button and a piece of brown cord attached, there was a keen competition. It contained several faint tracings of well-known pictures, and was evidently desired by their owners. In a few seconds it was knocked down at over a hundred pounds, amidst general applause. The seven days' sale realized nearly £80,000.

Landseer's genius was a rare possession; but his consecration of his genius to high ends may be imitated by all. "No pains, no gains": "In all labour there is profit." Genius alone will not achieve success. When we look at a masterpiece of art, we seem to see written beneath it—

"Never yet was good accomplished
Without hand and thought."

God has given to every man his work: and all can labour. Landseer was ever an honest

worker; he was rapid and quick; but he never "scamped." Even his sketches and jottings for his own use were models of care and accuracy. What he did he did thoroughly, and he did his best. Let us all try and do the same.

But beyond this Landseer rendered inestimable service in fostering and promoting kindness to animals and high art amongst the people. His paintings are, many of them, pleas full of tender power which few can resist. It has been truly said, "No teacher has done more to discourage cruelty, unkindness, or the needless infliction of pain; no teacher has done half so much to elevate and intelligently protect the lower creation."

He knew, too, the importance of Art in the Cottage, and valued highly the privilege of thus ministering to the enjoyment and profit of the people. It is recorded of him that when he first saw a copy of the *British Workman*, which has done so much to carry art into the humble homes throughout this land and other lands, he said to his publisher Mr. Graves, more than a quarter of a century ago, "Encourage the editor of that pictorial paper; he is doing a good work." Nothing pleased him more than to find in cottages engravings of his pictures, and an intelligent acquaintance with his works.

It were well if in these features of his character we all emulated the example of Landseer. All may be kind to animals, and all may do something to encourage the wide introduction in the homes of the people of those high-art engravings which are so admirably adapted to educate both the mind and the heart.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—*Coleridge*.

Prescription for Making the Face look Younger.

Of Contentment, 3 Drams.
Of Essence of Heart's-ease, 3 Drams.
Of the Spirit of Charity, 3 Drams—and
no Scruples.

Of Extract of "Good Hope," a whole Ounce.

The mixture to be taken daily, and the effect watched by those about us.

Glimpses at Church Missionary Work.*

I. THE NIGER MISSION.

BY THE EDITOR.



DUTIES are ours: events are with God; but the work of Missionary enterprise has ever been attended with such success that we may well exclaim, "What hath God wrought?"

We have sometimes wondered what the twelve disciples would have thought, if, when they received their world-wide commission to "preach the Gospel to every creature," their Lord, in a moment of time, had enabled them to look forward nineteen centuries, and they had seen England the most powerful nation of the earth—then unknown—the stronghold and fortress of Christian truth! This has been one of the results of missionary labour; and still the preaching of the Gospel is hastening on the time when "the kingdoms of this world shall all become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ."

As a modern illustration of what mission work has done for a barbarous land, Dr. Crowther, the native Bishop who presides over the Niger Mission in Africa, which numbers 1500 members, gives us the following recent account:—

"The Mission began twenty-one years ago. The inhabitants of these countries were at

that time in the deepest ignorance and degradation, worshipping supposed spirits represented by shapeless blocks of wood, to which sacrifices were made of animals and human beings. At Onitsha, for instance, there was an annual human sacrifice for the sin of the nation. Sixty human victims were sacrificed at the funeral of the king. Slaves were often buried alive with the corpses of their masters, to accompany them as servants into the world of spirits. (One was so buried at Alenso in June, 1877.) Twin-born children were put to death. In many places cannibalism prevailed, and it is still the case at Obokshi, not six miles from Onitsha, where the graves of the dead are sometimes watched for five or six nights, to prevent their being rifled for this purpose. These horrid and degrading practices are not yet extinct, even in the neighbourhood of the missionary stations, though they are slowly dying out."

It is among a people such as this that the Gospel banner has been unfurled, and the Mission work of our Church conducted to good effect. The tidings are not borne to us in startling telegrams or in military despatches, but in the more gentle tones of faithful men—God's heroes, whose "record is on high:" whose prayer and life harmonize—"Thy kingdom come!"

A Good Rule all the Year Round.

BY CRONA TEMPLE, AUTHOR OF "SEED TO THE SOWER," ETC.



ALWAYS think the best of people," old Benjamin Grainger used to say. Benjamin was the keeper of the West-hampton toll-bar, a kind old man, with pleasant looks, and pleasant

words for any who would stop to have a talk with him as they paid toll at the gate.

"But some people are so bad there's not any 'best' to be got about them," farmer Dean said one day.

"I reckon you're wrong there, farmer," Benjamin answered. "I never met a man who was bad right through and through."

* The early publication of this Number of *Home Words* forbids our giving information as to the progress of the "Frances Ridley Havergal Church Missionary Memorial Fund:" but the response has been most generous, and we hope in February to place the result before our readers. All subscriptions are acknowledged in the columns of *Hand and Heart*.

But letting that question alone, it is better for *yourself* to make the best of others."

"Why?" said farmer Dean, flicking a fly off his horse with the lash of his whip.

"Because, if we are always thinking evil of people, the hard thoughts leave a slimy track behind in our own hearts."

"And pleasant thoughts leave pleasant tracks, eh, Benjamin? So now I've found out why you are such good company, for I don't believe you think evil of anybody," said farmer Dean.

"I used to, though; and it's fairly wonderful how easy it comes to give bad motives to people if once you fall into the habit of doing it. And then everything and everybody are sure to be wrong. I mind when I was a boy reading about a creature they called a scor-

pion; it lives among roses—eats the roses, for all I know to the contrary; but 'tis the most poisonous beast that lives on the earth. Some folks get just like scorpions; be they ever so close to the roses, yet they can get nothing from them but poison. They have their uses and excellences, I suppose, as the scorpions also have; but they're uncommonly disagreeable to come across in life."

"So they are," said farmer Dean, as he prepared to drive on. "Well, good-day, Benjamin, and thank ye for the warning; I shouldn't like to be a human scorpion; and I fear I'm getting into a mighty suspicious, uncharitable way of thinking and talking too. Good-day, neighbour."

"Good-day, farmer, and success to your marketing."

Story of a Tea-Kettle.

BY RETRO.



IN a winter's evening, more than one hundred years ago, the tea-board was laid out, and the window-curtains were closely drawn, in the humble parlour of a small house in the town of Greenock, in the west of Scotland. A tidy, active matron was bustling about, slicing the bread and butter; a blazing fire gleamed and roared in the grate, and curled round the black sides of the kettle which reposed in the midst of it; and the fire crackled, and the water boiled with a faintly heard bubbly sound, and a stream of white vapour came whizzing out of the spout of the kettle, with a shrill cheery hiss.

Now, the matron aforesaid saw nothing particular in all this; kettles had boiled and fires had burned from the beginning, and would probably do so to the end of the chapter.

Not so with her son James, a boy of fifteen summers. Sitting on a low bench in the chimney corner, he was intently gazing at the fire, the kettle, and the steam, swallowing them with his eyes, absorbed in deep thoughts, and lost in contemplation. He looked at the

fire, and the mother looked at her son. "Was there ever sic an idle ne'er-do-weel in this world as our Jamie?" was the question which almost unconsciously she proposed to herself. A neighbour stepped in at this moment. Turning to the visitor, Jamie's mother said, "Mrs. B., did you ever see the likes of our Jamie? Look at him, he'll sit there for hours, staring at the kettle and the steam, till you wad think his een wad come oot o' his head."

And, truth to tell, there was something peculiar in the glance of the boy's eye. There was mind, active, speaking mind, looking through it. He had sat watching the escaping steam, until the thin vaporous column had appeared to cast itself upward in fantastic, changing shapes. Sometimes the subtle fluid, gathering in force and quantity, would gently raise one side of the lid of the kettle, emit a white puff, and then let the metal fall with a low clanking sound. There was power and strength in that watery cloud; and as the dreaming boy saw this, an unbidden thought came upon his mind, and he knew that the fierce struggle was symbolical of intellect warring with the elements.

And still he gazed. Did he see in his day-dreams ships sailing without wind or sails,



Drawn by DAVID NEAL.

WATT AND THE KETTLE.
[EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.]

and wagons propelled o'er deserts wild by some power unseen to mortal eye?

"Jamie, Jamie," exclaimed his mother at length, "sit by to your tea; if I find ye staring at the fire again, ye'll feel the wecht o' my hand."

The boy rose meekly, and did as he was told. His name was James Watt, afterwards Sir James Watt. He was honoured by the title of knighthood, being the first who applied the powers of steam to any useful purpose.

Watt was born in 1736. He was the son of a poor tradesman, and enjoyed few advantages of education. But, like most great men of all times, he was much indebted to the care and instructions of an affectionate and judicious mother. He improved his opportunities; and the meditative lad in the picturesque, old-fashioned kitchen, where the tea-kettle bubbled and hissed and sputtered,

became at length the world-famed engineer, the discoverer of the mighty power of steam.

Steam has almost made this old world of ours a new one. Yet this triumph of art and science was once the laughing-stock of jeering thousands, once it was only the waking phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat and in seeming idleness watched a little column of vapour rise from the spout of a tea-kettle.

Science is still but in its infancy, and every scientific truth is being pressed into the service of man. There will be men of genius in time to come, as there have been in times past. But rich as England is in her scientific and mechanical genius, she is richer and mightier in her moral and religious power; and it is on the faithful application and true direction of this power, under God, that nations depend for their happiness and freedom. The Bible is, and may it ever be, "the secret of England's greatness!"

England's Church:

NOTES AND TESTIMONIES.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.



I. WHAT THE PRAYER-BOOK DID.

THE Prayer Book displaced the Mass. It restored the Sacrament of the Supper. It abolished the private and particular confession to the priest, and substituted the general confession to God, to be said by the priest himself in common with "all the people." For the inaudible mumbling of "mumpsimus," in an unknown tongue, by the priest alone, it substituted the articulate utterance, in "a loud voice," of the Lord's Prayer, in plain English.

In a word, Divine worship was now no longer a public spectacle; it was a solemn service. The priest was no longer sole, nor even chief performer: for the performance was no more. Service had superseded show, and in that service the people were participants.

And in all this, the Divine Book was the standard and guide. In its Lectionary, in

its selection of "Gospels" and "Epistles," the Prayer-Book overflowed with the letter—as in its teaching, its thanksgiving, its supplication, it was saturated with the spirit—of the Bible.

We need not wonder at the satisfaction with which an authority of the second year of Elizabeth, quoted by Strype, made his boast that "now a young child of ten years old can tell more of his duty towards God and man, than a man of their bringing up can do in sixty or eighty years."—*The Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Author of "Christian Certainty."*

II. BISHOP BARING ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

"The Church of England is in our country the strongest bulwark against the progress of error, the best security for the preservation of sound, practical Religion. There is no Church on earth to be compared with it, in the Scriptural character of its faith, in the simple beauty of its Liturgy, in the compre-

hensiveness with which it would embrace all who, differing in minor points, hold the essentials of the revealed will of God. And when we review its varied excellences, its long existence, its wide influence, the countless blessings it confers on thousands

of small villages, as well as on populous towns—when we walk about our Zion and mark well her bulwarks, not only does the prayer arise from our hearts, *esto perpetua*, but we would fain cherish the hope that no harm shall befall so glorious a Church."

Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.



I. "LOOK UP."

TRAVELLER stood on a narrow plank, his eyes fixed on the foaming torrent beneath.

"Help me," he cried, as he clung trembling to the rail; "help me,

or I shall perish in the waters!"

"Look up, look up!" said the voice of his guide; "one more glance downwards, and you are lost; but keep your eye steadily fixed above, and you will reach the shore in safety."

II. HOW TO DEAL WITH SCANDAL.

THE haystack was on fire, and the sparks flew in every direction.

"Blow them out, blow them out!" cried the neighbours.

"Let them alone," said the owner; "they will die out quickly if left to themselves, but if you blow them they will be fanned into a flame."

III. TOO LATE.

A DOVE snared by a fowler lay captive in the net; her mate hovered near, trying to free her, but in vain.

"Alas!" he cried, "for the time when we used to mount upward together into the blue heaven, before those fatal meshes bound thee to the earth—will it never more return?"

And echo answered, "Never more return."

IV. FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST.

"WHAT an insignificant little thing you are!" said a raindrop, as it splashed into a puddle by the roadside.

"Perhaps so," replied the puddle, "but I reflect as much of the sky as I have room for, and the bosom of the proudest lake can do no more."

V. SHARE AND SHARE.

"FATHER, father! What has happened? Why is it so dark?" cried the young lark to the parent bird, as, with folded wing, he rested from his upward flight; "the sun is gone; the light has all faded out of the sky."

"He is gone from us, but only to shine elsewhere, my child," replied the parent bird; "and unworthy indeed should we prove ourselves if we grudged to others the light and warmth so freely shed on us."

VI. THE WEAK POINT.

"WHAT a splendid animal Cherry is, and what beautiful milk she gives!" said a young heifer to a brindled cow that was chewing the cud in the corner of a field.

"Quite true," said the cow lazily.

"I heard the master say he wouldn't part with her for her weight in gold," said the heifer.

"Ah, indeed!" said the cow; "perhaps he doesn't know the awkward trick she has of kicking the pail over as soon as it's full; she may give good milk, but what's the use of that if she wastes it all directly after?"

(To be continued.)

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.



I. HOW TO BECOME STRONG MEN.

IN the summer of 1872 it was necessary to shift the rails on upwards of 500 miles of permanent way on the Great Western line from the broad to the narrow gauge, and there was only a fortnight to do it in. The work to be got through was enormous. About 3,000 men were employed, and they worked double time, sometimes from four in the morning till nine at night. Not a soul was sick, sorry, or drunk, and the work was accomplished within the fortnight.

What was the extraordinary support of this wonderful spurt of muscular energy? Weak *skilly*. To spare every ounce of strength, the men were hutted along the line, and brought with them bacon, bread, cheese, cocoa, etc., to provide their usual meals, at usual times. There was no beer, spirits, or alcoholic drink in any form. A pound and a half of oatmeal and a half-pound of sugar was allowed to each man daily, and to every gang of twenty-one men a cook was told off. The first thing done in the morning was to breakfast: and then the cook, with his cauldron, started along the line till water was found convenient, and a fire-place of stones built, and the pot boiled. Oatmeal was then sprinkled into it with sugar, and thoroughly well boiled. The thirsty men liked it exceedingly, and learned by experience the importance of having it well cooked.

Here is a very old and well-known agent, cheap enough, and easily procured, capable of imparting "staying power" better, probably, than anything else, which is not employed to anything like the extent it might be with advantage.—*The Lancet*. (*The leading Medical Journal*.)

II. HOW TO BECOME CAPITALISTS.

THE expenditure of the *working classes alone* in drink exceeds £30,000,000 every year. Every year, therefore, the working classes have it in their power to become capitalists

(simply by saving wasteful and pernicious expenditure) to an extent that would enable them to start at least 500 cotton mills, or iron works, or coal mines *on their own account*, or to purchase at least 500,000 acres of land, and to set up 50,000 families, each with a nice little estate of ten acres of freehold. No one can dispute facts. The working-men of England have the power every year of starting 50,000 of their number with ten acres of freehold as *their own*, simply by abstaining from strong drink.—*Quarterly Review*.

III. DR. HOOK'S TEETOTALISM; OR, "MY MISSUS AND YOURN."

It was Dr. Hook's boast, that for more than thirty years he had "laboured in the manufacturing districts, not *for* the working classes, but *with them*, in the measures desired by *themselves* for the improvement of their class, and having for their object the formation of habits of temperance and prudence; and especially that he had worked *with them* in the cause of rational recreation and of education."

It was with a view to aid this wide and general step in the education of the masses that, late in life, he joined the Temperance movement, and became a pledged teetotaler. He used to tell the story of his change in this direction in the following way:—

"I had in my parish at Leeds a man who earned 18s. a week; out of this he used to give 7s. to his wife, and to spend the rest in drink; but for all that, he was a good sort of man. I went to him and said, 'Now, suppose you abstain altogether for six months.' 'Well, if I do, *will you*, sir?' was his reply. 'Yes,' I said, 'I will.' 'What,' said he, 'from beer, from spirits, and from wine?' 'Yes.' 'And how shall I know if you keep your promise?' 'Why, Sir, you ask my "*Missus*," and I'll ask *yourn*.' It was agreed between us for six months at first, and afterwards we renewed the promise. He never resumed the bad habit that he had left off; and he is now a prosperous and happy man in business at St. Petersburg, and I am Dean of Chichester."

ARE YOU GROWING?



II. A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

A good man named Philip Henry resolved, when he was young, to give himself to God: and he did it in these words:—"I take God the Father to be my Chief End: I take God the Son to be my King and Saviour: I take God the Holy Ghost to be my Guide and Sanctifier: I take the Bible to be my rule of life: I take all God's people to be my friends; and here I give my body and my soul to be God's—for God to use for ever." That was

That was a good vow. I am sure Philip Henry never regretted it. He lived to be a very happy and useful man. What a good New Year's resolve it would be for all the boys and girls who read *Home Words*.—*The Editor*.

To thy father and thy mother,
Honour, love, and reverence pay;
This command, before all other,
Must a Christian child obey.
Help me, Lord, in this sweet duty,
Guide me in Thy steps Divine;
Show me all the joy and beauty
Of obedience such as Thine.

Right, the reverence which I gave.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

JANUARY SPECIAL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

2,000 VOLUMES of "THE DAY OF DAYS" ANNUAL, Cloth Gilt, 2s. each.



We are glad to say that we are enabled to repeat the offer, although in a somewhat different form. The award and transmission of single volumes by post involved serious labour as well as expense; and since each school might well present six or twelve prizes to the different classes, and it is a good plan to "help those who help themselves," we propose this year that our friends should share the outlay, so that we may double the number of prizes, and send them out in larger parcels by rail.

We offer therefore to send, as prizes for the best-written answers to the Bible Questions for January, to any Clergyman or Sunday School Superintendent in the United Kingdom who will award them—

Six Copies of "THE DAY OF DAYS" ANNUAL, value 12s., for 6s.

Twelve

The Volumes, up to 2,000, will be sent in the order of letters received by

MR. CHARLES MURRAY, "HAND & HEART" OFFICE, 1, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

The Clergy localizing "HOME WORDS" can have the volumes enclosed in their February parcel. Less than six copies cannot be sent. In no case are the Answers to be forwarded. Each School will award its own prizes.

We think, in most parishes, some generous local Friend may be easily found willing to supply the 6s. or the 10s. 6d. as a stimulus to the young to "Search the Scriptures." We do not think money could well be more wisely spent.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. **Y**OW was the omniscience of Christ twice manifested, but in different ways, in connection with a tree?
2. What man was thought to be Divine from the miraculous power exercised by himself and on himself?
3. The palace roof was the scene of the moral fall of two great kings—who were they?
4. What are God's three great reasons for sending rain?
5. When did God's people tremble by reason of the showers which He sent?
6. Is it ever unsafe to be on the rock?
7. How was the proverb beautifully illustrated, that a good name is better than precious ointment?
8. Who was specially permitted to enter Paradise before he died? And who directly afterwards?

9. Why was God's anger kindled on one occasion when the people were numbered, and not on another?
10. How was King Solomon's prayer for the stranger answered hundreds of years after the Dedication of the Temple?
11. Were any of St. Paul's family brought to know the Lord Jesus previous to his conversion?
12. Why does the Preacher say that there is a time to kill, when God says distinctly, Thou shalt not kill?

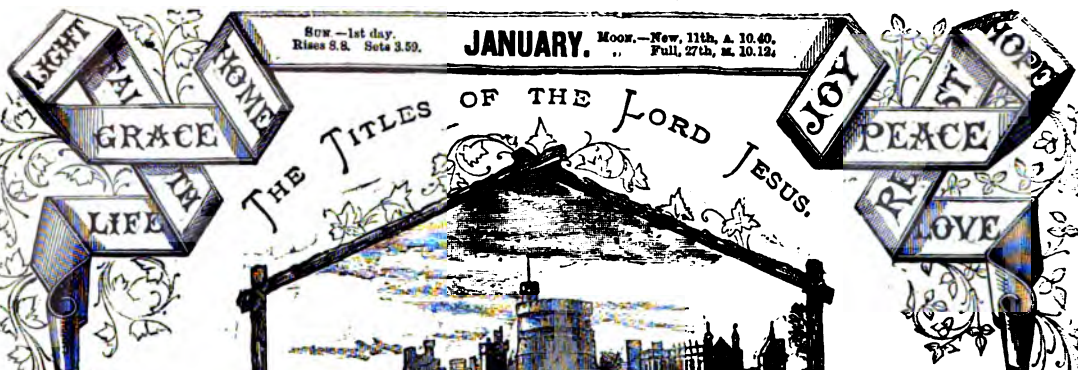
ANSWERS (See Nov. No., page 263).

I Acts ii. 34. II. St. Matt. iii. 17; xvii. 5; and St. John xii. 28. III. In one only, St. Luke xvi. 19-31. IV. St. Mark xii. 17. V. St. Matt. viii. 20; St. Mark iii. 17; St. Luke iv. 34. vi. VI. His prayer for Peter, St. Luke xxii. 31, 32; for His Church, St. John xvii., and for His murderers, St. Luke xxiii. 34. VII. St. James i. 12. VIII. Acts xiv. 18. IX. 1 St. Peter. X. 2 Acts i. 13.

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 8.3. Sets 3.59.

JANUARY.

Moon.—New, 11th, a. 10.40.
Full, 27th, m. 10.12.



**God
is able.**
2 Cor. ix. 8.

**My
Presences
shall go with thee.**
Exod. xxxiii. 14.

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 1 | Th | CIRCUMCISION. Looking unto Jesus. Heb. xii. 2. |
| 2 | F | Search the Scriptures. John v. 39. |
| 3 | S | They testify of Me. John v. 39. |
| 4 | S | 2nd S. aft. Xmas. The Bright and Morning Star. |
| 5 | M | The Lord is my Light. Ps. xxvii. 1. [Rev. xii. 16.] |
| 6 | Tu | EPIPHANY. The Lamb is the light thereof. Rev. xxi. 23. |
| 7 | W | When they saw the star they rejoiced. Matt. ii. 10. |
| 8 | Th | At evening time it shall be light. Zech. xiv. 7. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 9 | F | Arise, shine; for thy light is come. Isa. lx. 1. |
| 10 | S | Christ shall give thee light. Eph. v. 14. |
| 11 | S | 1st S. aft. Epiph. I am Alpha and Omega. Rev. |
| 12 | M | In the beginning was the Word. John i. 1. [xxii. 13.] |
| 13 | Tu | The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Heb. |
| 14 | W | Christ, who is our Life. Col. iii. 4. [xiii. 8.] |
| 15 | Th | The true God, and eternal life. 1 John v. 20. |
| 16 | F | Able to save to the uttermost. Heb. vii. 25. |

**JESUS
CHRIST, THE
SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY,**

**I
will go
into Thy house.**
Ps. lxx. 12.

AND FOR EVER.
Heb. xiii. 8.

**I
will not
forget Thy Word.**
Ps. cxix. 16.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 17 | S | Come unto Me. Matt. xi. 28. |
| 18 | S | 2nd S. aft. Epiph. Emmanuel, God with us. Matt. |
| 19 | M | Herein is love. 1 John iv. 10. [i. 23.] |
| 20 | Tu | He took on Him the seed of Abraham. Heb. ii. 16. |
| 21 | W | Made like unto His brethren. Heb. ii. 17. |
| 22 | Th | A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. |
| 23 | F | A merciful High Priest. Heb. ii. 17. [xviii. 24.] |

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 24 | S | It is I: be not afraid. Matt. xiv. 27. |
| 25 | S | Septua. S. St. PAUL. I am the Good Shepherd. |
| 26 | M | All we like sheep have gone astray. Isa. liii. 6. |
| 27 | Tu | I lay down My life for the sheep. John x. 15. |
| 28 | W | Purchased with His own blood. Acts xx. 28. |
| 29 | Th | God my Saviour. Luke i. 47. |
| 30 | F | Green pastures . . . Still waters. Ps. xxiii. 2. |
| 31 | S | He shall gather the lambs with His arm. Isa. xl. 11. |

HIS is with thee! With thee always,
All the nights and all the days:
Never failing, never frowning,
With His lovingkindness crowning,
Turning all thy life to praise.

He is with thee! Thine own Master,
Leading, loving to the end:
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,
All to-day, yet more to-morrow,
King and Saviour, Lord and Friend.—F. R. H.

God's Guidance.—Give up trying to pick your way; even if the "right paths" in which He leads you are paths that you have not known, say, "Even there shall Thy hand lead me." Let Him teach you His paths, and ask Him to make not your way, but "Thy way straight before my face."
Separated unto Work.—"The work whereunto I have called them." Very different kinds, but to every man his own work; and thereby there is an end of all the gnawing purposelessness, and down-weighting uselessness, and miserable time-killing, and sense of helpless waste of life. *Ennui* is no part of a separated life.—F. R. H.



Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.]

[See page 27.]

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM.

"When the builders came to see it,
They saw that crevice small
Would have widened, ere the break of day,

Till it undermined the wall,
And that Hansel's slight forefinger
Had saved the lives of all!"



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Little Hero of Harlem:

A HOMELY BALLAD.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.



THE little son of Hans Vedder
Went out one afternoon ;
Over his head the sky was blue
With the tender blue of
June,
And the little birds sang right
and left,
With every note in tune.

The meadow was pink with clover
That blossomed under his feet,
And the wind that wandered to and fro
Had never seemed so sweet ;
It kissed the little blue flax-flowers,
And tossed the field of wheat.

The little son of Hans Vedder,
The sweet wind kissed him, too—
The curly locks on his broad white brow,
And his eyes so brave and true :
The June sky and the flax-flowers
Were only just as blue.

He had been a diligent scholar,
And done his tasks so soon,
The master gave him holiday
For the whole bright afternoon ;
And his mother gave him leave to play
Till the rising of the moon.

"When you see her horn of silver
Above the dyke," she said,
"You will understand the time has come
(Although the sky be red)
For little chickens to go to roost,
And little boys to bed.

VOL. X. NO. II.

"Come home in proper season,
My good little son," said she.
"And so I will, my mother,"
He answered sturdily.
"It shall not be for a fault of mine
If anything hinders me."

About her work went the mother,
With a cheerful heart at rest.
From the time when, a baby plump and small,
He had laughed upon her breast,
Her little son, amongst all the boys,
Was known to be the best.

He was ready for fun and frolic,
As a sturdy boy should be ;
Nobody climbed, or skated, or ran,
With a merrier will than he.
But to honour his father and mother in all
Was Hansel's rule of three !

So the mother's heart was easy
This afternoon ; for she knew
What Hansel said was certainly
What Hansel meant to do.
It's a light heart that a mother bears
When she knows her boy is true !

She sang at her wheel right gaily,
As she spun out the flaxen thread ;
And she smiled as she laid the supper-cloth
With a loaf of wheaten bread :
"I know how hungry the child will be
After his play," she said.

So she set the table with honey
Sweet in the waxen comb,
With a pat of butter, and golden cream,
And a dish of curds like foam.

"Soon I will see the white moon rise,
And my boy will be coming home."

But the white moon rose, and floated
Over the setting sun;
The daylight faded, the little stars
Came twinkling one by one;
And the mother looked with longing eyes,
But all in vain, for her son.

The father, stout Hans Vedder, said,
"A woman can never rest;
She's like the gilded cock on the vane
That the wind blows east and west:
Let the boy alone, he will find his way,
Early or late, to his nest."

"He promised to come," said the mother,
"It is this that makes me afraid;
If nothing had happened to hinder him
I am sure he would not have stayed.
Some trouble has overtaken the child,
And his homeward feet delayed."

Hans Vedder looked up and grumbled:
"A woman can never be still!
Clickety-clack, her tongue goes on
Like the clapper in a mill;
But the man that values a quiet life
Must learn to march at her will."

So the two went forth together,
And of every soul in the way
She asked, "Have you seen my Hansel?"
And no one was able to say.
The neighbours smiled at her anxious looks:
"You are far too fearful," said they.

But more and more was she troubled,
For the night grew black apace;
The wind blew chill from a sudden cloud
That darkened the white moon's face,
And a ragged streak of lightning flashed
Across the hollow space.

She wrung her hands in the darkness,
She prayed with a wordless prayer:
"Oh, Christ! protect my good little son,
And have him safe in Thy care;
Oh, help me now to find the place
Where he is, and lead me there!"

But there came no answer to her,
Only the rushing rain;
And the heavy drops they seemed to fall
Like lead upon heart and brain;

Till homeward the weary mother went,
For her search was all in vain.

Hans Vedder, sad and silent,
To his lonely chamber crept,
And tossed about with a troubled mind;
Yet, after a little, slept.
But the weeping mother all night long
Her sleepless vigil kept.

She wakened the father early,
With the new day just begun.
"Rise up," she said, "and come with me;
This day shall nothing be done,
Nor will I rest, till, alive or dead,
I have found my little son."

There were few words spoken between them,
As they went again on their way;
The empty streets were dumb with sleep
In the misty morning grey,
And the silence of a mutual dread
Upon their spirits lay.

Beyond the line of houses,
And the length of village street,
Over a mile of beaten road
They trod with hasty feet,
Till they reached the clover meadow
And the field of early wheat.

Some instinct led the mother,
She knew not what or why—
But she looked about her, right and left,
With a sudden kindling eye:
And all at once, with a leap of heart,
She gave a joyful cry.

"What is it?" the father asked her,
But she answered not a word;
Over the bending wheat she flew
Like any winged bird;
The sudden breeze swept o'er Hans's face,
By her rustling garments stirred.

He followed her, not so lightly:
The tender stalks were bent
Under the tread of his trampling feet,
That recked not where they went;
But never a thought Hans Vedder gave
To the owner's discontent.

For he saw what the keen-eyed mother
Had been so quick to see—
A shadow that wavered to and fro
Like the leaves upon a tree—
The shadowy shape of a little head,
As plain as plain could be!

It was lying, this little shadow,
Against the broad stone dyke;—

Nodding upon the white-washed wall
At home he had seen its like,
When the sandman, going his evening rounds,
The sleepy eyes would strike.

But never the nodding shadow
Had seemed so fair a sight,
And never the father's heart had thrilled
To such a deep delight.
He who regains a treasure lost
May read his joy aright.

The mother she clasped her Hansel
Close to her beating breast;
All night his poor little tired head
Had found no place to rest,
And she raised her hands in mute amaze
When the reason was confest.

For the little son of Hans Vedder
Had done a noble deed;
My heart leaps up within me
When I the story read:
Its courage and unselfishness
Few stories can exceed.

In simple words to tell it—
The child had left his play,
And started promptly for his home
Before the close of day:
The path that lay along the dyke
Had been his nearest way.

But passing here, his footsteps
Were held as by a spell:
From a tiny fissure in the rock
A stream of water fell,
And the watchful little Hollander,
He knew the danger well.

Many a time his father
Had told him how this wall
Kept back the sea, that otherwise
Had overflowed them all;
And showed him, if the dyke gave way,
What ruin would befall.

So he waited not for counsel
Upon the thing to do,
But thrust his finger in the place
Where the stone was cleft in two,
And watched with beating heart to see
If still the stream crept through.

It trickled down for a moment,
A thread of water thin,
But the small forefinger wedged itself
So tight the crevice in,

That, presently, not a single drop
Its harmful way could win.

Then the child sat down contented,
And waited patiently:
"Somebody, surely, will come by
In a little while," thought he,
"Who will stop the hole in a better way,
And I shall be set free."

But, alas for little Hansel!
No friendly step passed by.
The moon rose, and the sunset light
Grew dim in the western sky:
Over the distant marshes rang
The bull-frog's rasping cry.

No human voice came near him,
His lonely watch to cheer;
The bats and owls flew past him
And made him shrink with fear:
The rain beat down upon his head,
And the lightning seemed so near!

And the little aching finger!
It was stiff, and numb, and sore;
All his body was cramped with pain
He had never felt before.
But the little hero kept his post
In spite of the ills he bore.

How long the night, and dreary,
Can be but faintly guessed;
To his patient suffering at last
Sleep brought a fitful rest:
And the child waked up to find his head
Upon his mother's breast!

She bore her treasure homeward;
The neighbours flocked around
To hear with wondering joy and praise
How the little son was found.
Hans Vedder stayed to mend the dyke,
And make it safe and sound.

When the builders came to see it,
They said that crevice small
Would have widened, ere the break of day,
Till it undermined the wall,
And that Hansel's alight forefinger
Had saved the lives of all!

So, honour be to Hansel!
And let them crown who will
The heroes of the battle-field,
Who march to fight and kill;
For me the little Hollander
Is a greater hero still.

Next-Door Neighbours.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE RECTOR'S HOME," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

A VICTORY.



PHIL had been a good while gone, and the clock-hand was working its way round very near to half-past four, when our new lodger, Harry Carter, came in. The first thing I heard was a cheery "I say, mother," and when I looked up, there he was.

My husband was a pretty big man, but Carter quite put him in the shade. I think any mother might have been proud of his broad chest, and his strong tall figure, and his blue eyes.

"I say, mother"—he always called me mother, as our other young lodgers had done before him, and as he had been used to do elsewhere—"I say, mother," says he, "what's the name of that crusty-looking chap next door?"

"What, old Gilpin?" said I. "Gilpin is his name, Harry. I shouldn't be sorry if we were anything but next-door neighbours. Haven't you spoken to him yet?"

"No, I haven't," Harry said, looking down on me from his great height. "Why, dear me, I haven't been in this place three days. So you wish you weren't neighbours? That's just what I don't. I've seen the prettiest girl in there I ever did see in all my life."

"Annie Gilpin?" said I. "She's of a different sort from her father."

"She's the sort for me," said he. "I shouldn't wonder if she's got the make of a good wife in her."

"You've got sharp eyes to find that out so quick," says I, "but I do really believe it's true. Annie hasn't a happy home now: for with Gilpin's temper I don't see how any home could be happy, and Annie's mother is a pitiful sad sort of woman, not at all enlivening for any young girl to be with. But I do think she has trained Annie well and carefully, and I know Annie is a girl that lives

in the fear of God, and wants above all to please Him."

Harry made no answer to that. He shaped his lips as if he was about to whistle.

"What's that mess in the garden?" he asked, all of a sudden. "Some mischief of the youngsters? There's a lot of flowers awfully damaged."

"It is old Gilpin," I said. "We hardly know how to get along with him at all. It is hard work being next-door neighbours when a man won't be neighbourly."

"Why won't he?"

"He's bad-tempered, and takes offence at everything. And it seems to me he hates everybody that is better than himself. It isn't the first time he has done us harm: but Phil is terribly disappointed, for the flower-show is close at hand, and now he can't try for the prize. He's taken such pains, too, with them flowers."

"It's a shame. Gilpin might have been more careful," said Harry.

"It wasn't to do with want of care; I only wish it was," I said. "Jamie threw a stone into his garden, and he says it nearly hit him; and he was that angry, he pitched a lot of earth and stones into our garden back for it, and they fell on the show-flowers. I don't wonder Phil is vexed, but it can't be cured now."

"I'd pitch into him if I was Proctor," Harry said; and when he had spoken the words my husband put his head in at the door, and went away again. It was just upon half-past four, and I was afraid my plan had not done much good after all; only I could not help seeing that Phil looked quiet, and not angry. So I thought maybe he wouldn't say so much as he might have said three-quarters of an hour before, and "Least said soonest mended" is a true saying. I'm always afraid of too many words being let slip when one is vexed. I didn't feel easy though I had some hopes, and I got up to begin laying the cloth for tea, so that I could take a peep or two out of the window. But I saw nothing of Phil.

"You're a good hand at spreading a table," said Harry, when I had laid out the nice white cloth, and the bread and the butter, and the cresses that we sometimes had for our Saturday treat, and the good plain cake which I made once a week, and which Phil always said I was such a capital hand at making. For I thought that if Phil came back still vexed and worried, it would comfort him to find tea all ready in good time.

Phil came in at last, and sat down. He looked sober and cool, and not like a man who has just been giving a scolding to somebody else: for, as everybody knows, scolding isn't a cooling sort of work.

"Look ye here, Harry," says he, "don't you forget one thing. I've got the wisest little woman that ever lived for my wife, and you needn't suppose you'll ever find another like her."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Harry. "I rather think I shan't need to look far, if somebody else is willing."

"Eh?" said Phil.

"Well, I don't say much yet, you know, but it's a may-be," said Harry. "I saw her, and we had a bit of a talk, and I don't know as I made a bad impression on her, either."

He wasn't likely to do that,—specially, dressed out in his best half-holiday suit and his crimson tie. He couldn't help knowing what a manly handsome young fellow he was; and I know that only that very morning, when he was at work, he had heard somebody who was passing point him out as a "splendid specimen of manhood." That's just what he was, and he took pride in knowing that there wasn't another navvy in his gang who could get through an equal amount of work in an equal time. But with all this he was very good-natured, and not given to quarrelling, and as simple as a child. He was as easy led as a child, too, in doing right or wrong, which isn't so much to be wished for with a full-grown man.

"And who is it?" asked Phil.

"Somebody with an old father that don't seem gifted with an overcivil tongue," said Harry.

"Annie Gilpin. Why, she's a chick," said Phil. "But she's a nice little girl. I don't know a nicer, outside my own doors. It's a

wonder she is what she is,—but she has a good mother. Get Annie in to tea, Sue, and we'll take her with us on the river."

"I'll go and fetch her as soon as ever I've made the tea," said I, putting the kettle on a hotter part of the fire. The parlour opened into the kitchen, and I could talk across to him quite easy through the opening.

"That's good of you," Harry said, and he looked so pleased. "It's more than I expected, after the old man spoiling of your flowers. It's a shame. He ought to make it good."

"Last thing Gilpin's likely to think of doing," said my husband.

"What'll you do about it?" asked Harry.

"Well, I don't know as there's much to be done. The poor things are pretty well *done* for already. I'd a notion at first that I would give him my mind, but Sue was against it; and, after all, that wouldn't put the flowers right. I found I was likely to give him a bit too much if I was once set off; so I just didn't begin."

"But something ought to be done," Harry said, and Phil answered, "So Sue says. She says he's got to be conquered, only she didn't like my way. Maybe her way is best."

"A man can't always fall in with woman's ways," said Harry. "It's all right for a woman to give in tamely, but a man's got to be a man. It ain't manly, to be trampled on without a word."

"It would be a mighty manly action, wouldn't it, Harry, if I was to go and kick old Gilpin, and knock him down?"

Phil spoke very quietly, and Harry couldn't help laughing.

"Why, I'm twice as strong as he, to begin with," said Phil. "And if I wasn't, well, maybe it would be a relief to my feelings; but as for manliness, I don't see anything manly in getting out of temper, and I never did see it. I never get out of mine but I'm ashamed after."

"But I say, if you don't mind what you're about, and defend yourself somehow, you'll have Gilpin trying it on in all sorts of ways," said Harry.

"We'll defend ourselves somehow," said my husband. And I felt so proud of him that I couldn't help telling him so in a whisper as I went by his chair.

"Ah," said he, "I shouldn't have come off

conqueror but for my little Sue. The enemy nearly had me this time."

"What enemy?" asked Harry.

"The enemy of souls, lad. One that's always going about seeking whom he may devour. It's a fashion now-a-days to make little of that enemy," Phil went on; "but I know his power. I know it, and I wish you young fellows all knew it too. There wouldn't be so many of you get into his clutches if you did."

Harry looked a bit grave for a minute, while I was making the tea. And just as I was thinking of going after Annie, Jamie came pulling her along with him to our door. Annie Gilpin was only sixteen then, though she was taller and more slim than me. She had shy and almost frightened manners, which, I suppose, came from her father's harsh ways, and she had blushing cheeks, and brown eyes that used to fill up with tears in a moment, though commonly they were smiling. But she had no smile on her face that afternoon, and it seemed a question whether Jamie would pull her in or whether she would pull him out.

I don't think she pulled with much of a will, especially after my husband said, "Come in, Annie,—what's the matter?—come in;" for Jamie won the day, and she came up to me, blushing and looking very sorrowful.

"Oh, Mrs. Proctor," said she, "do you know what father has done? I couldn't have thought it of him. Oh, it does seem too bad," and tears ran down her cheeks. "You'll never be able to forgive us, either of you. But you can't have found it out yet, or you wouldn't ask me to come in."

"That's the sort of Christians you take us for, is it?" says my husband.

"But it was so wrong,—oh, so wrong," said Annie. "And you've taken such pains, and you were so sure of a prize."

"Too sure, maybe, since it seems the prize is to be somebody else's," said Phil. "Don't you fret, Annie, for nobody will blame you. It wasn't a neighbourly action by any manner of means, and maybe I'll pay your father back for it yet in some sort of coin, but it won't be by turning a cold shoulder on you."

Annie didn't know exactly what to make of this speech.

"Sit down, sit down," said Phil. "We'll have tea together, and enjoy ourselves. There's no company to-night, for we've settled to go boating after tea: so you shall be our company, and Sue shall give you a lesson in steering. You know Harry Carter, don't you? Sit down."

Annie did as she was told, and when our elder boy, Willie, came in, we began our tea. Willie was a quiet thoughtful sort of lad, and a great comfort to me, only Phil was vexed at times because Willie didn't take more to his trade. He was not a boy to say much at any time, and he had not half the fun in him that Jamie had; but there wasn't a boy of his age in Little Sutton who gave his mother less trouble than Willie gave me. I could trust him anywhere.

Harry was very particular in looking after Annie, and trying to make her eat more than she wanted. He only seemed sorry that she could not drink six cups of tea instead of two, that he might have had the pleasure of handing them to her.

The long summer evening wasn't over when we came back from our row: so we sat down in the garden. I remember how soft and still the air was, and how the gnats were frisking and whirling under a branch near us, and how there was not one single cloud to be seen over all the blue sky, as the sun went down, and how pretty the flowers looked along each side of the pathway. Phil was right proud of his geraniums and carnations, and I was proud for him, knowing what a deal of pains he took with them. Sometimes people stopped in passing to admire, and I heard one lady say, "That's the prettiest cottage-garden in all Little Sutton."

Annie sat with us, now and then saying, "I ought to go home; mother will expect me." But Harry always made answer, "Oh, no hurry yet; wait awhile;" so she stayed on.

My husband got up presently from off the bench,—it was one he had made with his own hands in the early mornings, for he loved a bit of carpentering,—and walked away. But presently he came back, with a lovely white rose and two rosebuds in his hand. "There," said he, "that's all I could save from the wreck. These were broke off short, and were sheltered somehow. They're the only ones

not smashed under dust and rubbish. You don't often see a more perfect rose than that, Harry. Look at its shape, now. I wonder, Sue, whether you wouldn't like Mrs. Conner to have it. I don't see why somebody shouldn't."

Mrs. Conner had been my mistress through my fifteen years of service, and Mr. Conner had employed my husband nigh upon twenty years. That was how Phil and I came together, being both, as one may say, in the same employ; and good friends Mr. and Mrs. Conner always were to us. We have had reason to be thankful again and again for that.

I was pleased to think of Mrs. Conner having the flowers: so my husband started off that minute, and he took Jamie with him. Annie gave a sigh when they were gone, and said, "How kind of Mr. Proctor not to be angry with father!" and I made answer, "There's no denying he was angry, Annie; but, you know, he must forgive."

Harry said the word "must" after me.

"Yes, because the Bible tells us so," I said.

"But, Mrs. Proctor, I don't think everybody does always just what the Bible tells," said Annie gently.

"Not everybody," I answered. "There's many a one doesn't even try. But how if we love God, and take His Book for our rule?"

"Only it isn't easy to forgive," she said. "It's hard to keep from being vexed when unkind things are said."

Harry made some little remark about being quite sure nothing ever put Annie out. She didn't heed him, but looked straight at me in a questioning sort of way.

"We have to do it," I said. "It isn't a question of easy or hard, or a matter of maybe. It is a matter of must-be. For we are told as plain as words can tell it that if we don't forgive men God won't forgive us. Why, for my part," I said, "I don't see how the two things can fall apart. I don't see how we *could* be forgiven children of God, loving and serving Him, and keeping up anger and bitterness in our hearts towards men. It isn't possible. One must conquer the other."

"Well, I never was a spiteful sort of chap, nor given to keeping up malice," remarked

Harry. "But I didn't think about God not forgiving."

"It's what the Bible says," I answered him. "And it's what we pray every time we say, 'Forgive us, *as* we forgive.' If we don't forgive, what does that prayer mean but that we ask God not to forgive us either?"

"Anyway, *she* didn't say she couldn't forgive," he said, looking across at Annie.

"Oh, but I meant that; I did mean just that," Annie said, flushing and folding her hands together. "I am afraid sometimes I don't forgive as I should."

I knew she was thinking of her father. He treated her and his wife more like dogs than women. But I only said, "It has to be done, Annie. If I was you I wouldn't stop asking God to make me do it—I wouldn't stop asking till I was able."

I heard Annie say very low, "I won't;" and after that she soon got up and went home. Harry saw her to her own gate, and when he came back he had a good deal to say about old Gilpin's ways and Annie's sweetness,—for that she *was* sweet there's no denying. While he was in the midst of his talk my husband and Jamie returned, and Phil was looking as gay as if he had never wanted to get the rose prize at all, while Jamie had a large square of plum-cake wrapped up in neat white paper.

"That's not all," Phil said, as Jamie showed us his prize. "Mrs. Conner came out to speak to me, and when she saw the rose she did exclaim, to be sure. She said she had never seen anything like it. And then one of the little Miss Conners passed by, and Mrs. Conner called her to look at it, and made her get the cake for Jamie. They asked me why I hadn't kept the rose for the show the day after to-morrow, and I said there had been an accident, so I couldn't compete. They were very sorry to hear that: and then Mrs. Conner said she knew Mr. Conner wanted a word with me, and would I step into his study? So I went, and the long and short of the matter is, Sue, that I'm made foreman. And right glad I am that my temper didn't master me to-day, or I'd have a sore feeling at this moment in the middle of my good news."

But Phil couldn't be more glad and thankful than I was myself.

Lessons from the Book.

II. "THE TRACT THAT ALL MEN READ."

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

"Known and read of all men."—2 Cor. iii. 2.



THERE can be no doubt that very much good is done by the distribution of tracts. Many a one who has refused to read God's Word, or to go to a place of worship, has been arrested by some startling text or word of warning put into his hands as he passed along the streets. It is a very good plan for those who love souls, for Jesus' sake, to carry tracts about with them, as they have so many opportunities of thus sowing the seed. But, perhaps, you say, "I have tried; and I never can get people to read what I give them."

Now I want you to remember that *there is a tract that all men read*,—that tract, dear Christian reader, is *yourself*—you are an epistle "KNOWN AND READ OF ALL MEN." If you are washed in the blood of Jesus, and sealed with the Holy Spirit, the life of Christ becomes your life; and you have to go forth into the world, bearing witness to the truth, by your word and by your life. You have, by God's grace, so to reflect the image of Jesus, that others may, by beholding your heavenly life, be led to glorify your Father which is in heaven.

What harm is done by inconsistencies

in a Christian's life, by thoughtless conduct, foolish conversation, levity of manner! We know how the sun goes on shining, and the world goes hurrying on around it. Daily it exerts an influence for good, by its light and warmth, and few take any notice of it. But only let a spot appear upon the sun; at once every eye and finger is directed towards it, and people are writing to the newspapers about it.

It is just so with the Christian. The world is hurrying on about him, and as it passes, though few take any notice of him, he can exert his influence for good. But only let him stumble, let him show any inconsistency of conduct, and then the world will point and scoff at him, and his influence for good is hindered.

Think of this, my dear Christian brother or sister. You can do much for your Saviour's glory. Do what you can by word; but above all, live as those who are washed in the Blood of Jesus, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world. So shall men see that the "life which you now live in the flesh you live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved you and gave Himself for you." You shall be an epistle "known and read of all men."

III. THE STRENGTH-GIVING LOOK.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"And the Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy might."—Jud. vi. 14.



ROR the might of the look of the Lord is enough for anything!

Very graciously does the Master sometimes give this strengthening look. We know that our Lord has looked upon us, and the look has flashed electric strength into heart and hand; and we go on

our way rejoicing, not at all in feeling any more able than before, but in the brightness of His power, saying, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God." But who is it that shall have this strengthening look of the Lord? "To this man will I look," saith Jehovah, "even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit."



From a Photograph by F. C. EARL, Worcester.

Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.

ASTLEY CHURCH, THE RECTORY, AND CHURCHYARD.

The Early Home and Resting Place of F. R. H. The Tomb is beneath the spreading fir tree.

"MOST BLESSED FOR EVER."

"For Thou hast made him most blessed for ever : Thou hast made him exceeding glad
with Thy countenance.—PSALM xxi. 6.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

(Though the date of these lines is uncertain, they are chosen as a closing chord to her songs on earth.)

THE prayer of many a day is all fulfilled,
Only by full fruition stayed and stilled ;
You asked for blessing as your Father willed,
Now He hath answered : " Most blessed for ever ! "

Lost is the daily light of mutual smile,
You therefore sorrow now a little while ;
But floating down life's dimmed and lonely aisle
Comes the clear music : " Most blessed for ever ! "

From the great anthems of the Crystal Sea,
Through the far vistas of Eternity,
Grand echoes of the word peal on for thee,
Sweetest and fullest : " Most blessed for ever ! "

[We give the above lines from "Under His Shadow," the last Poems of FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, which are now published by Messrs. J. NISBET & Co. The Engraving of Astley Church, the Rectory, and Churchyard, is from "Echoes from the Word," published at *Hand and Heart Office*.]

Modern Hymn Writers:

"SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



I. INTRODUCTORY.

SPECIMEN - GLASSES"

are small, clear, and colourless vases, not intended to attract admiration or attention, but only to serve the purpose of presenting choice single specimens of roses or other flowers, whose special beauty might be overlooked in a larger vase or a crowded cluster. In the same way these little papers are not intended to be elaborate and noticeable essays on modern Hymns or Hymn-writers, but only to be the means of presenting some beautiful hymns to the readers of *Home Words* which might otherwise escape notice in the larger collections in which they occur.

It is a very old story to talk about "flowers of poesie." But the oldest ideas are not always the worst, and the expression is perhaps most applicable to all true and worthy *Hymns*. Far-wafted fragrance, exquisite workmanship, delicate and striking beauty of form and colour, stores of hidden honey, are not the only points of comparison. There should be in every such flower incorruptible seed, which may spring up in the heart of many a gatherer, blossoming there in the beauty of holiness, and bearing fruit unto life eternal. Although many a Hymn may, flower-like, fade and pass away from remembrance, having fulfilled some lowly mission of solace to a few, or, it may be, only to one, other Hymns are true amaranths, and never die, rather gaining than losing the power of their fragrance and loveliness as years and even centuries pass on. On those which have thus become treasures of the Church, and the Home, we shall not touch; but we propose to gather a few for our Specimen-Glasses which are comparatively less known, and recently produced.

II. THE REV. W. PENNEFATHER'S HYMNS.*

It seems that God sends among us living illustrations of what He would have us learn, and that the lives of some of His people are like valuable engravings set between the other leaves of His great lesson-books. Engravings! yes, the word is suggestive; for it is not without sharp graving-tools and great cost and special skill and labour that these living pictures are prepared for their position. Perhaps no more perfect "proof" has ever been given for our study than one beneath which the inscription reads unmistakably thus—"The Power of Holiness." The "*beauty* of holiness" has often been shown and recognised, but perhaps we needed a grand illustration of its *power*. It has been given, and the portrait bears the name of William Pennefather.

Where the holiness really is, there is always the proportioned power, felt even if resisted, and none the less strong because it is secret. Why was he able to do so much more than others? so much more than men of greater physical and intellectual strength? No one spoke of him as a talented man, but as a holy man, wholly consecrated to his holy Master.

"Dedicated! He was indeed dedicated, his substance was dedicated, his time was dedicated, his poor frail body was dedicated, even to the very last, to his Father; his natural amiability was dedicated; he lived only for one thing."

This seems to be the key to the almost unparalleled influence of his life. It was at once intense and far-reaching.

Those who came in personal contact bear witness to it, not by empty words, but by lives changed, brightened, elevated, stimulated, stirred up, sanctified. A noble band of workers sprang up around him, working themselves and setting others, far and near, to work also. Merely to read over a bare list

* A portrait of the Rev. W. Pennefather is given in our January Number.

of what he actually *did*, almost takes away one's breath. One marvels how any one life could produce such results; and yet that life was cut off long before the years were full. The churches, the schools, the institutions, the conferences, the missions, the homes,—hardly a possible device for practical, spiritual, or temporal benefits, to all classes, but he had set it on foot. And so marvellous was his organization of all, so far-seeing was his training and placing of workers, that nothing needed to halt or suffer when the hand that set all in motion was withdrawn.

It was not North London alone that felt his power. Were there *any* of the thousands who came each June from all parts of the kingdom to his great Mildmay Conferences who went away without that threefold blessing which always seemed granted,—personal joy in the Lord, increase of desire for personal holiness, and great increase of zeal and power for work? These great blessings, together with more definite aims, and treasures of practical hints and suggestions for all imaginable branches of Christian work, were taken back into hundreds of parishes, bearing untold fruit and golden results.

Would we have a glimpse of the inner life which resulted in such an outer life? Let us read the following hymns in their simple sequence, and we shall have it. Let us seek the same close and joyful communion with our Lord Jesus, the same realization of union with Him, the same spirit of praise that cannot keep silence, the same clear and steadfast gaze of faith, which brings the "shining shore" "almost within sight," and then may we strive, not all in vain, to follow him as he followed Christ.

THE PALACE OF OUR KING.

And may I really tread
The palace of my King,
Gaze on the glory of His face,
And of His beauty sing?

I am not worthy, Lord!
Not worthy to draw near;
My feet are dusty with the way,
I hesitate—I fear!

"But wherefore tremble thus?
I washed thee clean and white;

I decked thee with salvation's robe,
Fairer than morning light!

"I hold thy hand in Mine,
And as I walk beside,
The pearly gates lift up their heads,
And for us open wide.

"They opened long ago,
Opened to let *Me* in,
When I, returning from the fight,
Had conquered death and sin.

"And they stand open still,
Open, my child, for thee!
Then enter in with joyfulness,
And use thy liberty."

Jesus! I *will* draw nigh,
And in the "secret place,"
Behold the beauty of my Lord,
And banquet on His grace.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Ere each morning breaketh,
I would see Thy face,
Jesus! Precious Saviour!
Jesus! King of Grace!
For my thirsty spirit
Longs to drink again
Of the living river
Flowing through the plain.

Hark! how sweet its music
As it dashes by,
Clear and fresh as ever,
In its melody.
From the crystal city,
From the throne on high,
It has leaped to succour
Sinners lest they die!

Flowing where the desert
Looks most parched and bare:
There its shining wavelets
Sparkle everywhere!
We, with dying thousands,
Would again partake
Of this crystal river—
It our thirst can slake.

It the drooping pastures
Can refresh and bless,
And with fragrant blossoms
Clothe the wilderness!
Oh! Thou living Spirit,
Give us of Thy dew:
Then our souls, like gardens,
Will yield fruit anew!

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH."

O Holy! Holy Father,
O Christ ascended high,
O pure celestial Spirit,
Eternal Trinity!
We, with Thy countless seraphs,
We, with Thy saints in light,
Bow down in adoration,
And praise Thee day and night.

One life pervades Thy ransomed,
Within the golden gate,
And those who still are pilgrims,
And for their glory wait.
The shouts of triumph yonder,
The plaintive songs of earth,
Flow from the Spirit's presence;
Both own a heavenly birth.

The precious blood of Jesus
Is now within the veil—
Yonder Thy saints behold it,
We too by it prevail!
Upon each shining forehead
We read the Saviour's Name;
While we, now pressing for-
ward,
Bear on our brows the same.

Then teach us, Lord, to worship
With loving hearts to-day:
And whilst we sing Thy praises,
And learn in faith to pray,
Help us to feel our union
With all who know Thy Name,
And glory in Jehovah,
Unchangeably the same!

Facts with Kernels.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

I. CONTENTMENT.



GENTLEMAN had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written:—"I will give this field to any one who is really contented." When an applicant came, he asked, "Are you contented?" The general answer was, "I am;" and his reply invariably was, "Then what do you want with my field?"

II. A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.

WHEN Isaac Hopper, the American Philanthropist, met a boy with a dirty face or hands, he would stop him, and inquire if he ever studied chemistry. The boy, with a wondering stare, would answer "No." "Well, then, I will teach you how to perform a curious chemical experiment," said Hopper. "Go home, take a piece of soap, put it in water, and rub it briskly on your hands and face. You have no idea what a beautiful froth it will make, and how much whiter your skin will be. That's a chemical experiment: I advise you to try it."

III. THE BEE AND THE DOVE.

A LITTLE bee fell into a brook. A dove saw him from above. She broke a small leaf from a tree and threw it to him. The bee swam

toward it and safely helped himself out of the water. A short time after the same dove was quietly sitting on a tree when a hunter softly came up and took aim at her. He had already cocked his gun; the bee came and stung him in the hand. Puff! off went the gun aside. The dove flew away. To whom did she owe her life?

IV. A HELP TO SUCCESS.

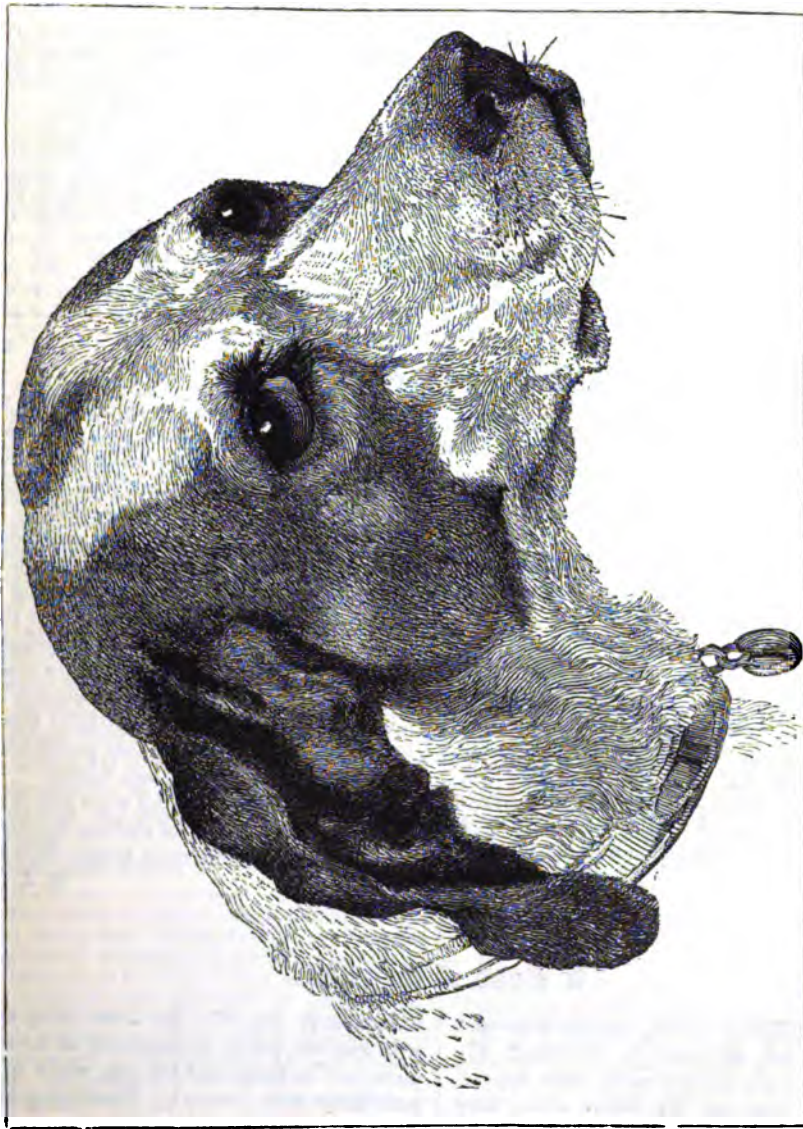
AN English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied:—"Some succeed by great talent, some by the influence of friends, some by a miracle, but the majority *by commencing without a shilling.*"

V. A LESSON TO LEARNERS.

WHEN old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a property as he possessed, his reply was:—"Friend, by one article alone, in which you may deal too, a you please; it is *civility.*"

VI. THE HOME MAGNET.

A WIFE who has tried the experiment says. "When a man finds a place that is pleasanter to him than his own home his wife should put two extra lumps of sugar in his coffee, and double the quantity of sunshine in the front room."




HEAD OF POINTER.

DRAWN BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN YEARS, AND EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[See Sketch of the Life of Sir Edwin Landseer, by H. G. Reid, Esq., in *January Home Words*, page 14. We hope to give another of Landseer's Illustrations in March.]



A Chat about Money.



SUPPOSE we all know something of the value of money: at least we ought to do. And moreover, we all know that sixpence carefully laid out will go much further than if it is thrown away; and we need not be extraordinarily good arithmeticians to discover that one shilling, well spent, will go just twice as far as sixpence will! Now, shillings are not bad things when a man knows how to spend them; the more we have of them—provided we come by them honestly—the better.

It takes a great deal of heat to melt silver in a furnace; but you do it in no time of a Saturday night in a public house; and if you are in the habit of taking odd drinks through the week, why it melts still faster.

Remember that one shilling a week is £2 12s. a year, and many drink a deal more than that; thus frittering away their dearly earned money, setting a bad example to others, acting unfairly by the wife, and robbing the children of their inheritance.


I know many a so-called moderate drinker who spends nine or ten pounds a year upon beer and spirits. Now, a quartern of spirits or a quart of beer a day costs about nine pounds in a year. Let us see what that nine pounds would do. We will suppose Bill Waters to have a tidy little wife and a strapping great boy, well taught at school, and soon about to be "prenticed" to a carpenter. He buys—

FOR THE HOUSE.			Brought over 4 7 10		
Feather Bed.....	1	2 0	FOR THE BOY.		
Ten yds. Sheetiing	0	7 6	Boy's Cap	0	1 0
A pair of 8'4			A pair of Hose.....	0	1 4
Blankets ...	0	9 6	" High Shoes	0	10 0
Coverlid	0	5 6	Fustian Suit.....	0	18 0
FOR THE WIFE.			Calico for Four		
Straw Bonnet	0	3 0	Shirts.....	0	8 0
Cloth Cloak	0	10 0	FOR BILL HIMSELF.		
Shawl Handkerf	0	1 6	Hat.....	0	7 0
Cotton for Gown	0	5 0	Fustian Coat	0	16 0
Stuff Petticoat ...	0	4 2	" Waistcoat	0	6 0
Flannel for Petti-			" Trousers	0	7 6
coat.....	0	2 8	Calico for Shirt	0	8 6
Cotton for Shift	0	2 6	Neckerchief	0	1 0
A pair of Hose...	0	1 0	A Pair of Hose	0	1 4
" Shoes	0	8 0	" High Shoes	0	14 0
" Girl's do.	0	5 6			
	£4	7 10		£9	2 6

We have over-shot our mark by 2s. 6d., but that does not matter to a careful chap like Bill. This is what *he* does with his brass; while Tom Swigger, a respectable party mind, who doesn't get *drunk*, spends all his spare cash upon beer for himself (quite £9), to say nothing of his standing treat now and then to his mates, which costs him just half as much again or more. Bill Waters spends his £9, and sure enough the money is gone, but then, look what he has got for it! Tom Swigger's money is gone too, but where? Into the till of the "Cook and Fiddle," from whence it is drawn, to be converted into artificial flowers and fly-away hats, and gorgeous petticoats, to deck the landlord's daughters withal.

Now I do think, that of all ways and means for sinking money, that of sinking it into the public-house till, is the most foolish that ever was known. S. J. R.

A Good Samaritan.



DURING a very severe frost and fall of snow in Scotland, the fowls did not make their appearance at the hour when they usually retired to roost, and no one knew what had become of them. The house-dog at last entered the kitchen, having in his mouth a hen apparently dead. Forcing his way to the fire, the sagacious animal laid his charge down upon the warm hearth, and

immediately set off. He soon came again with another, which he deposited in the same place, and so continued till the whole of the poor birds were rescued. Wandering about the stack-yard, the fowls had become quite benumbed by the extreme cold, and had crowded together, when the dog observing them, effected their deliverance, for they all revived by the warmth of the fire.—
JESSE.

In Yacht and Canoe.

BY JOHN MACGREGOR, M.A., CAPTAIN OF "THE ROYAL CANOE CLUB."



II. A STORMY NIGHT OFF BEACHY HEAD.*

THE barometer mounted steadily all Sunday, so we resolved to start from Newhaven at break of day. But though the night was quiet, the Colchester fishing boats near my berth were also getting ready; therefore at last I gave up all hopes of sleep, and for company's sake got ready also after midnight, that we might have all the tide possible for going round Beachy Head, which once passed we could find easy ports all the way to London. So about two o'clock, in the dark, we rowed out on the ebbing tide.

Dawn broke an hour afterwards with a dank and silent mist skirting up far-away hills, and a gentle east wind faintly breathing, as our tea cup smoked fragrantly on deck. The young breeze was only playful yet: so we anchored, waiting for it to rise in earnest, or the tide to slacken, as both of them were now contrary; and meantime we rested some hours preparing for a long spell of unknown work; but I could not sleep in such a lovely daybreak, not having that most valuable capacity of being able to sleep when it is wanted for coming work and not for labour past.

The east wind baffled the yawl and a whole

fleet of vessels, all of us trying to do the same thing, namely, to arrive at Beachy Head before two o'clock in the day; for, if this could be managed, we should there find the tide ebbing eastwards, and so get twelve hours of current in our favour.

This feature—the division of the tides there—makes Beachy Head a well-marked point in the navigation of the Channel. The stream from the North Sea meets the other from the Atlantic here, and here also they begin to separate. After beating, in downright sailing, one after another of the schooners and brigs and barques in company, I saw at last with real regret that not one of us could reach the point in time, and yet the yawl got there only a few minutes too late; but it was dead calm, and I even rowed her on to gain the last little mile.

One after another the vessels gave it up, and each cast anchor. Coming to a pilot steamer, I hailed, "Shall I be able to do it?" "No, sir," they said; "no,—very sorry for you, sir; you've worked hard, sir, but you're ten minutes too late." Within that time the tide had turned against us. We had not crossed the line of division, and so the yawl had to be turned towards shore to anchor there, and to wait the tide until nine o'clock at night, unless a breeze came sooner.

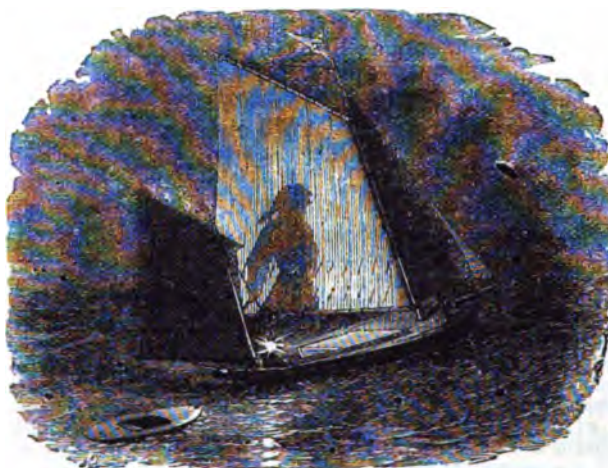
* This sketch describes a night of stormy and never-to-be-forgotten experience spent in the English Channel, during the "Voyage Alone in the Yawl *Rob Roy*." (London: Sampson Low & Co.) This yawl, built by Messrs. Forrest, of Limehouse, the builders for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, is 21 feet in length, and is full-decked to keep out the sea above. Her cabin is comfortable to sleep in, but only as arranged when anchored for the purpose. Sleep at sea is forbidden to her "crew." Her internal arrangements for cooking, reading, writing, provisions, stores, and cargo, are specially devised and quite different from those of any other yacht. She carries a little dingey or punt—a lifeboat only eight feet long—to go ashore by, to take exercise in, and to use for refuge in last resource if shipwrecked. Mr. Macgregor tells us:—

"This little boat was quizzed unmercifully, and the people shook their heads very wisely, as they did at the first *Rob Roy* Canoe. Now that we can reckon about a thousand of such canoes, and now that this little dingey has proved a complete success and an unspeakable convenience, the laugh may be forgotten. However, ridicule of new things often does good, if it begets caution in changes, and stimulates improvement. Good things get even benefit from ridicule, which may shake off the plaster and paint, though it will not shiver the stone."

The storm off Beachy Head, described in this paper, occurred towards the close of the "Voyage Alone," after sailing along the dangerous coast of France, crossing the broad Channel (100 miles) to Littlehampton, and thence to Newhaven. The yawl is now in Australia.



WATCH ON DECK.



THE GHOST OF ROB ROY OFF BEACHY HEAD.

After three hours' work she reached the desired six-fathoms patch of sand, just under the noble white cliff that rears its head aloft about 600 feet, standing ever as a giant wall sheer upright out of the sea. Dinner done, and everything set right (for this is the best policy always), I slipped into my cabin and tried to sleep as the sun went down; but a little land breeze soon began, and every now and then my head was raised to see how tide and wind progressed. Then I must have fallen once into a mild nap, and perhaps a dream: for sudden and strong a rough hand seemed to shake the boat, and on my leaping up, there glanced forth a brilliant flash of lightning that soon put everybody on the alert.

Now was heard the clink of distant cables, as I raised mine also in the dark, with only the bright shine of the lighthouse like a keen and full-opened eye gazing down from the cliff overhead. Compass lighted, ship-lantern fixed, a reef in each sail, we steered right south, away, away, to the open sea.

It was black enough all around; but yet the strong wind expected after thunder had not come, and we edged away eastward, doubly watchful, however, of the dark, for the crowd of vessels here was the real danger, and not the sea.

Look at the ghost of Rob Roy flitting on the white sail, as the lamp shines brightly. Down comes the rain, and with it flash after flash, peal upon peal of roaring thunder, and the grandeur of the scene is unspeakable. The wind changed every few minutes, and vessels and boats and steamers whirled past like visions, often much too near to be welcome.

A white dazzling gleam of forked lightning cleaves the darkness, and behold! a huge vessel close at hand but hitherto unseen, lofty and full-sailed, and for a moment black against the instant of light, and then utterly lost again. The plashing of rain hissed in the sea, and a voice would come out of the unseen,—“Port, you lubber!” The ship, or whatever it is, has no lights at all, though on board it they can see mine. Ah, it's no use

peering forward to discover on which side is the new danger; for when your eye has gazed for a time at the lighted compass, it is powerless for half a minute to see in the dark space forward; or, again, if you stare into the blackness to scan the faintest glimmer of a sail ahead, then for some time after you cannot see the compass when looking at it dazzled. This difficulty in sailing alone is the only one we felt to be quite insuperable.

Again, a steam-whistle shrieked amid the thunder, and two eyes glared out of the formless vapour and rain—the red and the green lights—the signals that showed where she was steaming. There was shouting from her deck as she kept rounding and backing, no doubt for a man overboard. As we slewed to starboard to avoid her, another black form loomed close on the right; and what with wind, rain, thunder, and ships, there was everything to confuse just when there was every need of cool decision.

It would be difficult for me to exaggerate the impressive spectacle that passed along on the dark background of this night. To show what others thought, I may quote the following paragraph from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of next day:—

“The storm which raged in London through the whole of last night was beyond question by far the most severe and protracted which has occurred for many years. It began at half-past eight o'clock, after a day of intense heat, which increased as the evening advanced, though it never reached the sultriness which was remarked before the storm of last week. The first peal of thunder was heard about nine, and from that time till after five this morning it never ceased for more than a few minutes, while the lightning may be said to have been absolutely continuous. Its vivid character was something quite unusual in the storms of recent summers, and the thunder, by which it was almost instantaneously followed, can only be described as terrific. The storm reached its greatest violence between two and three o'clock, when a smart gale of wind sprang up, and for about ten minutes the storm was really awful.”

(To be continued.)

Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

IV. "A LOST LADDIE!"

"I will pity the sorrows of all
Who are ready to fail in the fight,
And a word may be sent on my faltering breath
Which shall save some desperate soul from death,
As mine has been saved to-night."

B. M., Author of "Elijah."



R. GOUGH, in a recent speech, told the following touching incident:—

"A young Scotchman called to see me, who showed me his diploma as a physician. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University, a fine-looking fellow, as handsome a man as ever walked the streets, except from being marked and scarred by this enemy. After some conversation he left me, and his last words rung in my ears; they brought tears into my eyes, and I think I shall never forget them. Standing before me, he said: 'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Gough; you have given me your time, and you have told me the truth: but it's nae use, there is nae hope. Shake hands with me, will you? I am a lost laddie!' and he went away. As I saw him going out, stalwart and strong, in the pride of health, a lost laddie, my eyes filled with tears, and at night I awoke, hearing the cry of a despairing man, 'I am a lost laddie!'" How many 'lost laddies' are there to-day in the United States? How many are there in the City of London?

V. A VOLUME IN A LINE.

At a Temperance celebration in Newmarket a little lad appeared in the procession bearing a flag, on which was inscribed the following:—"All's right when daddy's sober."

VI. THE BEST TEMPERANCE AGENT.

THE best Temperance agent is a clean and well-ventilated home. The life is the blood; and without pure air, healthy blood is but a name. Open the window and let health in! No training, however skilfully conducted,—no dieting or teetotalism, however rigid or prolonged,—can bring a man into good condition, either in body or mind, so long as he is compelled to breathe an impure atmosphere.

VII. BEER versus BRICKS.

"THERE," said an artisan in one of the manufacturing districts in Lancashire, "every foot of that wall represents a gallon of ale." "How is that?" "Thus, sir: I used to spend so much in the ale-house; but after reading one of Dr. Begg's pamphlets, I began to put my money into the Building Society; and instead of helping to erect a palace for 'mine host,' I have built a cottage for myself."

A very practical Temperance argument, not easily answered by "mine host."

VIII. FOUR GOOD REASONS.

I HAVE tried both ways; I speak from experience. I am in *good* spirits because I take *no* spirits; I am *hale* because I use *no* ale; I take no antidote in the form of drugs because I take no poison in the form of drinks. Thus, though in the first instance I sought only the public good, I have found my own good also since I became a total abstainer. I have these four reasons for continuing to be one: 1st, My health is stronger; 2nd, My head is clearer; 3rd, My heart is lighter; 4th, My purse is heavier.—*Thomas Guthrie, D.D.*

IX. ROYAL EXAMPLE.

THE Princess Louise is understood to be a total abstainer. It is stated that the Queen brought up all her children without alcohol until they were seventeen, unless ordered by the family doctor. The youngest of Her Majesty's married daughters has, it is said, seen no reason to depart from the habit which she had formed in early life.

X. A BREWER ON SUNDAY CLOSING.

At a meeting at Dudley, Mr. Councillor Dawes said:—"He might seem a little out of place on that platform that evening, for many of them were teetotallers and he was a brewer. He was in favour of the total closing of public houses on Sundays. He had about twelve houses under his own jurisdiction, and there was not one of them open on Sunday. On Saturday they took double the amount of money that they took on any other day, and he could assure the meeting that beer would keep perfectly good if purchased on Saturday and bottled."

A Hand at Fault, and a Hand to Help.

BY THE REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE KNIGHT OF INTERCESSION," ETC.



ATHER rosebuds, who will, while
ye may,"

Sings the poet, and singeth
right well,

But beware! on the bloom-laden
spray

There are spears ready couched to repel.

"Grasp a nettle with will, without fear,

It will only the careful annoy,"

Says the saw: and who hears let him hear;

But that *won't* do with roses, my boy!

And if e'er, 'mid the roses, too late,

What you doubted before you can *feel*,

Then repenting, amending, go straight

To an older wise hand that can heal.

It will heal you by pain upon pain;

The sharp needle may go to the core,

But—the thorn out—your face smiles again,
And your heart is more wise than before!

All this is a story of life,

And is true as the truth is, my dear!

There are pleasures with perils as rife,

As the roses have thorns you must fear.

Likewise, there are evils and foes,

Nettle-like, which you needs must destroy,

And with them at your will you may close:

But that *won't* do with pleasures, my boy!

But if e'er it should hap, without heed,

That you find in such pleasures your bane,

There's a Hand that will help at your need,

And a pain that delivers from pain.

Aye! a pain that delivers from pain;

You must face it, though cry if you must!

Never mind! such a loss is a gain:

You will smile when it's over, we trust.

The Frances Ridley Havergal Church Missionary Memorial Fund.



I wish it were possible to convey to others the feeling produced in our own mind by the widespread and generous response accorded to the proposed Church Missionary Fund in memory of Frances Ridley Havergal.

The amount received now exceeds £1700. But even this noble sum cannot be rightly estimated, unless it is borne in mind that it represents the distinct offerings, as nearly as we can calculate, of some ten thousand contributors. Many also of the letters accompanying the contributions indicate that even the smallest offerings "have cost" the givers "something," and are literally expressions of heart-gratitude to "The Sweet Singer," who stimulated so many to the consecrated life, and whose voice, happily, in her Royal Books, still—

'Rings on with holy influence deep and strong.'

We venture to express the hope that many more will yet "cast in their mite." It should be borne in mind that the twofold object of the fund affords scope for the expenditure of almost any amount that could be raised. The openings for the employment of native Bible women in India might, indeed, almost engross the funds of a society; and the circulation of translated and selected portions of "F. R. H.'s"

writings in India and other mission fields, would well employ the amount already raised.

As one indication only of the need of Christian literature in our mission fields, and the special fitness of selections from "F. R. H.'s" books for circulation, the Rev. Prebendary Wright says: "The following extract from a letter just received from one of our missionaries in Ceylon shows that there need be no fear of our being able to put the F. R. H. Memorial Fund to good account:—'I have begun to translate Miss Havergal's "My King" into Singhalese, and ask for a grant to print and bind the same. I intend to translate her other works.'"

We hope "other mission fields"—European, African, and American, as well as Asiatic—will also be reached by "F. R. H.'s" translated books; but even confining ourselves to India, it is sufficiently clear that further offerings to the Memorial Fund may well and wisely be made by those who have not already contributed.

Contributions can be sent to the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, Hon. Sec. of the Fund, 7, The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E. Cheques and P.O. Orders payable to O. DOUGLAS FOX, Esq., Hon. Treasurer. All sums received are acknowledged weekly in *Hand and Heart*, and a full list of contributions will be ultimately sent to each contributor.



"A HAND AT FAULT, AND A HAND TO HELP."

The Young Folks' Page.

IV. STARVING SELFISHNESS.



HAT do you think I wish to starve and kill? John! Mary! who is your greatest enemy? "John." "Mary." I want to kill your great enemy, to starve it, to kill it. What is it? Selfishness. That great, big, ugly thing—selfishness. "I. I. I." "Me. Me. Me." "Give it to me." Self. Self. Self.

Let us try to think if we can starve selfishness this Lent. It will be a good fast if we do that. Selfishness is such an ugly thing. "We get as much as we give." Therefore, give all you can.

V. DON'T BE A DEAD SEA.

THERE is a lake in the Holy Land: everything runs into it, and nothing runs out of it. It is "The Dead Sea." The waters run into it; but it waters nothing else again. So it is a dead sea. Everything about it is dead. Don't you be a dead sea! I hope your heart won't be a dead

sea, filled with self; everything coming in, nothing going out. Don't be a dead sea! "Freely ye have received: freely give."

VI. NO ACCOUNTS TO SETTLE.

WHEN the Rev. Henry Blunt was dying, the doctor said to him, "Sir, you are drawing near the grave, and I think if you have any accounts to settle, you had better settle them." Mr. Blunt replied, "I have no accounts to settle; I owe nothing to man, AND MY SAVIOUR HAS PAID ALL MY DEBTS TO GOD!"

What a beautiful state to be in! God grant we may all be able to say it, when we come to die.

VII. PITHY PROVERBS.

"DARE to be true: nothing can need a lie."

"He who wants to dig will find a spade somewhere."

"If you've no money, you might have manners."

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

SPECIAL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

2,000 VOLUMES of "THE DAY OF DAYS" ANNUAL, Cloth Gilt, 2s. each.

THE Clergy and Superintendents of Sunday Schools, who have deferred awarding the Prizes for the best Answers to our January Questions till the Answers were published, can have the volumes of "THE DAY OF DAYS" ANNUAL, as offered in our January Number, enclosed in their March parcels on writing to

MR. CHARLES MURRAY, "HAND & HEART" OFFICE, 1, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. **WHAT** character are we assured has God's special love?
2. We read of two heathen women in Scripture, the one of whom had a presentiment that her husband would not succeed in injuring the Jews, the other that her husband should not injure the King of the Jews. Who were they?
3. In what place were many of our Lord's miracles wrought which are not recorded?
4. Whose name was changed because of the Lord, and yet is never spoken of by the name which God gave him?
5. When was the servant of God awakened by an angelic voice to arise and realize his safety? When by a human voice to arise and realize his danger?
6. What two people who were loved by Christ did He speak to specially about one thing?
7. In speaking of the promised return of the Jews to Palestine, how does God in some of the prophets distinguish between Israel and Judah, the ten tribes and the two?
8. Which of our blessed Lord's parables gives the key to the right understanding of all the rest?
9. Are we ever told in what language Christ spoke? and what are the only instances we have of His speech in the original form?
10. Which is the first Psalm wherein we have the word Spirit applied to the Holy Ghost?
11. How many, besides our Blessed Lord, were named in Scripture previous to their birth?
12. What is the Master's only description of Himself which shows how much His servant Moses must have had of the Master's spirit?

ANSWERS (See Dec. No., page 133).

I. Damaris, Acts xvii. 34. II. Jud. viii. 3; 1 Sam. xxv. 24-34. III. Gaius, 3 John 5, 6. IV. St. James. James ii. 23. V. Wearing a horn upon the forehead, which was very common in the East. VI. 1 Chron. xxiii. 6; Amos vi. 5. VII. Acts xiii. 11; xiv. 8-10; xvi. 18; xix. 11, 12; xx. 10-12; xxviii. 5; xxviii. 8, 9. VIII. St. Luke xvi. 10.

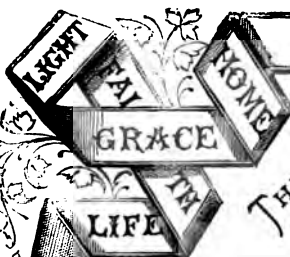
ANSWERS (See Jan. No., page 23).

1. He saw Nathanael under the tree (Jno. i. 46). He saw Zaccheus up in the tree (Luke xix. 5).
2. St. Paul (Acts xiv. 11); and Acts xxviii. 6).
3. David (2 Sam. xi. 2). Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. iv. 29), (Margin).
4. Job xxxvii. 13.
5. Ezra x. 9 (Margin).
6. Luke viii. 13.
7. The odour of ointment scents only in one place, the odour of a good name everywhere (Mark. xiv. 3, 9).
8. St. Paul (2 Cor. xii. 4). The Penitent Thief (Luke xxiii. 43).
9. When Moses numbered the people, it was to collect the tax for the sanctuary—the atonement money (Exod. xxx. 11-16). But when David numbered the people, it was by the temptation of Satan, to distrust the Divine promise (1 Chron. xxi. 1).
10. John xii. 20, 21; Acts viii. 27, etc.
11. Yes—his kinsmen, Andronicus and Junia (Rom. xvi. 7).
12. While the spirit of the commandment is plain (Matt. v. 21, 22), there are circumstances under which killing is lawful, viz., judicially, criminals (Gen. ix. 5, 6), and in a righteous war (1 Sam. xv. 2, 3).

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 7.42. Sets 4.46.

FEBRUARY.

Moon.—New, 10th, m. 11.17.
Full, 20th, m. 1.22.



THE TITLES OF THE LORD JESUS.



We
walk by faith.
2 Cor. v. 7.

Sanctify
them through Thy truth.
John xvii. 17.

1	S	Sexagesima S. The Author and Finisher of our faith.
2	M	PURIFICATION OF V. MARY. Have faith in God. Mark xi. 12.
3	Tu	Faith is the substance of things hoped for.
4	W	The evidence of things not seen. Heb. xi. 1.
5	Th	Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Acts xvi. 31.
6	F	Unto you . . . which believe, He is precious. 1 Pet.
7	S	Lord, increase our faith. Luke xvii. 5. [ii. 7.]
8	S	Quinquages. S. The Holy One of God. Luke iv. 34.

9	M	Thy Holy Child Jesus. Acts iv. 27.
10	Tu	Holy, harmless, undefiled. Heb. vii. 26.
11	W	FIRST DAY OF LENT. We have sinned. 2 Chron. vi. 37.
12	Th	Turn Thy face from my sin. Ps. li. 9.
13	F	Cleanse Thou me from secret faults. Ps. xix. 12. [6.]
14	S	All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Isa. lxiv.
15	S	1st S. in Lent. The propitiation for our sin. 1 [John ii. 2.]

GIVE ME THINE HEART.

Prov. xxiii. 24.

God be
merciful to me.
Luke xviii. 13.

There is
one Mediator.
1 Tim. ii. 5.

16	M	He hath made Him to be sin for us. 2 Cor. v. 21.
17	Tu	A Lamb without blemish and without spot. 1 Pet. i.
18	W	Who His own self bare our sins. 1 Pet. ii. 24. [19.]
19	Th	Reconciled to God by the death of His Son. Rom. v. 10.
20	F	Without shedding of blood is no remission. Heb.
21	S	Justified by His blood. Rom. v. 9. [ix. 23.]
22	S	2nd S. in Lent. An Advocate with the Father. 1 [John ii. 1.]

23	M	In the presence of God for us. Heb. ix. 24.
24	Tu	St. MATTHEW. Undertake for me. Isa. xxxviii. 14.
25	W	I have prayed for thee. Luke xxii. 32.
26	Th	Accepted in the Beloved. Eph. i. 6.
27	F	My Father and your Father. John xx. 17.
28	S	The Father Himself loveth you. John xvi. 27.
29	S	3rd S. in Lent. The Consolation of Israel. Luke [ii. 25.]

"WHAT would'st thou be?"
A blessing to each one surrounding me;
A chalice of dew to the weary heart,
A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart,
To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon light.

A nightingale song in the darkest night,
A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,
An angel of love to each friendless soul.
Such would I be;
Oh that such happiness were for me!—F. R. H.

Ministry.—Was it not most thoughtful of our King to appoint His continual representatives, so that we might always, and every one of us, have the opportunity of ministering unto Him?
Some limit His gracious "Inasmuch" to services for His sake to the poor only. Yet the "strangers" whom He bids us love may be rich in all but the friendliness and kindness which we may show them; and the "sick" may be those among our own dear ones who need our ministry. Why should we fancy it is only those who are not near and dear to us to whom we may minister "as unto Him"?—F. R. H.



*Drawn by T. C. Scott,
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*Engraved by
R. & K. TAYLOR.*

Wm. H. Knowles



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

"Roll Back, ye Bars of Light!"

AN EASTER HYMN.

BY THE REV. W. MACILWAINE, D.D., CANON OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.



OLL back, ye bars of light;
Wide open, gates of glory;
All heaven, behold the sight,
Attend the wondrous story:
Ye angel hosts that crowd
Around the Conqueror's car,
Proclaim His praise aloud,
Whose mighty ones ye are.

Rise, saints, the Lord to meet,
To praise and to adore Him;
Come, worship at His feet,
And cast your crowns before Him.
Lift up your heads, ye gates,
And let the Victor in;
Eternal triumph waits
The Vanquisher of sin.

At morn the Saviour rose,
Like giant from His slumber;
Fled all His mighty foes,
Though countless was their number;
Death and the gloomy grave
Have yielded up their prey;
Almighty now to save,
On high He takes His way.

Ride on, ride on, O Lord,
The golden gates enfold Thee;
In highest heaven adored
Our eyes may not behold Thee:
Yet hear, oh! hear our praise,
Great Saviour, God and King,
As thus our hymn we raise,
Our heart's devotions bring.

Mark Knowles, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

A STORY OF PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS."

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

HERE was sound common sense in good President Lincoln's quaint phrase, "Keep peggin' away," and few men have followed the advice more closely than Mr.

Mark Knowles. The story of his eventful life is well calculated to stimulate and encourage the youth of the land to "aim high," and affords a powerful illustration of "Perseverance under Difficulties."

Born of humble parentage, at Roe Lee, near Blackburn, in 1834, a year memorable for the hand-loom famine, and the consequent distress, his future path in life did not seem to



be very inviting or promising. His parents were then in a state of great poverty, and his poor mother was often without sufficient food, a fact to which medical men attributed her son's lameness on his left side. Work revived after a time, but the distress had told upon his father, who died, leaving five young children to lament his loss.

Mark was only four years old at the time: but the writer has heard him say that he remembered the day perfectly well. It was the very day his mother went to the Poor Law Guardians to see about going into the workhouse. The dying father guessed the object of his wife's visit to the Guardians, and referring to it said, "I have made that child the subject of special prayer to Almighty God, that he may never want any good thing, and I am sure that my prayers will be heard and answered." More than forty years have elapsed, and although "that child" has had many ups and downs, and has been put to terrible straits at times, he recently stated in public that "He truthfully and thankfully acknowledged God had not allowed him to want any good thing."

With his father's death the real struggle of life began, and his mother had for a time to find shelter in the workhouse, where life then was very different to what it is now. The poverty which sought relief was too often considered almost a crime; and between the workhouse and the gaol, so far as comfort went, there was not a great deal of difference. Thanks to the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury and others, things in this respect have undergone a change, and children in workhouses are much better cared for than they were forty years ago.

In 1843, the Rev. R. T. Wheeler, M.A., was appointed Vicar of St. John's, Blackburn, and soon afterwards, with the kindness that was his distinguishing characteristic, he noticed young Knowles in the streets, went with him to his mother's cottage, and finally agreed to pay for his education. After three years' schooling, the boy was sent to his first situation in a boot shop, and there received two shillings per week wages. He was thus thrown among men who drank a good deal, but to their credit, be it said, they never tried to persuade him to drink. One man, indeed,

used often to say, "We drink, but it's no good to you. I have had your share and the shares of a great many others." A drunken boast, which was literally a sober truth, and for Knowles a very happy truth too.

Just before he was twenty years of age, a wholesale dealer came to his master's shop and said, "Are you Mark Knowles?" He replied, "Yes." "I have been recommended to give you a place in my warehouse in Manchester," was the rejoinder. "Lads in Manchester," continued the speaker, "are so accustomed to bad ways that I cannot trust them, and I must have one who will keep clear of them." Knowles replied, "Well, sir, I am lame, but I have kept well to my work, and have no companions except those who attend the Sunday School and Mutual Improvement Society. What wages will you give?" The gentleman said, "We have been giving thirteen shillings a week and board and lodgings." Knowles was afraid that his infirmity would stand in his way, and that at any rate he could not expect to receive so much; but he ventured to ask how much would be given *him* if he went to Manchester. He did not at first get a reply, and had rather an anxious time of it while his interrogator went away for a few hours to transact business and consult his partner. In the course of the afternoon the friendly stranger returned, and, to the utter amazement of the youth, with whose manner and conversation he had evidently been struck, undertook to pay twenty-six shillings per week, in addition to providing board and lodgings. It is needless to say the offer was promptly and gratefully accepted.

His attention to his work was soon rewarded by a further increase of wages, and ultimately he received £2 per week. This was almost too much for him, and, as he now states, he "began to have an exaggerated notion of his true position." It was then, too, that he made the mistake of his life, by attending a discussion class, the chief object of which was to discountenance religion. This naturally led to other mistakes; but, as we have seen, he was the child of godly parents, and their prayers followed him. Mark was led to repentance by an old man, who reproached him for his misconduct, and asked

him what he thought his father would say if he saw him in the company of the "philosophical debaters." At first he resented the

advice given, but the rebuke had touched his heart, and before three days were over, he left "philosophical debating" for ever.

(To be continued.)

Sunday Bells.



WEETLY chime the Sunday
bells,
Echoing o'er the waters gray,
Up the mountain, down the
dells,
Calling rich and poor to pray.

Hark, the blessed Sunday bells!
Happy, peaceful, Sunday bells!
Chiming, chiming,
Sweetly chiming,
Echoing over hills and dells,
Happy, peaceful, Sunday bells.

ANON.

Next-Door Neighbours.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE RECTOR'S HOME," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.



CHAPTER III.

HARRY'S MOTHER.

HAT a miserable thing it is to be sure, for husband and wife to be ill-matched! There were our next-door neighbours on the one side, John Gilpin and his wife; he a fractious, ill tempered, sulky, snappish man, and she, that might have been a blithe young woman still, worn to a fretting puling creature, with ne'er a smile for anything or anybody. And there were our next-door neighbours on the other side, William Saunders and his wife; he the soberest, steadiest-going of men, loving order and cleanliness and home comfort; and she a noisy, gossiping, dirty slattern, always idle, and always in a muddle. Many's the time we've asked Saunders to our own table, just to get him out of the wretched mess he'd have had to eat in.

"She's very wrong; she's doing her best to drive him to the bad," my husband said sometimes: and sometimes I spoke to Sukey Saunders, and told her plain truths too. But nothing made her angry, and nothing seemed to make her care, for she went on still in the old way. It was quite a trouble to me to be living next door to her, for everything about

her belongings was always in a state not fit to be seen, and I never liked my boys to have much to do with her six.

We went to the flower-show in the evening when it was cheap, and most of the neighbours went too. I saw Sukey Saunders there, flaunting about in a dirty light gown, and a shabby bonnet with big staring pink roses in it. Saunders looked ashamed of her, poor man, as well he might, and Phil said to me:—"I shouldn't like my Sue to be dressed like that." I said, "I couldn't:" and then he said, "No, nor any other woman either, with a grain of self-respect." And we both pitied poor Saunders.

Annie Gilpin went to the show with us, and when we came near the rose-stand her face took quite a pitiful set. Harry saw that, and he talked fast, and tried to make out that the prize rose was a better one than Phil's, so that after all Phil had lost nothing. But we all knew better; Phil's had been much the best; this one wouldn't have stood comparison with it for a moment.

We had a pleasant evening in spite of the disappointment, and when we went home Gilpin was standing at his door, with a pipe in his mouth. Phil gave him a "good evening" as we passed, and got a grunt back again. Before we had gone six steps Gilpin changed his mind about speaking, and shouted out, "I say, where's that gal of mine?"

"Annie was a bit ahead of us," I said, and I turned back. "She's home by this time,—gone round by the back lane maybe. We'll keep her to supper."

"Back lane! shouldn't wonder: so as I couldn't see her. Send her back this minute. She's been galivanting about long enough."

I tried to ask for half an hour, but he wouldn't hear me: so Phil and I went in, and I told Annie. She got up directly, and said, "Oh, I must make haste," and she would not let Harry go with her. I could see she was afraid of a quarrel, if Gilpin was out of temper.

It was three or four days after this that my husband and our Willie had a talk about what Willie was to be. I remember it well, more particularly because of what came after. Harry Carter was late that evening, and I had been wondering why, and hoping no one was leading him into mischief.

Phil wanted very much that his eldest boy should be in the trade, as was natural; and he wanted it all the more because Mr. Conner had offered to take him free as apprentice. The thing was pretty near settled, and though I knew Willie was loath, I didn't think to pay much heed to a boy's fancies. But I suppose Phil thought it best to have the matter out, for that evening after tea he spoke up suddenly in a blunt sort of way: "I say, Willie, what's this about your not liking to be in the trade?"

Willie blushed up, and looked as though he would a deal rather not have answered. He was a shy quiet boy, given more to thinking than talking, and more to books than play.

"I don't want to be a mason, father," says he.

"So you've said to somebody and somebody said to me." Willie looked uncomfortable, for there's no doubt he had said it to a good many "somebodies." "Well, then," says my husband, "what do you want to be?"

"Not a mason," Willie said again.

"What's your reason?"

"I've more reasons than one," says Willie, fidgeting.

"Tell 'em out, and don't be chicken-hearted," said my husband; and I said too, "Don't be afraid, Willie."

"I wouldn't say one thing, only I know

you won't tell again," Willie said. "I know some of the apprentices, father, and they have to do things I shouldn't like. The men put them to do wrong things."

"Don't you ever be put, then," says Phil.

"But supposin' I couldn't help it, father?"

"Don't talk to me of 'couldn't help.' There's no living man can make another sin against his will. You'll have to be a man, Willie, and to remember what's your duty as a soldier of the Lord Jesus."

"But, father, Rob—I mean he that told me—said he *had* to do things."

"A man can be made to die but he can't be made to do, without his will's in it. Mind you that."

"Only he said if he didn't do what the men told him they'd be angry, and not teach him the trade."

"Oh, it's come to the point now," says my husband. "It's a question of doing wrong or of losing something. Well then, see that of the two you choose the losing. Better be a worse workman than a worse soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. But there's many a fear of that sort that don't come to much in the end. Make a firm stand for the right from the first, and be civil and obliging, and no fear but you'll be respected. Why, dear me, as if there was a workshop in the kingdom, or any other sort of shop either, where you wouldn't come in the way of temptation. You'll have your troubles of that sort, wherever you be."

Willie looked hard on the ground, and said nought.

"I'd save you from them glad enough if I could; but I can't. And if you pray and fight bravely, and don't get overcome, no fear but you'll be the stronger for 'em in the end. Mind you be a servant of God out-and-out, as much in the workshop as at home, and you'll make your way. Half-heartedness runs into difficulties where whole-heartedness jumps over them. Well, what's the other reasons?"

"You'll laugh at me," says Willie, turning all over as red as a turkey-cock. "But, father, I *do* want to be a great man some day, and I can't if I'm a mason."

My husband seemed to be thinking for a minute.

"Never knew that before," says he slowly. "Wife, you hear. A mason can't be a great man."

"What does Willie mean by a great man?" I asked of them.

"Ah, what?" said my husband. "Maybe the lad's set his heart on being on one of the ladders that leads to the Lord Chancellorship or the Prime Ministership."

"I'm not like to climb so high," Willie said, and he looked a bit bashful.

"No, you're not," says my husband. "They're crowded ladders, and there's but few of the hundreds who set out together that reach near the top. And they who do aren't always the happiest."

"But you don't know yet what I may be able to do," Willie said.

"No, I don't," Phil said. "But I know one thing, and that is that if you aren't great in your daily work you'll never be great in anything. For real greatness is doing well whatever God gives us to do, and real littleness is leaving undone what He sets us. Whether you've got to build a house or build an empire, or whether you've got to rule ten thousand men or a dozen sheep, it's the *way* you do it that matters. Put self aside, and do your very best in God's sight, and you'll be a great man."

"But who thinks a mason or a shepherd great?" asked Willie.

"Ah, there you are again!" said Phil. "Who thinks and who doesn't think? What does that matter? Do your duty, and mind what God thinks, and never mind about men. Be great, and they'll find it out; but if they don't, what matter? True greatness lives to do, Willie, not to be admired."

"Only you don't mean to say, father, that a mason just doing his duty is as great a man as the Duke of Wellington was?"

"Maybe so, maybe no. We haven't the means of measuring. He hasn't the same claim on his country's gratitude, nor the same call to be looked up to,—that stands to reason. But the Duke didn't work for admiration. He worked hard enough, but it was all for duty,—duty,—duty,—and love to his country, not himself. That is how he came to be so great. Of course he had talents and powers that most men haven't, and he used

them well; and we've got to use ours well, whatever they be."

"But supposin'—supposin'—I *had* powers," says Willie very bashfully.

"Well then, use them," says my husband. I hadn't often heard him speak so quick and decided-like as he did that day, and I felt right proud of his sense. "Do your best, and if you've got powers, no fear but you'll rise. A pebble goes to the bottom of water, and oil rises to the top, and men are pretty sure to find their level. The stones won't rise, and the oil won't sink. If you're clever and if you're diligent too, no fear but you'll rise in time. But don't you go and cheat yourself with the notion that being great and being clever are the same thing. There's many a great man who isn't clever, and there's many a clever man that isn't great."

"Mother says you want me to learn the trade," says Willie, hanging down his head.

"So I do, lad. I want you to make up your mind to go through with the apprenticeship. Study as hard as you will in spare hours, and I'll be glad enough you should, and glad to help you. And if you see a different way of life lie open to you after the seven years, why, I'm the last man to hinder you. But there's the opening now, and I don't know a better, and it does seem to me we'd be wrong to let it slip."

"I'll do it," said Willie, speaking quite firm; "I'll be apprenticed, father,—and you shall see I'll do my very best."

"That's a brave boy: that's spoken like an Englishman now," says my husband; and Willie blushed up, and looked mightily pleased. They had a bit more talk, and then I said, "I wonder Harry don't come, I hope nobody's enticed him anywhere he'd better not go." And my husband said, "I'll take a look round and see."

I wished after that I had not let him go. But one can't tell what is coming, and if it was God's will it was to be. Not but what one would rightfully blame oneself, if one had done wrong and harm followed upon it, but there wasn't wrong-doing here.

He had not been gone five minutes when Harry walked in: so I sent Willie running to tell his father.

"Tea's ready," said I, "and I was wondering where you were."

"Oh, I was all right," says he, blushing up a little. "I only stopped to hear a bit of speechifying."

"Not the sort of speechifying that means turning the world upside down, I hope," said I.

"Dear me, no," says he, laughing. "I'm too fond of things topside uppermost. It wasn't exactly a speechifying neither, but there was a young Mr. Conner—not so over young neither—and he was giving a bit of a talk to a lot of fellows outside a public, waiting for their wages. He told 'em they'd be wise to agitate for payment to take place anywhere else but there. He said they'd often agitated for things a deal less important."

"True enough for that!" said I. "Young Mr. Conner,—why, that's my master's eldest son, Master Harry that used to be. I didn't know he was in Little Sutton. He's a good man."

"It wasn't hard to guess that. He had a manly sort of way with him too. It isn't Mr. Conner's way, I suppose, to pay at a public."

"No indeed," I said, and Harry sat and looked uncommon grave.

"It's queer, isn't it? some'at about what he said made me think of my old mother."

"Where is your mother?" I asked, for Harry had seemed to shirk talking of her.

"Home, I suppose," says he.

"Where is your home?"

"Down in Sussex. She's got a tidy little cottage, and she's got friends, and enough to keep her from starving. No, no, she's in no danger of starving, not one bit. She's certain sure of being looked after," says he, as if he was arguing with himself.

"She ought to be, with such a big son to do it," said I.

"Oh, she's got other friends too," said he. "I've had to look out for myself. But it did make me think of her, when the gentleman—what's his name?—Mr. Conner—told us we'd got plenty to do with our money, without squandering it at the public. I was glad I didn't do that any way. And then he looked straight in the face, one after another,

and says he, 'You've got wives some of you, and children too, and I shouldn't wonder if many among you have got mothers living. Now you mind,' says he, 'it's a deal of care and trouble and pains your mothers gave to you men when you were boys. I wonder how much you've all given back to your mothers since, to show you're grateful.' It made me think of my mother, I can tell you."

"You send her a bit of money sometimes, now, don't you, to make her more comfortable?" said I.

"Well no, I haven't. I ought, but I haven't," says he, looking shamefaced.

"I wonder how much your mother spent on you when you were little," said I. "Money, and time, and love, and maybe tears and prayers too."

"Maybe," said he, looking hard at me. "Yes, she spent money, sure enough; mothers always do, I suppose. And she didn't give much time nor care to anything else, when I was to the fore. Folks used to say she just doted on me. And I've seen her cry too. And as for prayers there was lots on 'em; never was such a body for prayers."

"That's good now," said I. "A mother's prayers 'll never fail to bring a blessing."

"Well, I don't know; I used to think them and the crying a bit of a bother," said he.

"But you don't think so now you're away from her?"

"I'm none so sure of that," says he. "Why, dear me, it's over two years I haven't written to her once. I've been going about, and she don't know where I am now. I shouldn't wonder if she's plaguing her head to know if I'm alive or dead."

"O Harry, you don't say so!" said I.

"Oh, she's used," said he. "I never was much of a letter writer. It takes such a lot of trouble."

"Mothers don't get used," I said; and I was talking half to myself as it were. "If my Willie was to grow up and leave me like that, and never to write nor let me know for years if he was alive or dead, I do really think it would bring me to my grave. I don't know how I'd stand it."

"Will's a sharp little chap. He'll write, no fear. He's clever."

"Maybe he's clever, and maybe he isn't," said I. "As for that I don't know: but I do know he loves his mother, and I hope I shan't live till the day when he leaves off caring about me."

"Come, come, you needn't go to make out as I don't love my mother, for I do," said Harry. "She's the kindest-hearted old soul as ever breathed."

"And she's praying for you," said I. "She'll never stop that, Harry. She'll pray you yet into being a good man."

Harry looked a bit uneasy, as if he wasn't quite sure about wanting that, for he knew I meant that I hoped he would become a real Christian. While we were speaking I saw my husband coming through the garden gate, and I knew in a moment that something wasn't quite right. He had such a strong quick walk of his own, commonly, and now he seemed dragging one foot after the other; and when he came near, the ruddy look was all gone out of his face, and it looked drawn as if he was in bad pain, and Willie had a sort of uncomfortable manner, following close behind him.

"What has happened, Phil?" said I.

"I want a cup of tea," said he, sitting down.

"Yes, but what has happened?" said I. "You haven't had a fall, have you?"

"Oh dear no," says he cheerfully. "Only—well, only a bit of a blow. Just turned me rather sick-like, but a cup of tea will take that off."

I didn't like his face, but I made the tea as quick as I could, trying to keep down my impatience to know more. He drank the tea, and said it was just as he liked it, but he couldn't eat.

"Where was it, Phil?" said I.

"Down at the corner of the lane behind Pearson's," said he. "Willie and I we'd stopped a moment to look at the house they've begun to run up there. And somebody came hurrying round the corner, with a heavy parcel in his arms, and banged right against me. It was an uncommon hard edge the parcel had, and it caught me just in the back. Don't look fidgety, Sue; no ribs are

broken. It only turned me a bit queer. I'll be all right after a good night."

I did not feel so sure, but I only said, "We'll see presently what can be done. Is the pain much?"

"I've got a back-ache," says he cheerfully enough, but I didn't need to ask again if it was bad. The way he seemed afraid to move showed that.

"Clumsy fellow, not to look where he was going!" Harry said.

"He might have seen," says Willie very low.

"Father was standing stock-still, and not close to the corner neither. He *might* have seen."

"Stuff and nonsense," says my husband.

"Who was the man?" I asked.

"Never you mind," said he. "It's done, and what's done can't be undone."

But it came into my head to say, "Was Gilpin the man?" and Willie gave a sort of little nod.

"Gilpin or any other might do such a thing by accident," said my husband.

"Mind, Sue and Will, I don't want talk made about it; and I would scorn to accuse an innocent man of ill intentions, if it was all sheer accident."

But the very saying of so much made me feel the more sure that my husband didn't really think it *was* all sheer accident. I couldn't but doubt. I knew what Gilpin's temper was; and though I dare say he would not mean to do any real harm, still he was just of that revengeful sullen sort of humour, that he wouldn't be unlikely in a moment's temptation to give a shove or a blow to any one he was angry with.

He couldn't forgive my husband for being so liked by Mr. Conner, and respected by every one. And above all he couldn't forgive him for having been made foreman. I don't know whether Gilpin had hoped for that for himself: but any way he couldn't easily submit to see my husband set over him, and he hated his ways as foreman. My husband never would wink at evil, to please anybody, and Gilpin hated any manner of restraint. He liked to be allowed to go along his own way, without a word; and a bad way it often was.



Old Oscar, the Faithful Dog.

BY H. G. REID, AUTHOR OF "LOWLAND LEGENDS," "ART STUDIES FROM LANDSCAPE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

OSCAR AT HOME.—POOR "VIOLET."—A USEFUL MESSENGER.—THE LOST SHEEP.



HOW can a dog understand without understanding? asked Dr. Lardner; and the question remains unanswered. In our strivings to exalt "the man" we some times do injustice to the "lower animal;"—to Trusty or Tear'em—who has not in this respect, as he has in others, the power of self-defence. The nature of the dog has its higher developments, unchanging fidelity, depth of insight, and bravery in the moment of danger. Did you never observe how your Trusty scans a stranger—how acutely he measures him, and takes up his likes or dislikes? What will he not do for a friend? What has he not done even for a hard master?

Here is "Old Oscar," for instance: long and fondly will his memory be cherished. Never was there a more kindly, a nobler member of the canine family. All his days had been spent at the farm of Heathside, and seldom had he been beyond the boundaries of one of the rudest parishes in the north of Scotland. Thoroughly used to country customs and rural quietude, any time he did go to town, as his old master used to say, "he was never like himsel' ere he gat oot the road again."

Oscar was above the average size, and never can we forget his portly bearing; the black shaggy hair, those dangling ears, the long bushy tail, and that white spot on his broad chest, running up in triangular form right under his massive head.

"Old Oscar"—for to us he was always *old*—had little of the warrior in him. He had nothing of the offensive or quarrelsome; and often did he submit to the grossest indignities

without retaliation; not in a cowardly cringing spirit, but with a calmness and dignity which one could not but admire. He was decidedly averse to fighting—one would have thought on philosophic principles; and the only stroke in the way he ever did was quite in keeping with his general character.

In his morning walks, which were taken with constitutional regularity, Oscar had to pass the mansion of a neighbouring squire. As sure as he reached the garden gate, out came my lady's lap-dog, with its ugly red eyes and its sharp teeth; and not contented with yelping, as most curs are, it would follow a few yards industriously biting the heels of its big brother. For months did Oscar trot along, regardless of the pain and annoyance, except now and then a significant growl or a wag of that huge tail of his. One morning the little tormentor was busy at its old work, picking and scratching, in its own provoking way, at the irritated and festered heels of our long-suffering friend. Oscar stopped suddenly; something was wrong; had that quiet spirit at last been disturbed? Turning round, he seized his tormentor by the neck, as a cat would her kitten, and walked back to a small stream close by. Wading in some distance, he put his victim beneath the water, and, deeming reform hopeless, planted his foot firmly upon it. In a few minutes he turned round again, and trotted along to his morning haunt as if nothing had occurred. The body of poor "Violet" was buried in the garden, and flowers were planted on its grave.

Oscar was useful in his way. He could go to the shop and bring home a pound of sugar or an ounce of tea; and often have we seen him jogging along with a neat little wicker suspended from his bright brass collar. He could do this without even the assistance of a slip of paper, strange as this may seem to outsiders. Those country shopkeepers, dealing in all things from beer to broadcloth, are not like shopkeepers in your great cities. When they see your money or jar, with an instinct which baffles every "theory," and



THE LOST SHEEP.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

which only experience can understand, they give you exactly what you want. Oscar got his threepence or fivepence ha'penny tied into the corner of his basket, and that was enough: he brought home what was wanted. Never was he known to go wrong or to be turned aside from his course: such is instinct, so called.

Heathside, the quiet and secluded home of Oscar and his friends, was well-nigh four miles distant from the district post-office, and only one day in the week were the letters and papers conveyed to and from that humble hostelry on the highway side. True to his duty, as regularly as Friday came round, Oscar was astir by times, and by noon he might have been seen depositing the contents of his basket on the hearthstone; the weekly newspaper to start on its round of thirty readers, a few letters for the farmer and his neighbours, and a stray broad-sheet from a brother who had long since settled in the far West.

One stormy evening, such as only the dwellers in the land of mist can understand, the farmer had gathered home his flock of sheep, and enclosed them for protection. He had just entered his own comfortable apartment, when Oscar—who had been missing for some time—was observed to enter in an excited state, rush round the room, and disappear. After a prolonged absence, which had not awakened surprise, he again entered in a still more excited manner, jumping upon

(To be continued.)

his master and endeavouring to arrest his attention. Again he left the house, and again he returned with wailing importunities. The farmer was impressed with the thought that something must be wrong, and followed his dog out into the fields and through the snowdrifts for more than a mile, the dog leading the way, and anxiously watching the steps of his master. Near a bridge which crossed a small stream on the farm, Oscar stood still, and leaping over the parapet, began to tear away the snow with all his might. After a diligent search, it was found that one of the sheep had gone over, sunk in the snow which covered the stream, and then, in its vain efforts to escape, had forced its way under the bridge. It was found also that during the hours that had passed Oscar had not been idle; he had been industriously clearing away the snow from the opposite side of the bridge, in order to let it pass through and escape an untimely end. The sufferer was delivered, and the dog and his master went home rejoicing with the lost one.

"If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine and go off into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? and if so be that he find it, verily, I say unto you, he rejoiceth more over that sheep than over the ninety and nine which went not astray."

Easter Sunbeams.

BY THE EDITOR.



WHEN Easter comes the sun begins to shine more brightly. One of our Easter hymns begins with the words:

"Bright sunbeams deck the joyful sky."

A little girl had heard some one say, in the language of poetry, that the sun danced on Easter morning, when his rays fell upon the surface of the water. She thought she would go and see the sun dance.

There was the water, all sparkling with the sunlight which shone on it; but the sun

did not dance! At first she was greatly disappointed, but, like a sensible child, as she certainly was, she said, "If the *sun* does not dance on Easter morning, I will make somebody's *heart* dance, and that will be better still!"

So she ran upstairs, got her very best picture-book, and stole quietly into her sick cousin's room, and laid it on the pillow, without disturbing her. "Now," said the little girl, "her heart will dance when she wakes up; and our Saviour will like that better than if the sun danced, in honour of His rising!"

Lessons from the Book.

IV. EASTER HOPE IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.



BY THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

"I will fear no evil."—Ps. xxiii. 4.

WHETHER for ourselves, or for those we love, we need fear no evil, if only Christ be ours. Death has yet to come,—and we do not know in what shape it will come; it may be quite near, or it may still be far away.

"Thou inevitable day!
When a voice to me shall say,
Thou must rise and come away;
Art thou distant, art thou near,
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear,
Day with more of hope or fear?"

Anyhow, we will not dwell too much on it. Instead of looking down into the open grave, we will look up for the glorious appearing. We know of a happy country across the dark river; we have heard of the shining ones who will lead us up the hill. It is no new temptation, but one that is common to man. He who has helped others through it will help us through it. Those gone before us, who have got it over, found Him near them. He who was faithful to them will be faithful to us and to those whom we leave behind.

Do we, however, sometimes ask, in the secret of our own thoughts, Which of us will go first? Banish them as we will, do not sad fears sometimes force themselves on us, as we think of the whitening hair, or the thinned hands, or the pale cheeks, or the tottering footsteps of those we love? Well; they may go first, but the interval between them and us in the balance of eternity is but as the single tick of a pendulum. Weeping may endure for a

night, but joy cometh in the morning (Ps. xxx. 5). The bed of death is the presence-chamber of Jesus. We who stand by cannot see with our mortal eyes what is vouchsafed to those who are putting on immortality; but if we cannot know, we may at least conjecture: and the radiant joy that sometimes lights up the wan countenance of a dying Christian tells of an Invisible Presence that is shining there. It is a solemn moment as the soul passes away; yet for us only is it a time of sadness. They, if they could speak, would say, Weep not for me; but sing with me, "O death where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 55.)

And He who goes with them stays with us. For He is in paradise with those that sleep in Him. He is on earth with those that wait for Him. He can think of the living as well as of the dying; of those who have still to grapple with the last struggle as well as of those who sing the conqueror's song.

So we pass out of the sight of our dead, wondering at our own calmness. Thankfulness for the glorious change passed on them absorbs all selfish thought of the grief come on us. We too feel that, if we have lost much, we have gained much, earth is beneath us; we have stood on the very threshold of heaven, and the love of Christ is more real than ever. On the morrow, when we go out of our chamber to do our work, to meet our friends, to feel our loss, He who was with us in the quiet night meets us in the glare of the morning; we remember the promise, "thy brother shall rise again" (John xi. 23).

Let it Pass.



Be not swift to take offence;
 Let it pass!
 Anger is a foe to sense;
 Let it pass!
 Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
 Which will disappear ere long;
 Rather sing this cherry song—
 Let it pass!
 Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
 Let it pass!
 As the unregarded wind,
 Let it pass!
 Any vulgar souls that live,
 May condemn without reprieve;
 'Tis the noble who forgive.
 Let it pass!
 Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
 Let it pass!
 Think how often you have erred;
 Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away,
 Like the dew-drops on the spray,
 Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
 Let them pass!
 Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
 Let it pass!
 Oh, be kind and gentle still;
 Let it pass!
 Time at last makes all things straight;
 Let us not resent, but wait,
 And your triumph shall be great;
 Let it pass!
 Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,
 Let it pass!
 Lay these homely words to heart,
 "Let it pass!"
 Follow not the giddy throng—
 Better to be wronged than wrong;
 Therefore sing the cheery song—
 Let it pass!
 Let it pass!

S. J. VAIL.

~~~~~  
Something Like Death.

IN Bishop Ken's evening hymn,  
 "Glory to Thee my God this  
 night," there is one verse which  
 ought to be called the Easter  
 verse:

"Teach me to live that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed;  
 Teach me to die that so I may  
 Rise glorious at the judgment day."

Every night when we go to sleep it is something like being buried. We do not know what we are thinking about, and are quite unconscious of what is going on about us, when we are buried in sleep. Then in the morning we awake, and rise again. It is something like death.

Bishop Ken meant to teach us to think when we lay our heads on the pillow:—"This is like being buried. I will give myself to Christ, my body and my soul. Then I shall not be afraid; for I know I shall wake up again. If I do not wake up in this world, I shall wake up in heaven."

We must all be buried some day. How happy to "die daily" in this way, giving ourselves to Christ; so that when *that* day comes we may "dread the grave as little as our bed"—lie down in the arms of Jesus, and sleep and wake in heaven! Those keep Easter well who can think of death being "something like sleep."

THE EDITOR.

## Modern Hymn Writers:

## "SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



## III. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT'S HYMNS.\*

MISS Elliott's hymns are all heart-work; and whether written in the first, second, or third person, we feel that she has lived every line; and this is why they touch other lives so magnetically. That which springs straight out of a living and beating heart is "poetry," and lives; that which does not is just "rhyming," and dies.

It may take many a year of living to produce a hymn which comes to the surface in one flash of thought, and is written in ten minutes. Even the writer does not know when the true making of that hymn began: perhaps far back in childhood, or among the "mists of the valley" which have been left behind years ago. Neither do our hymn-writers know how even to-day they are living out hymns unthought of, which will not be ready for the readiest pen till ten or twenty years have fed the hidden and growing germ. But some sudden touch of earth's tears or heaven's sunlight will set them free, and the growth of half a lifetime will blossom in an hour. And that is not the end, for there may be fruit unto life eternal to follow.

Such hymns are generally the simplest: every line is plain and clear; but it is the clearness of depth, very different from the mystical muddiness of verse shallows, that have only been thought out, not lived out.

Such are Miss Elliott's hymns. Any one might have been written in half an hour, but more than half a century of patient suffering went to the making of them. "From early years she was more or less of an invalid," writes her sister, in the touching memorial † prefixed to her poems. It is rarely that a life

so full of weakness and pain is prolonged for eighty-two years, before the silver cord is loosed.

But surely it was worth any suffering only to have written that one hymn, "Just as I am." Could any greater crown be set upon any life than to have been made God's messenger of peace to unknown thousands? We say thousands; but how could we count? All over the world that hymn has gone forth, and still goes—a bright, strong, heaven-sent hand, to lead sinful, sorrowful souls to the Lamb of God: some for the first time, others again and afresh. And the tale is not full yet; for it cannot die, as generations do. That refrain, "O Lamb of God, I come!" will ascend from many hearts in many lands and languages "till *He* come," and sorrow and sighing flee away. "It is one of those hymns which can never be sung or printed too often."

## "JUST AS I AM."

Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot:  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve  
Because Thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

\* We hope to give a portrait of Miss Elliott in our April number.

† "Selections from the Poems of Charlotte Elliott. With a Memoir by her Sister." London: The Religious Tract Society.



Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove :  
Here for a season, then above—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

It was not her doing. She only quietly placed it in "The Invalid's Hymn-book," probably with no thought of its passing beyond the lonely and shadowy rooms which that was to reach. But she had laid it somewhere else first. She took it as her own jewel of faith, tear-shining and true, out of her own heart, and laid it at the Saviour's feet. He took it up and sent it forth, as no human sending could have done, in the glorious strength of His blessing. One has said, what doubtless many have felt:—"I would rather have written that one hymn than all the sermons I ever preached."

Second only to this, which itself is perhaps second to none, is her touching hymn, "My God, my Father, while I stray."

#### "THY WILL BE DONE."

My God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
Oh teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not ;  
Or breathe the prayer Divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine :  
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—  
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done.

There is a beautiful fitness in the fact that these two far-thrilling chords were struck by the same hand. For only the heart that has said, "Just as I am," can ever truly say, "Thy will be done." Only by the personal coming to the Lamb of God can we reach the quiet trust and love of the Father's will. Only through submissive acceptance of Christ's free salvation can we reach submissive acquiescence. Nay, we will not stop there, say rather restful rejoicing in God's sovereignty. The first hymn is the key to the second. For "that free love" is the essence of that "will."

Only in one point there seems to be a falling short, and that in the last verse, although lit up with the bright thought that,—

"The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore."

Why put off the singing? Why delay the change of sigh to song in uttering that *glorious* prayer, "Thy will be done" ? "Understanding *what* the will of the Lord is." Yes, *what* ? All, more than all that heart can desire, more than all our holiest, deepest longings have reached, all that Infinite Love can devise and bestow, all that Infinite Wisdom has planned, all that Infinite Power will work in us and for us ! Our salvation, our sanctification, our showing forth His glory, our joyful resurrection, our everlasting life, our being with Him and beholding His glory, and the countless and unspeakable blessings enfolded or linked with all this, *this* is what we "ignorantly" ask when we pray those wonderful words which Jesus taught us ; these are the true harmonies to that seemingly simple melody. "Thy will be done." When we search out in His Word what the will of the Lord is, and when we see that it is the very strength and action of His exceeding great love, then we do not wait till the "happier shore" is reached, but even here and now we *sing*, "Thy will be done."

*To be continued.*

## England's Church : NOTES AND TESTIMONIES.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

### III. VALUE OF A LITURGY.



THE Rev. Dr. Shaw, a leading American Presbyterian minister and pastor of the Presbyterian church in Rochester, New York, paid the following glowing tribute to the value of a

Liturgy in a recent sermon delivered on the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate :—

"The Church, if she would fulfil her mission, must avail herself of the riches which her children during all these ages have been gathering for her. How rich the Church is in hallowed memories : how rich in good books : how rich in philanthropic institutions : how rich in great names : how rich in the blood of her martyrs : and especially how rich in those hymns and anthems and prayers which bring, as it were, the departed saints back to our assemblies, so that those who are here and those who are there can worship God once more in the same transporting strains !

"And that is the reason why I cling with a growing tenacity to those sublime bursts of praise which come echoing down to us through the ages. The Litany—do you think I will ever consent to give that up? The 'Gloria in Excelsis'—do you think I will ever let any man or any church rob me of that? And the noblest of them all, the 'Te Deum Laudamus'—why, I cling to that as I cling to the blessing which my dying mother left me. No modern hymns, however beautiful or grand, can ever take the place of these. I want the hymns that cheered the pilgrimage of the saints in the olden times ; I want the hymns that the martyrs sang on their way to the stake. When I sing I would have Polycarp and Chrysostom, and Ambrose and

Augustine, and all the worthies of the Apostolic age, sing with me. Dearly beloved, it is impossible for the Church in our day to make another 'Te Deum.' Before we can make such an anthem as that we must reverse the wheels of time ; we must have the shadow on the dial go backward ; we must recall the dead ; we must rekindle the fires of persecution ; we must restore the martyr age ; we must arouse the rushing, mighty wind of Pentecost, and awaken the lingering echoes of the angelic song. We must go to the manger as the wise men present their offerings ; we must visit the sepulchre while the angels still sit in their appointed places ; we must reach the brow of Olivet before the cloud and the Master have passed quite out of sight.

"I hope the day is coming when the great and noble Church to which I belong, the Church of my father and my mother, will discover that she has unwittingly given up part of her dowry, and when she will consent to use those forms and symbols of worship which are the common birthright of all the saints.

"I have long thought that our Presbyterian worship is, for the most part, too bare and bald a thing. I think that at least we might have responsive reading, and that we ought, as little children, to gather around the feet of our Father and say the Lord's Prayer together. It would not hurt us one bit to have some liturgical forms, and thus secure that variety and that uniformity which are alike essential elements of true worship. It is just because my own Church is so dear to me that I want her to avail herself of those riches which her children in all ages have been gathering for her."

### "Nothing but Love."



FRIEND was speaking of a Cornish miner who had long followed Christ. He was once talking to his aged wife.

"I don't think I shall be long here, wife," he said : "something seems to tell me I shall soon go home ; but remember that, if any-

thing happens to me, there is nothing but love between God and my soul."

Not long after, he was killed in a colliery accident ; but it was always a comfort to his wife to remember his words. She was sure—for he had said it—that there was "nothing but love between God and his soul."

## In Memoriam:

## JACOB THOMPSON: THE CUMBERLAND ARTIST.



ULL of years and honours, working up to the last with an eye that had not lost its clearness, and a hand that had not lost its cunning, the Cumberland artist, Jacob Thompson, has been called to his rest. He died at the Hermitage, Hackthorpe, on Saturday, December 27th, 1879, in his seventy-ninth year. His last great work bears the title of "The Hope Beyond." How sweetly suggestive of the simple faith in Bible truth, which animated him in life and sustained him in death!

A sketch of his remarkable career, the early difficulties he surmounted, and the triumphs ultimately achieved, appeared in *Home Words* for 1871.\* We cannot therefore repeat it here; but the story of the turning point of his life as an artist is so interesting that we are sure all will be glad to read it again.

"One fine autumnal day, when crowds were gathered on the Penrith racecourse,—for it was the time of the races—Jacob, alone, with his sketching materials under his arm, had wandered away from the noisy scene, and, seated on an eminence overhanging the rocky bed of the Lowther, near to Brougham grotto, was busy sketching the picturesque bridge crossing the stream. While thus occupied, he was interrupted by the approach of an elderly gentleman, who, on arriving at the bridge, dismounted from his horse, and left it in charge of a groom.

" 'May I see what you are doing?' inquired the stranger.

" 'Yes, if you please;' and the unfinished sketch was handed up.

" 'Why are you not on the Penrith racecourse?'

" 'Because I like painting far better.'

"The querist seated himself on the artist's stool, and after leisurely examining the picture, said,—

" 'You have made the bridge too red.'

" 'It is built of red sandstone,' replied the boy.

" 'True, but time makes all such objects grey: it is not in harmony, and attracts too much attention. Have you seen any good paintings?'

" 'A few at Brougham Hall.'

" 'If you would like to see any works by the old masters, I should be glad to show you some.'

" 'Thank you; but where am I to see them?'

" 'Go to Lowther Castle, take with you any sketches you have made, and inquire for Lord Lonsdale.'

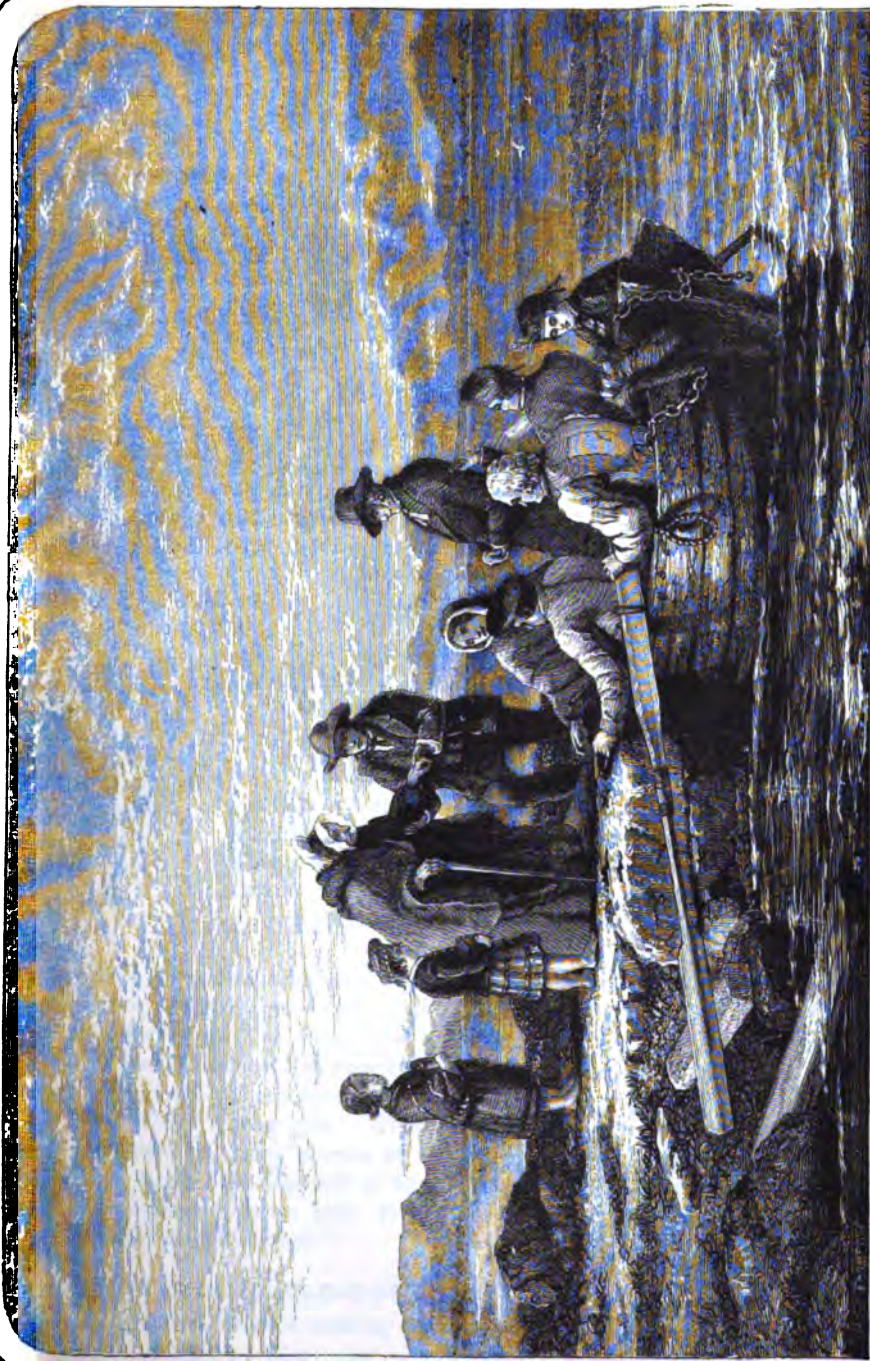
"The next day Jacob proceeded to the Castle, and was conducted into the presence of the benevolent old earl, whom he found to be his visitor of the preceding day. His lordship conducted him through his gallery, pointing out the works most worthy of his notice; and told him that if he chose to study or copy any of them, a room should be set apart for him, and the housekeeper instructed to provide whatever he might require. Of course the offer was most thankfully accepted; and such progress was made that Lord Lonsdale brought some specimens to town, in order to consult some of his friends who were judges of art, how far it might be advisable to place him with some London artist.

"Their decision seems not to have been very favourable; but Lord Lonsdale still encouraged him; and at length, in 1829, Thompson was summoned to London, and admitted a student at the British Museum.

"From this time his success as a painter became certain. Painting after painting adorned the walls of the Royal Academy, and brought fresh fame to the gifted artist."

Just twelve months ago Mr. Thompson wrote to a friend from his quiet home: "Life glides away peacefully, happily, and I trust usefully; its pleasures greatly enhanced by

\* *Home Words*, 1871, page 188. A fuller sketch, with Portrait, is given in *The Fireside* for February.

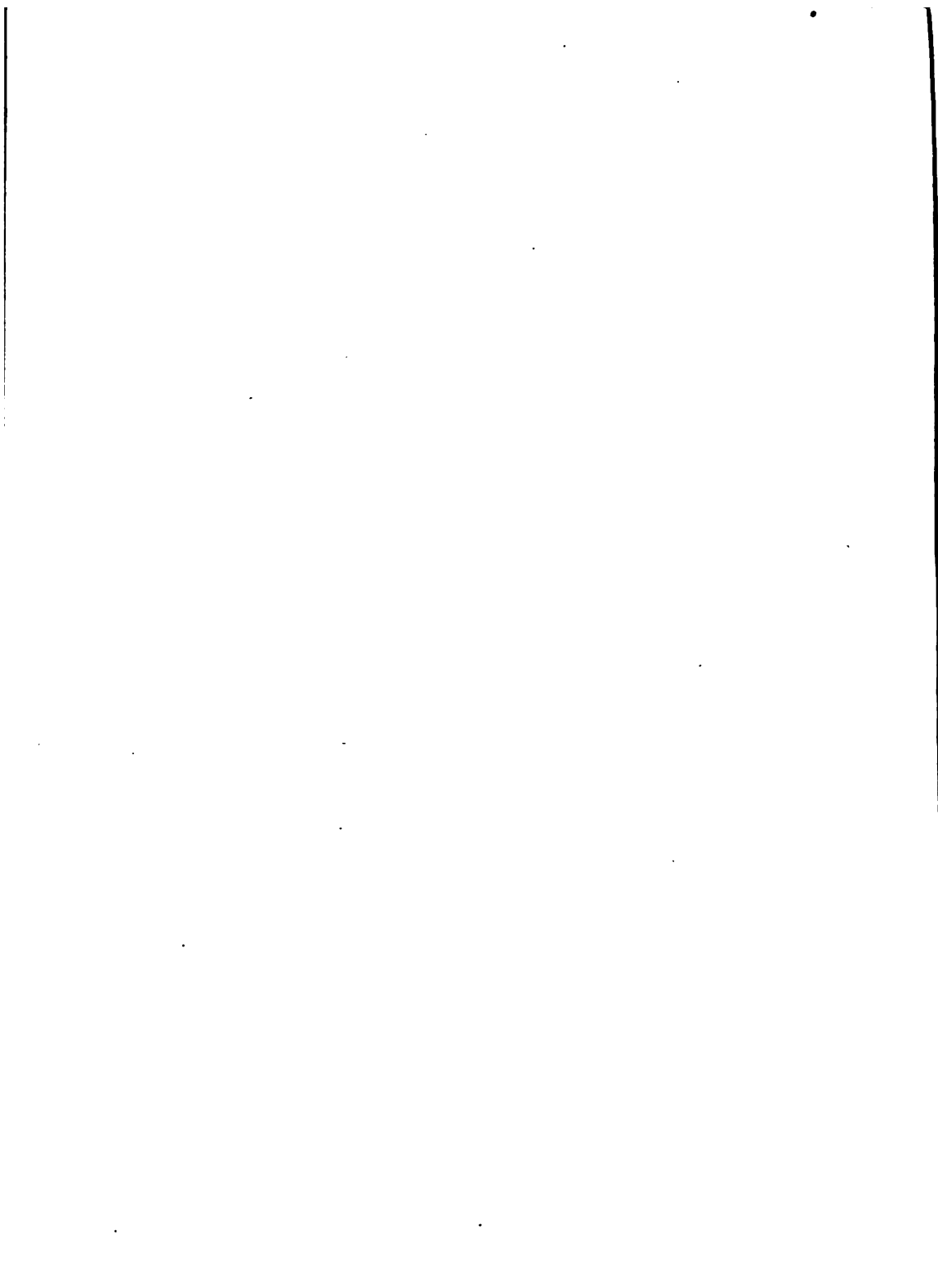


Engraved by Wm. BALLINGALL.

# GOING TO THE CHURCH.

From the Original Painting by the late JACOB THOMPSON.

[See page 63.]



past trials and experience." Only a few weeks since a magnificent work appeared, entitled, "Eldmuir: An Art Story of Scottish Home Life, Scenery, and Incident."\* It was to be a final memorial of the artist's labours. The illustrations, drawn on wood by himself after his finest paintings, were engraved by William Ballingall, his son writing a descriptive narrative story, which gives proof of the possession of high literary power. Mr. Thompson, shortly before his death, spoke of this volume as "a labour of love, which he trusted would interest and be of service to others, long after its author, and all who had kindly aided in the work, rested from their labours beneath green mounds in quiet graveyards."

We are sure the engraving we are enabled to give from this volume, "Going to Church," will make our readers feel that the artist's hope is in their case fully realized. "A

thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and the power of representing nature, although possessed by few, is a gift which all can value, because it is a gift the pleasure of which all can share. Even in these days of locomotion, when we can travel in a few hours as many miles as our forefathers travelled in a week, the beautiful lake districts of England, and still more of Scotland, are "an unknown land" to the greater portion of our population; and, as the next best thing to seeing the reality, we cannot be too thankful to the artist whose pencil copies the scenes which God has made so lovely to the eye, and places the lifelike painting in the hands of those whose lot is cast in "pent-up city," or in smoky town.

Multitudes in this and other lands will feel that in Mr. Thompson's death they have lost one who truly ministered to their happiness and instruction. THE EDITOR.

## Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.



### VII. EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

"**HY** do you tremble?" asked an old oak of a young one that grew near him in the forest; "there isn't a single leaf on you that isn't quivering."

"And enough to make me quiver," said the young one; "didn't you hear that terrible thunder clap? it went right through me. I verily believe I'm struck!"

"Struck!" said the old oak compassionately. "Ah! you're young yet. When you have weathered as many storms as I have, you will know that the roll of the thunder is powerless to harm you: it is the lightning that does the work."

### VIII. FOOLISH FEAR DOUBLES DANGER.

"Now, my children, there's nothing to

fear; do as I tell you, and you will be quite safe," said the mother bird, as she fluttered over the nest, trying to urge her young ones to their first flight. Three of them following her directions were soon resting their weary little wings on a neighbouring branch, and chirping merrily over their success; the fourth stood trembling on the edge of the nest, fearing to brave the unknown peril.

"Come, my son," said the parent bird, "see how foolish your fears are; your brothers are safe on yonder branch, while you are shivering here alone. Had you but taken my advice, you would now have been rejoicing with them, and would have found as they did that the worst part of many a peril is the anticipation of it."

### IX. PRUDENCE BETTER THAN OUNNING.

"**WHAT** a delicious smell!" cried a young mouse to an old one, as they came out of a

\* "Eldmuir." (London: Sampson, Low & Co.)

hole in the granary floor. "I'm sure it's toasted cheese; there's nothing like it!"

"Very likely," said the old mouse calmly.

"Do you know," said the young mouse, "I've found a way of getting it out of the trap without being caught. If you tread very lightly, and don't give it time to tip up, you're all safe. Won't you come and try?"

#### X. EARLY DAYS—TRAINING DAYS.

"SPARE me a little longer," said the young vine to the gardener, as he laid hold of one of her slender branches, to guide it to the prop he had provided. "I'll grow any way you like next year, if you'll only let me have my own way now."

But the gardener shook his head.

"Why not?" murmured the vine; "it's



Drawn by S. C. FERNETTER.

Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.

PRUDENCE BETTER THAN CUNNING.

"No, thank you," said the old mouse; "and if you take my advice, you won't either. I've seen plenty of traps in my time, but I never met with one that I cared to trust myself inside; and clever as you may think yourself, I fancy you are more likely to live to grey hairs as I have done if you keep outside them too!"

hard I may not have my freedom a little longer; it will be time enough, when I am older, to be guided and trained."

"Ah!" said the gardener, "that only shows how little you know about it. Each year your branches will grow harder and less flexible, and where one nail will hold you now, it would take a dozen in another twelve months' time."



## The Young Folks' Page.

## VIII. BAD PICTURES.



HERE was once a great painter, whose name was Sir Peter Lennie. He used to say that he never looked at a bad picture: for if he looked at a bad picture, he was quite sure when he began to paint next time one of his colours would have a bad tint, or one of his figures would have a crooked line. Bad examples are bad pictures. The less we look at them the better.

## IX. LOOK UP TO THE SKY.

A MAN went very early one morning to steal some turnips. He took his spade with him, and his little daughter accompanied him. He put her on the top of the wall that she might see if anybody was coming. Her name was little Janet, and her father said to her, "Janet! do you see anybody coming?" She replied, "No, father." He said, "Have you looked all down the road?" She answered, "Yes, father." "And have you looked all up the road, and across the fields, this way, and that way?" Again she answered, "Yes, father. But—" she continued. "Well, Janet, but what?" Janet replied, "But, father, there is one way that I have not looked yet. I have not looked up to the sky. Perhaps there is some one there who can see us!" The father put down his spade, and went home without the turnips! Always do that. Always look up to the sky! Look to see who sees us there!

A good man once lived in a house from which he could look in almost every direction. One said to him, "If you will pay me for it, I will make your house so that people cannot look in upon you anywhere." He replied, "I will pay you twice as much if you will make my house so that every person can see me night and day; that they may see where I am, and what I am doing."

Would you like a glass door into your heart, that every one could look in, and see all that is going on up and down in your heart? That is what God tells us to do. So to live that everybody can see all that we are doing; see us all over.

## X. GOOD FRIDAY.

DID you ever hear of Hedley Vicars, that good soldier? He was once reading the Bible, and accidentally—he was not religious then, I believe—accidentally he happened to come upon the verse—"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." He thought, "Is that true? Is that true to me? Does the blood of Jesus Christ wash out all my sin? Then I resolve I will henceforth live as a man who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ." A noble resolve! Remember it—"I will live as a man ought to live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ." How is a man to live who has been washed in the blood of Christ? That was a noble resolve!

## XI. LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOURS.

TRUTH is a beautiful little word, made up of four letters I want you to spell it. Can you spell? The first letter is L, the next is O. What is the third? V. What is the fourth? E. That is it—LOVE. A beautiful little word, much better than self. That has four letters in it too. SELF. That is very ugly. LOVE is a beautiful thing. I want you to write it, not in ink, but somehow or other in very large letters. I should like it to be written in the kitchen, and in the parlour, and in the drawing-room, and in the schoolroom, and in the nursery, and in church, and in the streets, and everywhere. LOVE written up everywhere. And I think we might almost write it in heaven. What is love? Heaven. They are almost the same thing. Love—heaven; heaven—love. Try and write it everywhere. See Love everywhere. Love in my heart; love all around. It is beautiful to love. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Do you know what "neighbour" means? "Neigh" means *nigh*: it is an old word meaning *near*; and "bour" means a person who dwells. So "neighbour" means a person who dwells near to you: who lives next door to me. Are you kind to the person who lives next door to you? Does everybody know the name of the person who lives next door to him? Were you ever kind to the person who lives next door to you? If they have been in trouble have you been good to them?

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHEN did a multitude in heaven cry, "Peace on earth?" and when did a multitude on earth cry, "Peace in Heaven?"
2. Where in the Old Testament, apart from the record in Genesis, do we read of the unbelief of the antediluvian world?
3. Have the angels a speech of their own, or do they use human language?
4. Why were our first parents turned out of Eden?
5. There are certain books mentioned in the Old Testament, such as the Book of Jasher, which are not now extant. Are there any such mentioned in the New?
6. On what two occasions were costly offerings made to our Blessed Lord?
7. Who shed tears that he might obtain the blessing? Who shed tears because he could not obtain the blessing?
8. What is the one little word which each Person of the Trinity is represented as saying to us?

9. "Almost all things are by the law purged with blood." Can you mention anything that was not?
10. When Adam and Eve sinned, how was the word of God fulfilled, "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die"?
11. What good man, besides Christ, endured the reproach and indignity of spitting in the face?
12. What were the five special privileges, and what the five special sins, of Israel in the wilderness?

## ANSWERS.

1. 1 Cor. ix. 7. II. Esther vi. 13; Matt. xxvii. 19. III. Matt. xi. 21. IV. 2 Sam. xii. 25. V. Acts xii. 7; Jonah i. 6. VI. Mark x. 21; Luke x. 43. VII. Isa. xi. 13; Micah iv. 7; Zeph. iii. 19. VIII. Mark iv. 13. IX. Acts xxvi. 14; see Mark v. 41; vii. 34; xv. 34. X. Psalm li. 11. XI. Gen. xvi. 11; xvii. 19; 1 Kings xiii. 3; Isa. xlv. 28; Luke i. 13. XII. Matt. xi. 29; see Num. xii. 3.



**The God  
of consolation.**

Rom. xv. 5.

- |   |    |                                                                |
|---|----|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | M  | Jesus wept. John ii. 35.                                       |
| 2 | Tu | He saith unto her, Weep not. Luke vii. 13. [iv. 15.            |
| 3 | W  | Touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Heb.              |
| 4 | Th | Able to succour them that are tempted. Heb. ii. 18.            |
| 5 | F  | A bruised reed shall He not break. Matt. xii. 20.              |
| 6 | S  | And God shall wipe away all tears. Rev. xxi. 4.                |
| 7 | S  | 4th S. in Lent. A Surety of a better Testament. [Heb. vii. 22. |

**My peace  
I give unto you.**

John xiv. 27.

- |    |    |                                                          |
|----|----|----------------------------------------------------------|
| 8  | M  | A testament is of force after men are dead. Heb. ix. 17. |
| 9  | Tu | Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. Heb.   |
| 10 | W  | This is My covenant unto them. [xi. 28.                  |
| 11 | Th | When I shall take away their sins. Rom. xi. 27.          |
| 12 | F  | I will be to them a God,                                 |
| 13 | S  | And they shall be to Me a people. Heb. viii. 10.         |
| 14 | S  | 5th S. in Lent. Behold the Lamb of God.                  |
| 15 | M  | Which taketh away the sin of the world. John i. 29.      |

**ABLE  
TO  
SAVE TO THE  
UTTERMOST.**

Heb. v. 7.

**The  
precious  
blood of Christ.**

1 Pet. i. 19.

- |    |    |                                                           |
|----|----|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| 16 | Tu | He opened not His mouth. Isa. liii. 7.                    |
| 17 | W  | It pleased the Lord to bruise Him. Isa. liii. 10.         |
| 18 | Th | He hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Isa. liii. 6. |
| 19 | F  | White in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. vii. 14.             |
| 20 | S  | Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 12.            |
| 21 | S  | Palm S. The King of kings. 1 Tim. vi. 15.                 |
| 22 | M  | With palms in their hands. Rev. vii. 9.                   |
| 23 | Tu | He humbled Himself. Phil. ii. 8.                          |

**He  
first loved us.**

1 John iv. 19.

- |    |    |                                                        |
|----|----|--------------------------------------------------------|
| 24 | W  | Even to the death of the cross. Phil. ii. 8.           |
| 25 | Th | LADY DAY. Was ever sorrow like unto My sorrow? Lam.    |
| 26 | F  | GOOD FRIDAY. Our Passover. 1 Cor. v. 7. [ii. 12.       |
| 27 | S  | It is nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Lam. i. 12. |
| 28 | S  | Easter Day. I am the Resurrection and the Life.        |
| 29 | M  | Now is Christ risen from the dead. 1 Cor. xv. 20.      |
| 30 | Tu | Death is swallowed up in victory. 1 Cor. xv. 54.       |
| 31 | W  | Raised again for our justification. Rom. iv. 25.       |

**BY** the grace of God the Father, thou art freely justified,  
Through the great redemption purchased by the blood  
of Him who died—  
By His life, for thee fulfilling God's command exceeding  
broad—

By His glorious resurrection, seal and signet of our God;  
Therefore, justified for ever by the faith which He hath  
given,  
Peace, and joy, and hope abounding, smoothe the trial-path  
to heaven.—F. R. H.

**The Burden of Sin.**—The sins of a day are often a burden indeed: but we are told, "I have laid upon thee the years of their iniquity." Think of the years of our iniquity being upon Jesus! The burden is never divided. He took it all, every item, every detail of it.  
**Conviction of Sin.**—The Holy One convines all the more deeply of sin when He convines also of the practical power of Christ's blood to cleanse from all sin, and of the reality of His present salvation.—F. R. H.





"OH! I'M A BRITISH BOY, SIR."



# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

"Oh! I'm a British Boy, Sir."



H! I'm a British boy, sir:  
I joy to tell it you;  
A Briton should be honest,—  
Let me be honest too.  
My tongue should speak the truth, sir:  
'Tis this that you should know me by:  
For every British boy, sir,  
Should hate to tell a lie.  
Oh! I'm a British boy, sir:  
I joy to tell it you;  
A Briton e'er loves honour—  
Then let me love it too.

In justice be my glory bright,  
Regardful of another's right:  
Oh, I'm a British boy, sir:  
This is my true delight.

Oh! I'm a British boy, sir,  
I joy to tell it you;  
God make me of it worthy,  
Life's toilsome journey through!  
And when to man's estate I grow,  
My British name the world shall know:  
Oh! I'm a British boy, sir,  
And this my life shall show.

ANON.

## Next-Door Neighbours.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE RECTOR'S HOME," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A LETTER.



HERE was not much to be seen that night where the blow had been given, though that did not comfort me much, for the worst hurts don't always show the quickest. I made my husband get to bed early, and put on a good hot linseed poultice, and he said it was uncommon comfortable; but still he had little sleep for the pain.

However, he went to his work as usual

next morning, and a good many mornings after. He was not one of those men who give in easily. He didn't complain, and he always seemed cheery: so for a while we got to think little about the matter. Now and then I used to see him doing things as if he found them a labour, and I would say, "How is the back, Phil?" But he usually made answer, "Oh, it'll soon be all right," and then he would go off whistling.

But it wasn't soon all right. And strange to say it was Harry Carter more than I who first began to take alarm. Maybe Phil was careful with me to put on more cheeriness of manner than he could keep up always, and

so I was longer deceived. Not that he meant to deceive me or anybody; only it was his way to make little of his ailments,—just the opposite to most men. For though of course there are men that are different, and women that are different, yet no doubt women do as a rule bear illness a deal the best. It seems as if a man don't know what to make of it, and he sits huddled up in a bunch, and looks miserable, and can't think why in the world we women don't manage to make him feel right. But that wasn't my husband's way. I always do say there aren't many like him.

Since the day when he was hurt we seemed to see almost nothing of Annie Gilpin. Near upon a fortnight went by, and Harry grew fidgety and impatient, and I wondered why it was. We thought, maybe she knew what had happened, and was afraid to come. I talked of going to look her up, but somehow I put off doing so; for though I said I had forgiven Gilpin (I said it to myself and to Phil also) yet I did not want to see him. I felt as if he had behaved so wrongly he didn't deserve civil words; and I can see now that, while I felt so, it was no real forgiveness at all.

One evening I was just going to shut and lock the door, when a hand came all of a sudden on mine, and I found Annie standing close to me. There was a high wind blowing, and she had no bonnet or hat on, but an old shawl pulled over her head. And when I wanted to draw her in she pulled back, and wouldn't step over the threshold.

"Come," said I. "Why it's a week and more since you've been near us."

"Nearer a fortnight," said she. "No, I mustn't come in. I would if I might, but father says I mustn't. He says he won't have me come here, and I must do what father tells me, mustn't I, Mrs. Proctor?" She asked the question as if she would very much have liked me to say, "No;" but I said "Yes."

"Even when there's no reason?" said she.

"The Bible don't tell children to look into their parents' reasons," said I; "it only says, obey; so, if he don't command you to do something wrong, you've only just got to do what he says."

"I don't know as I can count it that, ex-

actly; at least I suppose the greater wrong would be to disobey," said she sorrowfully. "I mustn't come to your house, then, any more, Mrs. Proctor."

"Till when?" I asked her.

"Till—oh, I don't know when. He doesn't—doesn't like"—

Annie stopped, and seemed as if she did not know how to go on.

"Maybe he will change his mind soon," I said.

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know," said she.

"He don't like our religion, Annie," said I to her.

"He hates it," said she; and with the candle light from the open door falling on her face I could see her flushing. "He hates it, and I think he hates Mr. Proctor and you for it. He calls you hypocrites; but I know he doesn't really mean that, for he knows it isn't true."

"Perhaps some day he will feel differently about us," said I.

"Oh, I wish he did," Annie said. "But he says you're making me like you, and he says it spoilt mother, and he doesn't mean to have me spoilt too. He says mother was a lively lass, before she took up with religious notions."

"Before she took up with a crank-tempered husband," said I; and I knew the words were not over wise with the child of the man who had the bad temper, and yet I couldn't help saying them. "That's the truth of the matter, and not the other, Annie. Religion don't spoil folks, though some religious folks have their queer ways of course, just as lots of people without religion have too. A person isn't spoilt and made dull by having a King for a Friend, and a royal palace for a home. No, no, your mother's dulness don't come from that, nor anybody else's either."

"I must go," said Annie with a sigh. "Are you all quite well, Mrs. Proctor?"

"Saving and except my husband," said I. "There isn't much wrong with him, only the blow has left a soreness."

"Did he have a blow?" said she; and I saw she hadn't heard.

"Just about a fortnight ago," said I. "A man ran against him with a sharp-edged



parcel, and he hasn't seemed quite himself since."

"I hope he'll be all right soon," said she, and she went off to next door with a quick step. She and her mother had a way of hurrying as if they were always half frightened and expected to get a scolding for slowness.

Harry was in a great way when he heard what she had said, and he declared he would see her. He would go next door, and tell Gilpin it was a shame. I told him if he wanted to have done with Annie altogether that was the very best way; and presently he cooled down, and saw there was nothing for it but to be patient. We knew we should meet Annie and her mother outside sometimes. But for next-door neighbours it is wonderful how seldom we did meet in the next few weeks.

Harry came in one day, and said, "I've seen her."

"Seen who?" says I, for I had my husband's shirt buttons in my mind at that moment, and not the neighbours.

"Why, Annie Gilpin," said he. "And she asked me if I'd kept my promise."

"What promise?" said I.

"Why she made me promise ever so long ago that I would write to my old mother. Annie was in a taking to find I hadn't written to her for so long."

"You don't mean you haven't done it yet?" said I; and I took blame to myself for not seeing to the matter, thinking how all these weeks the poor woman had been anxious still about her son.

"I can't say nothing else anyhow," says he in his light-hearted way. "Very bad of me, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, and I didn't smile as I spoke the word. "It is bad, Harry. You'll write this very afternoon, won't you?"

"Well, I mean to—soon," says he.

I just went to a drawer, and took out a pen and a piece of blotting paper, and a sheet of paper, and an envelope, and I put them on the table with the inkbottle.

"There," said I, "now you've no excuse. There's plenty of time this afternoon; and no time is like now, you know. Don't you go and put off."

He didn't want to do the thing then, for with all his strength he was lazy, and writing was a bother to him. But he put the paper square in front, and rammed his pen into the inkbottle near hard enough to turn up the nib the wrong way, and gave a great yawn.

"Dear—old—mother," says he, and he began to write a big D.

"I wouldn't call her old, if I was you," I said; "it don't sound respectful."

"Why, I always do," he said.

"Well, maybe she likes it," said I; "but I don't. I shouldn't like my Willie to write so to me."

"It don't matter; it's shorter without," said he, and he went ahead, saying the words aloud, and making his pen spit and splutter as it never had been used to do before. "Dear—mother—it's lots—of time—since—I've—wrote to—you—and—I'm—sorry—but I've—not—forgotten—you.' She'll be pleased with that, won't she? 'Mind—you—write—and—tell—me—how—you—are—and—if you're—comfortable. I send—you—five shillings for—a—new—cap,—wish—it—was—more—but—am—run—rather—close. I've—found—good—friends—here. I've kept—steady—like—you—wanted—me—to. I'm—your—affectionate—son—Harry—Carter.'"

"That isn't over long," said I; "but it'll tell her where you are. Mind you give the direction clear, Harry, and don't forget the five shillings, and get it off by the first post, won't you."

"So I will, the very first," said he. "Won't she be pleased? I can't think how ever I've left her so long. She'll go half crazed for joy." And he made a grand business of folding it up, and putting the direction and the stamp.

"Don't stick it up," said I; "there's the five shillings' worth of stamps to put inside."

"To be sure,—if I wasn't forgetting," said he, and he got up. Half-way to the door, he turned back. "I say, mother, where's Proctor this afternoon?" said he.

"Mr. Conner wanted to see him; I don't know what for," said I.

"Well, if I was you I'd look after him," said Harry. "He ain't so well as he wants you to think. He's lost a deal of flesh."

"He don't sleep nor eat well," I said, and



I tried not to be frightened; "but there's nothing wrong."

"Well, I hope not," says Harry, "but there's some at that isn't right."

And with that he went off sharp, and I couldn't ask any more; and I sat down, and worried, and fretted, and wondered what I ought to do. While I was in the middle of my fretting the click of the front gate sounded. I thought it was my husband come home, and went to the door; but it was Mrs. Conner.

She had her grown-up sons and her married daughters, and her grandchildren, had Mrs. Conner, and she was getting on in life. Yet there was to my mind something young still in her smooth forehead and pale skin. Wrinkles of age never seemed to come there. It wasn't that she had not known plenty of care and trouble in her lifetime; but I do think she had the "peace that passeth understanding" more than many people have: her very look always brought those words to mind.

"I have not been to see you for some time, Susan," she said, as she came in. I was 'Susan' still to her and the young ladies. And I said I knew she was busy, and she said she certainly was. "But I want to ask you something now," she went on. "What is the matter with your husband?"

It seemed so odd, the question coming just after what Harry had said, and the thought that other people had been noticing and I had not been anxious. I just stood and looked at her, and said nothing.

"He isn't well, is he, Susan?" she said.

"He hasn't been altogether right," I said. "But he isn't one to make a deal of nothing."

"The more need not to let him make nothing of something," says she. "What has been the matter?"

"He had a blow on his back," said I. "A man ran against him with a sharp parcel. It didn't seem much, but I'm not altogether satisfied. There's a sort of pain and weakness in the back that don't go off as it should, and he hasn't his appetite."

"He looks ill," said she. "My husband was noticing the change in him. How long ago was the blow?"

"A good many weeks, ma'am," said I. "Four or five. I'm not sure how many."

"And you haven't consulted a doctor?" said she.

No, we had not thought of such a thing, and I said so, and I made up my mind that minute to the doing of it. Mrs. Conner saw she had said enough, and she talked of other matters; but I had a weight upon me, and I couldn't think of aught but Phil.

When she was gone, and he came back, I told him what she had said. He laughed at first at the notion of going to the doctor, and said 'twas all nothing. But I got him to promise, for I gave him no peace till he did; only, as it was late, I had to be content he should wait till Monday.

I had a worrying day, Sunday, watching my husband, and thinking what a poorly sort of way he seemed in altogether, and scolding myself that I hadn't noticed more. The fretting did nobody any good, and only made me a dull companion; but may-be it was natural, though it wasn't wise.

Then, when Monday came, my husband found there was something that ought to be done just in the very hour when he could have found the doctor in, and that was between three and four in the afternoon. Mr. Conner would have been willing enough to let him off for the hour, and I knew that, and I wanted to have everything give way to the doctor; but Phil felt different. He said the time wasn't his own, and it was for other people's interest that he shouldn't neglect his work; and as for seeing the doctor, one day more or less couldn't make a grain of difference. So at last I set him free from his promise. And the next day was the very same thing over again. I had to be content to wait till Wednesday, which happened to be a half-holiday at the works, on account of its being Mrs. Conner's birthday. She always asked that for the men as a favour from her husband.

"Wish it was a half-holiday with me too," Harry Carter said, as he went off to his work. And my husband laughed, and said:—

"You needn't wish you had to go and be physicked, any way."

"Maybe he won't physic you, if there's nothing wrong," said I.

"Maybe not," says my husband; and there the matter dropped. But at the proper time in the afternoon he started off for the doctor's, and a few minutes after I went upstairs to see to some things that wanted sorting and mending. They took me a good half-hour or thereabouts, and when I had done and came down again, there was Harry Carter, sitting at the table, with his big curly head down on his arms, crying and sobbing like a child.

"Why, Harry," said I. "Harry—what's the matter?" And my heart went down and down like lead, for I thought he had surely heard something of the doctor and my husband, that being the uppermost thought in my mind. "What is it, Harry?" I said; "has something gone wrong?"

"Something! Oh, hasn't it?" says he, with a great gulp. "To think of the big selfish brute I've been —"

"Have you heard from your mother?" said I.

"I've heard of her," said he, and he sobbed again. And then all of a sudden he looked up at me with such a sorrowful pair of eyes. "I've got to thank you," said he, "and I *do* too; for if it wasn't for you I don't know how I'd ever have been able to look any one in the face again. A great selfish brute,—yes, that's it,—thinking of nothing in life but my own pleasure, and she pining her heart away for me yonder, and never able to get at me."

"Then your mother's ill?" said I.

"She's *been* ill," said he, in a smothered tone, dropping his head down again on his arms, "and she's—she's—dead."

I didn't wonder he seemed half broken-hearted. No, I couldn't wonder. For with all his pleasant ways, and his kind ways too, to my children and myself, it had been cruel heartless work to leave his poor old mother all that while, with ne'er a word to say where he was, or whether he was alive or dead. Oh, it was cruel work. He didn't mean to be cruel of course, and he didn't know the love and longing of a mother's heart, and young fellows like him are thoughtless; but I don't think that is enough excuse. I think they *ought* to understand better.

"And the letter didn't reach her, Harry," said I, feeling tears fill my eyes with think-

ing what it must have been to her to die without one word from her boy.

"Yes, but it did," said he, in a choked sort of voice. "It got to her in time, just two hours afore she died. And the lady that writes,—she's the clergyman's wife, and she was with mother to the last,—says 'twas beautiful to see her smile. She wouldn't let the letter once out of her hand,—and she lay and kissed it,—and she said how God had heard her prayers. It was the one thing she was fretting for, you see; and if it hadn't been for *you* she wouldn't have got it in time."

"It would have been dreadful for you if she hadn't," said I.

"It's dreadful *now*," said he, with another choke in his voice. "Just to think of all them months that she's been getting weaker and weaker, and thirsting to hear from me, and never hearing! Why, if I'd written one week sooner I could have heard she was ill, and I might have run home for a last look. Wouldn't I feel different then to what I do now? I didn't know what it would be to feel I'll never see her again."

"Never?" said I. "Don't you mean to meet her in heaven, Harry?"

"Ah, that's what she said," says Harry. "That's just it. She kept telling the lady again and again—see, here's the words if I can find 'em,—no, it's on the fourth page—wasn't the lady good to write such a long letter? Here it is. She says, "Your mother kept saying to me, over and over, through those last two hours, "Mind you write to my Harry. Mind you tell him to come to heaven. I can't see him before I die, and I must see him again. Tell him to come to heaven. Tell him there's no way but through the Lord Jesus; and tell him he can't love the holy Christ and love sin too. My Harry's got to make his choice. You'll be sure and tell him he's got to meet me in heaven." Aint that beautiful?"

"And you'll do it," said I. "You'll make the right choice, won't you? You won't be contented to let the parting between your mother and you be for ever, and for ever, and for ever."

"No, no, I couldn't stand that," says he. "You'll have to teach me what I've got to

do. And I'm going home to see her, though she won't see me. I'll be there at the funeral, and I'll tell the lady what a brute I've been, and learn all I can about poor old mother."

"She isn't poor *now*," I said. "She's a beautiful saint in God's paradise."

Harry fetched a great sigh at that, and I asked him presently, "When did you get the letter?"

"Why, I looked in at the post as I went

by," said he, "and there it was. I guessed it was a letter from mother, only I thought she'd got some one to write the outside direction. And I hadn't time to read then, for I was a bit late; so I thought I'd keep my treat till dinner time. And when I found what it was I hadn't any more heart for work to-day; so I got leave to come home."

I didn't wonder. It's hard work reaping the fruit of the bitter seeds that young folk too often love to sow.

### An Easter Thought: "When will the Morning Come?"



THE following touching inscription was copied from a tombstone in a village churchyard.

OUR MOTHER

FELL ASLEEP

November 12, 1840.

Æt. 41.

WHEN WILL MORNING COME?

Simple, yet beautiful language!—language that should find a response in every heart made sad by the loss of that best and dearest of all earthly friends, a mother. Many a faltering tongue has asked that magnificent question, *When will morning come?* Only Christianity gives the answer:—"When I awake in His likeness." C. B.

### Modern Hymn Writers:

#### "SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



MRS. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT'S  
HYMNS.

(Continued.)

UT we must fill our specimen-glasses with other choice flowers from the same root whence grew "Just as I am" and "Thy will be done." Their heavenly fragrance is more noticeable than their poetic beauty, though this is by no means wanting. We will take the first two companion hymns. They complete each other—our faith and Christ's love, our clinging, His pleading.

#### "WE CLING TO THEE."

O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,  
Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st us lean,  
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,  
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship Divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine;  
Even as the branches to the vine,  
Our souls will cling to Thee.

Without a murmur we dismiss  
Our former dreams of earthly bliss;  
Our joy, our consolation this,  
Each hour to cling to Thee.

Though faith and hope may oft be tried,  
We ask not, need not, aught beside;  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not Satan, nor the grave,  
They know Thee near and strong to save,  
Nor dread to cross e'en Jordan's wave,  
Because they cling to Thee.

Blest be our lot, whate'er befall!  
What can disturb, or who appal,  
While as our Strength, our Rock, our All,  
Saviour, we cling to Thee?

"OH, PLEAD FOR ME."

O Thou the contrite sinner's Friend  
Who, loving, lov'st him to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,—  
That Thou wilt plead for me!

When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting-place,  
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

When I have erred and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, oh, plead for me!

And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in heaven for me!

When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast washed them all away;  
Oh, say Thou plead'st for me!

Realization of the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour and Friend, personal love to Him, with a longing that rests in nothing short of His presence, seem to be the leading characteristics of Miss Elliott's writings. In one verse of another hymn she opens the very centre of her life and of her power; and the fulfilment of this great central desire was written upon her life and in her works. Jesus was a "living bright reality" to her. How often we see such answers! When we converse about some special grace of the Spirit, and our friend says, with deep humility, "That is just what I want, just what I am asking continually for," how very often we feel, even if we do not say, "Why, that is the very thing you have!" And the very praying of this prayer will be a step towards its rich fulfilment.

JESUS KNOWN.

O Jesus, make Thyself to me  
A living, bright Reality:  
More present to faith's vision keen  
Than any outward object seen;

More dear, more intimately nigh,  
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie!

It is pleasant to find that the long-quested authorship of this helpful verse is now known.

"Faith's vision" is foretaste, but not fruition. And the sweeter the foretaste the deeper will be the longing for the fruition. When we have received and realized our Saviour's promise, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you," then shines out that other "sure word" with nearer radiance and warmth, "I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also." And so this hymn follows naturally upon the last-quoted verse.

"WITH CHRIST."

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal Rest!  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thy unveiled glory to behold;  
Then only will this wandering heart  
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold!

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore;  
Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die,—where none remove;  
Where life nor death my soul can part  
From Thy blest presence and Thy love!

We may remark here, that Miss Elliott is exceptionally happy in refrain, and the short, simple, always telling words which she thus uses form the point to nearly all the swiftest and brightest arrows in her quiver. Most hymns leave a merely general impression; good memories quote whole verses, but others only retain a vague idea that it was "a very nice hymn." But once read, or, still better, once sung, the very essence of many of Miss Elliott's hymns is carried away in a single phrase, impossible to forget, and containing the one thought which all the rest unfolds or illustrates. "Just as I am," is a volume of divinity in four syllables. "We cling to Thee" and "Oh, plead for me," come back again and again, when a whole hymn, or even verse,



*Charlotte Elmith*

**I** WANT that adorning Divine  
 Thou only, my God, canst bestow;  
 I want in those beautiful garments to shine,  
 Which distinguish Thy household below.  
 I want every moment to feel  
 That Thy Spirit resides in my heart,  
 That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,  
 And newness of life to impart.  
 I want, oh, I want to attain  
 Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee;  
 That longed-for resemblance once more to re-  
 gain;  
 Thy comeliness put upon me.

I want in Thee so to abide,  
 As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise!  
 The branch which Thou prunest, though feeble  
 and dried,  
 May languish, but never decays.  
 I want, as a traveller, to haste  
 Straight onward, nor pause on my way,  
 Nor forethought nor anxious contrivance to waste  
 On the tent only pitched for a day.  
 I want—and this sums up my prayer—  
 To glorify Thee till I die;  
 Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care—  
 And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh!—C.E.

would not be dwelt upon. "Let me be with Thee where Thou art," is all one's loving and longing set to music in one bar.

Sometimes her refrain is taken from the most *musical* as well as the most poetical Book that ever was written, as in this Hymn.

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

When waves of trouble round me swell,  
My soul is not dismayed;  
I hear a voice I know full well—  
"Tis I; be not afraid."

When black the threatening skies appear,  
And storms my path invade,  
Those accents tranquillise each fear—  
"Tis I; be not afraid."

There is a gulf that must be crossed;  
Saviour, be near to aid!  
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed—  
"Tis I; be not afraid."

There is a dark and fearful vale,  
Death hides within its shade;  
Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail—  
"Tis I; be not afraid!"

Tender experimental hymns were not the only outflow of this life of seclusion and suffering. Sometimes a clear trumpet-note rang out. And then, with that sensitive perception of metre which is analogous to an artist's choice of key in musical composition, she exchanged her usual meditative iambics for bright ringing trochaics. For instance, take the following:—

"WATCH AND PRAY."

"Christian! seek not yet repose;"  
Hear thy guardian angel say,  
"Thou art in the midst of foes—  
"Watch and pray!"

(To be continued.)

Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours—  
"Watch and pray!"

Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever, night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one—  
"Watch and pray!"

Hear the victors who o'ercame:  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
All, with one sweet voice, exclaim—  
"Watch and pray!"

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word—  
"Watch and pray!"

Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down—  
"Watch and pray!"

Or again this:—

"O FAINT AND FEEBLE HEARTED."

O faint and feeble hearted!  
Why thus cast down with fear?  
Fresh aid shall be imparted,  
Thy God unseen is near.

His eye can never slumber,  
He marks thy cruel foes;  
Observes their strength, their number,  
And all thy weakness knows.

Though heavy clouds of sorrow  
Make dark thy path to-day,  
There may shine forth to-morrow  
Once more a cheering ray.

Doubts, griefs, and foes assailing,  
Conceal heaven's fair abode;  
Yet now faith's power prevailing  
Should stay thy mind on God!

## Creaking Doors.



WORKING man, in Birmingham, noticed the door of the Church creaking whenever it was opened. The next spare hour he took some oil, and made it go smoothly and easily. There

is often a *creaking door in some form or other*. Don't leave it to the pastor or some one else, but see if you cannot put it right. Perhaps, if you do not do it, it may be left undone altogether!

## Old Oscar, the Faithful Dog.

BY H. G. REID, AUTHOR OF "LOWLAND LEGENDS," "ART STUDIES FROM LANDSEER," ETC.

### CHAPTER II.

THE "REAPERS."—OSCAR AT SCHOOL.—ON THE PRECIPICE.—COMPANIONSHIP.—THE END.



OSCAR had a companion with whom betimes he would hold communion, seeming always to think most of the friends who accompanied them; with his deep human instincts perceiving their wants and watching over their belongings. "Ranger" was a compact, somewhat easy-going Scotch colley attached to the shepherd of a neighbouring farmer; and often did the "twa dogs" go out with the "Reapers," to guard their cast-off clothing, or sit beside them as they enjoyed their noontide meal after the heat and burthen of the day. The shepherd did not live in the same house as his master, but resided in a cottage some distance away; and Ranger never, by any chance, went into the farmhouse. It happened one day that when in the act of haltering a young horse, the shepherd was so seriously injured that he was obliged to be carried home, his faithful dog accompanying him. The poor man lingered a few days, when death put an end to his sufferings, the dog during that period never leaving the house. The church was distant about a mile, and it was necessary to convey the body in a cart, and when this was arranged, Ranger walked demurely under the cart all the way to the church—of a truth, the "shepherd's chief mourner." The coffin having been placed in the centre aisle of the church, the devoted friend lay down beside it, afterwards following it to the grave; and when all was over, he accompanied the master, who out of respect to a good servant had attended the funeral, to his own house, never again seeking to go to his old home, rendered unto him desolate, and saying in language which was understood—"You must take care of me now."

But our schoolboy days form the brightest spot in our reminiscences of Old Oscar. Bright days indeed those were, dimmed only by one dark shadow.

Once Oscar accompanied us to school. With much trepidation we ventured to admit him, for often had the old Dominie declared his vengeance against "all dogs and cats, and *such* worthless animals." But, like most others, the Dominie had his weak side; and with evident perception of what was needed, our companion went right up to the table, and submissively licked the hand which happened to be hanging over its edge. With eagerness we had watched the effect: it was electric. For once the monarch was subdued, and through that rough nature there beamed one ray of light and love. Oscar was invited to take a place on the large rug inside the desk; and there he lay, quiet and cosy, till play-time. He then jumped up, and, after a kindly pat from the master, bounded forth with the boys.

What fun we had that day! All gathered round Oscar; all were ready to feast him. And then the racing—up the playground, and over the stile, and down by the little green well, where we used to eat our bread and drink the cold clear water; then back again.

As we were returning to lessons, a wicked little fellow pulled Oscar's ear, and got a *gur* for his trouble—nothing more; but up he went, screaming, with a loud complaint. It was no use; the boys laughed, the master was immovable: *à priori*, the animal would have touched no one without cause; and, besides, ere this time he had peacefully found his way to the comfortable retreat inside the desk.

That was Oscar's first and last day at school; a day long to be talked of and cherished in memory.

Regularly did Oscar come out the way to meet us as we returned; sometimes leaping and joyful, sometimes calm and demure. Either way we never dared to disturb him; over us he exerted a powerful influence:





### THE REAPERS.

By Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH IN THE COLLECTION OF H. G. REID, MIDDLESBOUGH-OF-THE.

somehow we fell into his mood, and his presence made us mirthful or sad. In daylight we gambolled with him; when it was dark we felt happy and secure in his companionship. How strange it would have seemed had he been absent from his place!

Could it be?—Yes, it was even so! One night Oscar met us not, and it *did* seem strange. We came up to the old steading bewildered: he was not to be found.

Oscar had a companion, the adopted son of his worthy master, who had grown up with him, his constant playmate though "little master," full fifteen years. He too was missing; coincidence most ominous! Whither had they gone? An awful mystery gathered over their disappearance. It was thought they would be found together, and the neighbours turned out to search for them, as country neighbours do on such occasions, with a kindly honest sympathy.

We sought them at the adjoining homesteads, and down amongst those rugged cliffs that overhang the sea. From "Maw Cave" to "the Glen," from "the Glen" to "Hell's Mouth," we sought them sorrowing, looking now up amid the rocks and ravines, then down by the pebbly shore. At times we would stop and listen; then call their names—Oscar! John! Could they be there? Suspicion how terrible! It was now quite dark, and we could see the stars glittering in the glassy water, the quiet murmur of which was only broken by the stray screech of an owl, or the suppressed mutter of a disturbed sea-fowl. There was not a human sound or motion, save our own, which seemed in this solitude to deepen the gloom and heighten our fears.

The night passed on—a night of sorrowful fruitless watching never to be forgotten. Dawn came; and as the company,—now small enough, for only love can hope against hope and still struggle on,—were groping their way along "the braes," the old man, ever foremost in the search, and whose eye was ever watchful, caught a glimpse of "something strange," perched on the edge of a lofty precipice. It was Oscar! His name was called—loudly and fawningly reiterated, but he heeded not. There he sat, looking eagerly, fixedly downwards. Alas!

the tale was too certain—too sad were these forebodings. Overpowered, the old man sank to the ground, and was carried home, muttering, amid expressions of deep sorrow and anguish, "My puir laddie! my poor laddie! and Oscar wi' him tae!"

John Williams had gone out a-nesting with Oscar, as he had often done before. He had missed his footing, and fallen a height of more than two hundred feet. Dead, dashed in pieces on the jagged edges of the precipice, the fragments of his body were scattered on the level rocks below like a shower of clotted blood.

Nesting! How is it that year after year it counts its victims? Is there, after all, such a charm in the possession of a few wildfowl's eggs? It is not in the prize, but there is a fascination, wild and strong, in scaling the dizzy heights, in creeping along the shattered shelvings, and peering into those mysterious crevices, familiar only to the marrot and the mew. Ay, and there is a fascination in telling of adventures and hairbreadth 'capes, the very thought of which makes one's blood grow cold. Brave natures cannot resist it, led on by a love of danger and daring which most possess in some degree, and which, well trained and rightly directed, forms one of the noblest elements in man.

By the assistance of a boat the mangled remains of the hapless youth were gathered up, and carried by sorrowing friends to that home he had "left so late," full of life and hope.

There, on that cold eminence, through the long solitary night, sat his faithful companion, eagerly watching, his ears bent downwards, his eyes transfixed. Nor would he stir from that place till the mournful company moved on, and then he followed at a distance, stopping at intervals, and looking back with that long melancholy whine which the traveller hears at midnight, and, somehow, quickens his step homewards. "It is only a dog," you say. True; but that "dumb brute," as you call him, knew he had lost a friend, and *felt* the separation.

Cowering and trembling, Oscar entered the house, and crouched into that corner beneath the old oak table he had so often shared in other days with one now lost for



**OLD OSCAR.**

**"There he sat, perched on the edge of a lofty precipice, looking eagerly, fixedly, downwards. His name was called—loudly and fawningly reiterated, but he heeded not." See page 86.**

ever. He refused to eat or mind any one, and spurned all entreaties to leave his couch. But our story is soon told. One morning Oscar's place was vacant. No one saw him leave it; no one knew whither he had gone; and in vain was he sought among his former haunts. A few days afterwards, poor Oscar was discovered by some fishermen, cold and stiff, near the rock on which were found the shattered remains of John Williams. Some spoke of blind instinct, and some of self-destruction; but such were the facts, and it is not for us to speak of causes. Oscar was carried home to the old steading, and buried

in the garden beneath a plot of flowers which had been planted and tended by the hand of the lost friend without whom all was darkness.

Such the mysterious link between man and his most trusted and devoted companion—this human sorrow, attachment, and joy; and such the emblem of a still higher relationship—the sheep, the shepherd, and the dog in conscious and beautiful dependence for guidance and protection.

"And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain."

### The Easter Communion.

"Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?"—*St. Luke xxiv. 32.*



HEY talked of Jesus, as they went;

And Jesus, all unknown,  
Did at their side Himself present

With sweetness all His own.

Swift, as He oped the sacred Word,

His glory they discerned;

And swift, as His dear voice they heard,

Their hearts within them burned.

He would have left them, but that they

With prayers His love assailed:

"Depart not yet! A little stay!"

They pressed Him, and prevailed.

And Jesus was revealed, as there

He blessed and brake the bread;

But, while they marked His heavenly air,

The matchless Guest had fled.

And thus at times, as Christians talk

Of Jesus and His Word,

He joins two friends amidst their walk,

And makes, unseen, a third.

And oh! how sweet their converse flows,

Their holy theme how clear,

How warm with love each bosom glows,

If Jesus be but near!

And they that woo His visits sweet,

And will not let Him go,

Oft, while His broken bread they eat,

His soul-felt presence know:

His gathered friends He loves to meet

And fill with joy their faith,

When they with melting hearts repeat

The memory of His death.

GRINFIELD.

### Early Prayer.

#### MORNING.



ENTLE Jesus, hear my prayer,

Make a little child Thy care;

Early may I look to Thee,

My Saviour and my Guide to be.

Suffer not my foot to stray

From Thy safe and happy way;

Thou hast lived and died for me,

Let me love and live to Thee.

#### EVENING.



EAVENTLY Father! I come to Thee to bless me before I sleep. Forgive all I

have done wrong to-day, and fill my

little heart with love and peace. When I rise in the morning, may I, like the sweet flowers,

rejoice in Thy presence. Bless my dear parents, my brothers and sisters, and make

me indeed a holy child: for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.—*From "The Sunday School Gift."*

## The Story of Robert Raikes.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "HAND AND HEART," AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

The Tree and the Acorn.—Can Nothing be Done?—The State of the Church.—Oxford University.—Public Morals.—Ignorance of the People.—The Sunday School and Secular Education.



HAVE been reading about things as they were more than a hundred years ago; and I think if, before trying to tell the story of England's debt to Robert Raikes, I give a summary of "the news of the day" at that time, I may draw one or two inferences both encouraging and stimulating to all who take a hearty interest in Sunday-school work.

When we look upon a full-grown tree we are apt to forget that it was once an acorn; and so, when we look at the present state of society, we are very apt,—those who can remember the past, or those who have heard of the past,—to forget the record; and thus it comes to pass that the progress made is not sufficiently marked. Now, we know the state of society is bad enough in our own day; but, nevertheless, there has been a marvellous change for the better; and if we are faithful to our privileges and responsibilities I see not why that change for the better may not be the earnest of a greater and a better change still.

In the year 1807 an old man, then seventy-two years of age, might have been seen walking the streets of Gloucester, leaning upon the arm of a younger friend. As they reached a certain spot, the aged man stopped his companion, stood still, uncovered his white head, and passed some moments in silent prayer. That place was the site of the first Sunday school; the venerable man was Robert Raikes, the founder. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he said to his younger companion:—"This is the spot on which I stood when I saw the destitution of the children

and the desecration of the Sabbath by the inhabitants of the city. As I asked, 'Can nothing be done?' a voice answered, 'Try.' I did try, and see what God hath wrought."

If Robert Raikes marvelled at that time, what would he do now, if he could see the mighty gathering of hundreds of thousands of the children of the poor taught by the myriad teachers now engaged in this labour of love?

Robert Raikes could form a correct judgment of the change from his knowledge of the past; for when he inaugurated the Sunday-school system he saw things as they were more than a hundred years ago.

Is it too much to say that the land then was covered with almost Egyptian darkness? Archbishop Secker testified in one of his charges:—"In this we cannot be mistaken, that an open and professed disregard of religion is become the distinguishing characteristic of the age. Christianity is ridiculed and railed at with very little reserve; and the teachers of it without any at all."

The bishops and clergy too were very different from those of our own day. They were influenced by the spirit of the age, and shared in the general indifference to true whole-hearted religion. No doubt here and there in the midst of the darkness, the Gospel was preached; but communication before the railway age was exceeding difficult, and the faithful ones, living for the most part in comparatively quiet spots, exercised a very limited influence. There was no apostolic zeal to evangelize the nation, much less the world. The perception of the missionary spirit of true Christianity was most imperfect. Both in churches and chapels the "marching orders" of the Church of Christ, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," would seem to have been almost totally forgotten.

It is true the Prayer Book of the Church of England all the while bore its plain and Scriptural testimony. Indeed, the remarkable fulness of the Liturgy is in nothing

more manifest than in the missionary spirit which it breathes. Although the Reformers lived in an age when the world was almost unknown, when countries now familiar to us as household words were only marked upon the geographer's map, still, in framing our Liturgy, they took care to teach her members that no public service should be held in which "all sorts and conditions of men" were not remembered in prayer; and that the waiting desire of expectant faith should ever be this, that "God would be pleased to make His ways known unto men, His saving health unto all nations." But in spite of all this, coldness and lethargy prevailed; and even those who to some extent valued Gospel truth themselves, did little to impart it to others.

It would seem as if, with the deep piety of the Reformers in the days of persecution and trial, the Church of England, in the days of her prosperity, when their work was done, lost the spirit of zeal and self-denying labour which these prayers and supplications should have prompted. The Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts did indeed spring into existence at a very early date; but the contributions to its funds scarcely deserve mention. Not till the close of the eighteenth century was there any adequate sense of the importance of missionary work abroad exhibited. And then opposition had to be encountered.

In point of fact, England stood in need of missionaries herself. If the form of godliness remained, it was almost entirely bereft of its power; and a state of moral degradation prevailed which it is difficult now to realize. The popular morals may best be read in Hogarth's pictures. Highwaymen infested the public roads. A state of terrorism prevailed which reminds us of the aspect of Greek brigandage a few years ago. Horace Walpole speaks of the necessity of being accompanied with one or two servants armed with blunderbusses, to ensure safety a mile from home,—near London,—after sunset. Gambling was a notorious vice; drunkenness, cock-fighting, and every species of immorality abounded. Sunday was the common day for Cabinet councils and Cabinet dinners. Bishop Newton cites it as a most signal and

unusual instance of religious duty, that Mr. George Grenville "regularly attended the service of the Church every Sunday morning, even while he was in the highest offices." And Lord Mahon records that the Lord-Lieutenant of one of the Midland shires had told him that when he came of age there were only two landed gentlemen of his county who had family prayers.

As to the education of the people, printing might almost as well never have been invented. Only here and there could a labouring man be found able to read; and no shame was felt on account of the ignorance. The children of the poor had no better prospects. In the greater number of parishes, and especially in rural districts, the children of the poor had no education at all. Nearly all our rural schools have been built since 1800. As a sample parish, Hannah More states: "On first going to the village of Cheddar, near the cathedral city of Wells, we found more than two hundred people in the parish, almost all very poor; no gentry, a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. We saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot!"

The picture of things as they were is a very dark and gloomy one; but facts are stubborn things, and it is well to recall them. No wonder that the revived truths of the Gospel,—the doctrines of the Reformation,—when first again preached by Wesley and Whitefield and their evangelical fellow-Churchmen, "seemed to the listening crowds as new and strange as they do to the heathen." No wonder the modern apostles were often met with shameful entreaty and savage violence; in which the mob were certainly not discouraged by the magisterial powers.

In a memorial sketch of the Rev. John Davies, the good rector of St. Clement's, Worcester, so well remembered still in the neighbourhood as "The Watermen's Friend," the late Rev. Canon Havergal stated, that when Mr. Davies came to St. Clement's, "a good old man, one of the fruits of Mr. Bidulph's ministry, was still living in it; and he kept, as a memento, his front teeth, which had been knocked out when encountering a mob who attempted to throw him into the river as he was going to St. Clement's

old church." "The state of things," he continues, "in Worcester, at this period and for some years after, may seem incredible to the present generation."

Very briefly let me, in closing my sketch, draw one or two encouraging and stimulating inferences.

Naturally we ask, How has the change for the better which we are so privileged to witness been brought about? My answer is, By the circulation of Bible truth; but I supplement that answer by specifying the Sunday School as the main instrumentality. The Sunday school has been the nursery of the Church and the handmaid of national education. *The need of Education in the day school became apparent when children were gathered in the Sunday School.* It then became clear that they must be taught to read, and so education got an impulse; and the past sixty years has witnessed gigantic strides in this direction. Every labouring man now, if he will,—if he practises the least self-denial, say to the extent of a daily glass of beer,—can secure for his children (for six at least on the present estimate) an elementary education.

Such is the provision made by past effort. Of the future, some are sanguine and others are fearful. Whatever is done, it is to be hoped the aim will be to help parents to "help themselves;" so to help them as not to rob them of their independence, or of the privilege of exercising some self-denial for their children's good. An education which cost nothing, would soon be deemed, by the parents at least, to be worth nothing.

But my present point is the national educational debt to Sunday schools. I maintain that George the Third's well-known wish that every child in his kingdom might be able to read the Bible, has been the motive to self-denying effort; *and but for that motive, there is reason to fear that so-called*

*secular education would never have been thought of.*

Hence I conclude, our obligations to the Sunday-school system, as the handmaid of general education throughout the land, are very great indeed.

Entertaining these convictions, I need scarcely say, I think it impossible to reprobate too strongly the action of the Birmingham School Board in excluding the Bible for several years from their schools. It was simply inexplicable that there should have been found amongst the professed friends of education even a few who in the nineteenth century were disposed to form in England an index of prohibited books—the first and the only entry being the Bible! Shut the Bible out of the schools! As well shut the light out of the world, or affection out of the home! Woe to our nation if she betrays and yields that Book which our Sovereign once declared to be "The secret of England's greatness!"

But it will not be so. Even the Birmingham *mis*-representatives of the School Board have already seen the wisdom of retracing some of their steps; and the strange course which they pursued is now resulting in a clearer understanding of the true basis of all Christian teaching—a firmer adherence to the essential truths of God's written Word, as "a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path," in the efforts we make to form the character of the young, and train them up "in the way they should go."

If the nation will only hold fast by Mr. Forster's noteworthy declaration, that "it would be a monstrous thing if, in a Christian country, the Bible, and not merely Bible reading, but *Bible teaching*, was excluded from the day school," the change for the better which we have noted, in looking back one hundred years ago, will, as I have said, doubtless be the earnest of a greater and a better change still.

### Early Piety.



I say not, dream not, heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain:  
That the young mind at random  
floats,  
And cannot reach the strain:

And if some notes be false and low,  
What are all prayers beneath,  
But cries of babes that cannot tell  
Half the deep thoughts they breathe?

KEBLE.



## Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.



### XI. THE ONLY WAY.

"T'S no use talking of being more careful, and trying to ease a thing off; my principle is, that if I find a thing interfering with my duty to my life, I cut it off: root and branch—make an end of it at once; that is the only way."

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

### XII. ANCIENT TEMPERANCE DECLARATION.

ON the blank leaf of an old English Bible, which has been transmitted from sire to son through many successive generations, and appears as the property of Robert Bolton, of Broughton, Northamptonshire, is inscribed the following ancient Temperance pledge:—

"From this daye forwarde to the ende of my life, I will never pledge any healthe or drink a carouse in a glass, cup, bowle, or other drinking instrument, wheresoever it be, from whomsoever it come; not to my own most gracious Kinge, nor any of the greatest monarchs or tyrants upon earth; nor my dearest friend, nor all the goulde in the world, shall ever enforse me. Not Angel from heaven (who I know will not attempt it) shall persuade, nor Satan, with all his oulde subtleties, nor all the powers of hell itself, shall betray me. By this very sinne (for sinne it is, and not a little one) I doe plainly find that I have more offended and dishonoured my glorious Maker, and most merciful Saviour, than by all other sinne that I am subject untoe; and for this very sinne it is my God hath often been strange untoe me: and for that cause and noe other respect have I thus vowed: and I heartily beg my good Father in heaven of His great goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ to assist me in the same, and be so favourable untoe me for what is past. Amen.

"B. BOLTON."

"Broughton, April 10, 1637."

### XIII. WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

A CERTAIN public-house, not a hundred miles from the Houses of Parliament, was some few

years since in the market. The price asked and received for the lease and goodwill was £20,000, the returns being stated, and admitted correct by the purchaser, as £1,000 a month. Since the increase in the price of wages, the returns of this house have greatly augmented. I should also state that there are within a radius of 150 yards from this public-house no fewer than 19 others, all doing a good business.

Let us test this expenditure in another manner. At present the Westminster Hospital is much in want of funds. The returns of the one public-house alluded to are 50 per cent. more than the whole expenditure of the hospital, which has always in its wards 220 in-patients, without taking into consideration the many thousand outdoor patients it relieves. Were the returns of the four large public-houses I could name at the west end of the town put together, and applied to the relief of the sick poor, they would maintain the whole of the patients in St. Mary's, St. George's, the Westminster, and Charing Cross Hospitals, leaving some 2,000 other flourishing public-houses in the city of Westminster.

NEMO (in "*The Times*").

### XIV. SIXPENCE A DAY.

A LONDON paper furnishes the following:—

"There is now an old man in an almshouse in Bristol who states that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated. A gentleman who heard this statement was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year at five per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. Putting down the first year's saving (three hundred and sixty-five sixpences), nine pounds two shillings and sixpence sterling, he added the interest, and thus went on year by year, until he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds nineteen shillings and ninepence sterling."

Judge of the old man's surprise when told

that, had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above noble sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have com-

forted himself with a house of his own and fifty acres of land, and have left the legacy among his children and grandchildren, or used it for the welfare of his fellow-men. "Take care of the pence" is a good rule.

## Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.



### XI. TEST OF WORTH.

ELL, *your* day is about over," said a smart, newly painted signpost, to an old moss-covered milestone, half buried in a grassy bank by the roadside; "it's quite time I took your place; why I heard an old gentleman only yesterday, complaining that he couldn't read what was written on you without putting on his glasses; he couldn't say that of *me* at all events; you can see my letters from the end of the lane."

"True, friend," said the milestone, "I am old and out of date; but let me tell you I've done my work well through many a summer's sun and winter's snow; you may be more useful now, while your paint is fresh, but I question if you will last as long."

### XII. LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

"WHY do you work so hard?" said the willow to the mill wheel, as she dipped her branches lazily into the stream that turned it.

"Because I've a great deal to do, ma'am, and I'm sorry to say I was idle all yesterday," said the mill wheel.

"Well, you needn't go so fast at all events," said the willow; "it quite tires me to look at you."

"Ah! but I must, you see, ma'am; for I heard the miller say this morning that if this dry weather went on much longer he

was afraid the brook would get too shallow to turn me; and then where should I be?"

"You needn't trouble yourself about that," said the willow; "there's plenty of water to last you all the summer. Why, I can see it sparkling in the sun a mile off."

"True, ma'am," said the mill wheel; "but, unhappily, if there were an ocean there it would be of no use to me. You forget that it never comes back when it has *once gone past me.*"

### XIII. DON'T LISTEN AND YOU WON'T HEAR.

"WHY don't you go, Tatters?" said Nettle, the white terrier, to her friend? "didn't you hear your mistress whistle?"

But Tatters was busy polishing a bone, and didn't answer.

"There it is again; you'll catch it if you don't go," said Nettle, hoping he'd leave the bone behind.

"I didn't hear it," said Tatters.

"Didn't hear it!" said Nettle; "*you must* be deaf; I'm sure it was plain enough."

"Very likely," said Tatters; "but you see I managed to get into a bad habit when I was young, of not attending when she called, and now I very often don't hear her. It's a great pity, for I've missed several nice titbits lately that she's given to Toby because I didn't come at once. Let me advise you, Nettle, always to run the moment you are called. It's very trying, I admit, when you've any particular engagement in hand, but you'll find the advantage of it in the long run."

## XIV. NEW LIGHT ON THE MATTER.

"See how much they think of me," said a lantern to some dips that were hanging on a nail close by. "I heard the master say my glasses were to be kept as bright as crystal."

"Very likely," said the candles; "but of course you know why?"

you, friend, that you wouldn't be of the least use to anybody if our light didn't shine through you."

## XV. THE TEST OF WORK.

THE miners toiled in their rocky cavern, separating the precious stones from the refuse in which they were imbedded.

"What riches are here!" exclaimed a



NEW LIGHT ON THE MATTER.

"Because I'm so useful," said the lantern; "the master says he doesn't know what he should do without me these dark nights."

"No doubt," said the candles; "but he'd sing a different song if it weren't for one of us inside you. Did it never occur to

traveller as he gazed on the glittering heaps.

"True, we are much prized by men," answered the jewels; "but we might lie undiscovered for centuries without being missed; while yonder grey millstones, that men think little of, are working for the good of thousands."

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XII. THE HOLY NAME.



HAT great and good man, the Hon. Robert Boyle, a nobleman, a statesman, and an author, during his lifetime, before he ever said the Name of God, always made a hush, a pause!

## XIII. SUNDAY BLESSINGS.

SIR MATTHEW HALE lived through a long life. He observed from his own experience and that of others—that the success of the week depended upon how the Sunday was kept. "When I wasted my Sundays," he said, "the week did not go on well; when I kept the Sunday, a blessing was upon all the week."

## XIV. DRIVE THE NAIL.

Drive the nail aright, boys,  
Hit it on the head;  
Strike with all your might, boys,  
Ere the time has fled.  
Lessons you've to learn, boys,  
Study with a will:  
They who reach the top, boys,  
First must climb the hill.  
Standing at the foot, boys,  
Gazing at the sky,  
How can you get up, boys,  
If you never try?  
Though you stumble oft, boys,  
Never be downcast;  
Try and try again, boys,  
You'll succeed at last.  
Ever persevere, boys,  
Though your task is hard;  
Toll and happy trust, boys,  
Bring their own reward.  
Never give it up, boys,  
Always say you'll try;  
You will gain the crown, boys,  
Surely by-and-by.

## XV. ASCENSION HOPE.

DID you ever read "The Young Cottager," or "The Dairyman's Daughter," by Leigh Richmond? If you have not, I advise you to get them and read them. In his account of "Little Jane" he mentions that one day he went to see her, when she was sick of the sickness with which she died. She was lying fast asleep on her bed, the Bible lying open before her, and her finger on the verse, "Lord, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!" Leigh Richmond thought, "What! is this a mere accident that her finger is there, or has she put it there on purpose?"

When the little girl began to rouse, before she was quite awake, she said, "Lord, remember me, a poor little child, Lord, remember me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!" Don't you think, we might do this now Christ is gone into Heaven? Isn't it now the time to say, "Lord, now Thou art come to Thy kingdom, remember me!" We say it in the Litany: "By thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension, Good Lord, deliver us."—*The Rev. J. Vaughan.*

## XVI. A HINT TO MINISTERS.

A LITTLE boy—saying his prayers on Saturday night—said, "O God! let the minister to-morrow say something I can understand." Who will not hope that that prayer was answered?

## XVII. "WHAT IS UNDERNEATH?"

WORDS are very little things; but words show what is underneath.

Suppose there was something very dangerous,—deep water,—and a little bit of cork floated on the top of the water, and that cork showed where the water was deep. Then that cork would be very important. It would show what was down below.

Words show what is down below. Therefore they are of great importance. Perhaps our words show our hearts more than our actions. We think more about what we do; but words slide out so glibly, and so quickly, that they show most what is underneath.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- PETER and Paul were both brought in the same way to know that Jesus was the Son of God. How was it?
- In the Christian's dress, what should he carry over all in time of peace, and what in time of war?
- How was a little child once made the means of instruction in the fundamental teaching of the Gospel?
- What did Moses say about the limit of natural life? and was it fulfilled or not in his own case?
- Who in Old Testament times would appear to have had the greatest success with God in intercessory prayer?
- How does the Bible account for all the battles and warfare which arise in the world?
- Why do we find no reference to the Temple in the Epistle to the Hebrews, but only to the Tabernacle?
- What object had God in view in the conversion of St. Paul, which makes it so peculiarly valuable to others?

- How many Books are there in the Bible in which the name of God is not mentioned?

- In the Book of the Revelation we are told many things which are not in heaven. How may we know the many things that are in heaven?

- What did our Blessed Lord do, in eating the Feast of the Passover, which was not in accordance with its original institution?

- What remarkable act was the means of life to those who undertook it in faith, but death to those who attempted it in unbelief?

## ANSWERS. (See March No., page 71.)

- St. Luke ii. 13, 14; xix. 37, 38. II. Job xxii. 15, etc. III. 1 Cor. xiii. 1. IV. Gen. iii. 23. V. Col. iv. 16. VI. St. Matt. ii. 11; St. John xii. 3. VII. Hosea xii. 4; Heb. xii. 17. VIII. Isa. i. 18; St. Matt. xi. 28; Rev. xxii. 17. IX. Lev. xvi. 26. X. Gen. iii. 9; compare Isa. lix. 2. XI. Job xxx. 10. XII. 1 Cor. x. 1-4, and 8-10.



Sun - 1st day  
Rises 5.37. Sets 6.32.

**APRIL.**

Moon - New, 9th, A. 3.7.  
Full, 24th, A. 10.50.

**GRACE**

**LIFE**

**THE TITLES OF THE LORD JESUS.**

**JOY**

**PEACE**

**LOVE**

**Quickened  
together with Him.**  
Eph. ii. 5.

- |   |    |                                                            |
|---|----|------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | Th | O death, where is thy sting? 1 Cor. xv. 55.                |
| 2 | F  | Risen with Christ. Col. iii. 1.                            |
| 3 | S  | We shall be like Him. 1 John iii. 2.                       |
| 4 | S  | <b>1st S. aft. Easter. The First-begotten of the dead.</b> |
| 5 | M  | Because I live, ye shall live also. John xiv. 19.          |
| 6 | Tu | This mortal must put on immortality. 1 Cor. xv. 53.        |
| 7 | W  | In Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 22.          |
| 8 | Th | I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job xix. 25.               |

**Love  
one another, as  
I have loved you.**  
John xv. 12

- |    |    |                                                            |
|----|----|------------------------------------------------------------|
| 9  | F  | Your redemption draweth nigh. Luke xxi. 28.                |
| 10 | S  | I saw a new heaven and a new earth. Rev. xxi. 1.           |
| 11 | S  | <b>2nd S. aft. Easter. The Head of the Church. Eph.</b>    |
| 12 | M  | <b>The Church, which is His Body. Eph. i. 23. [v. 23.]</b> |
| 13 | Tu | A glorious Church. Eph. v. 27.                             |
| 14 | W  | Ye are complete in Him. Col. ii. 10.                       |
| 15 | Th | Ye are all one in Christ Jesus. Gal. iii. 28.              |
| 16 | F  | The Church is subject unto Christ. Eph. v. 24.             |

**THE  
LORD IS  
RISEN INDEED.**

**Strengthened  
by His Spirit.**  
Eph. iii. 16.

- |    |    |                                                                              |
|----|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 17 | S  | Preach the Gospel to every creature. Mark xvi. 15.                           |
| 18 | S  | <b>3rd S. aft. Easter. The Captain of the Lord's host.</b><br>[Josh. v. 14.] |
| 19 | M  | Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. vi. 12.                                |
| 20 | Tu | As a good soldier of Jesus Christ. 2 Tim. ii. 3.                             |
| 21 | W  | Strong in the Lord. Eph. vi. 10.                                             |
| 22 | Th | More than conquerors.                                                        |
| 23 | F  | Through Him that loved us. Rom. viii. 37.                                    |

**The King  
eternal, immortal.**  
1 Tim. i. 17.

- |    |    |                                                                              |
|----|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 24 | S  | They overcame by the blood of the Lamb. Rev. xii. 11.                        |
| 25 | S  | <b>4th S. aft. Easter. St. MARK. God, blessed for ever.</b><br>[Rom. ix. 5.] |
| 26 | M  | God was manifest in the flesh. 1 Tim. iii. 16.                               |
| 27 | Tu | Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever. Heb. i. 8.                          |
| 28 | W  | Rich in faith. James ii. 5.                                                  |
| 29 | Th | Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Acts xvi. 31.                              |
| 30 | F  | The great God and our Saviour. Tit. ii. 13.                                  |

**NOW** lift your heads, ye gates! He entereth in,  
Christ risen indeed, and Conqueror in the strife.  
Thanks, thanks to Him who won, and Him who gave  
Such victory of love, such triumph o'er the grave!

As the sound of many waters, let the full Amen arise!  
**HALLELUJAH!** ceasing never, sounding through the great  
**FOR EVER.**  
Through eternities of bliss, all our rapture shall be this,  
And our endless lives shall be one **AMEN** of praise to Thee.  
—F. R. H.

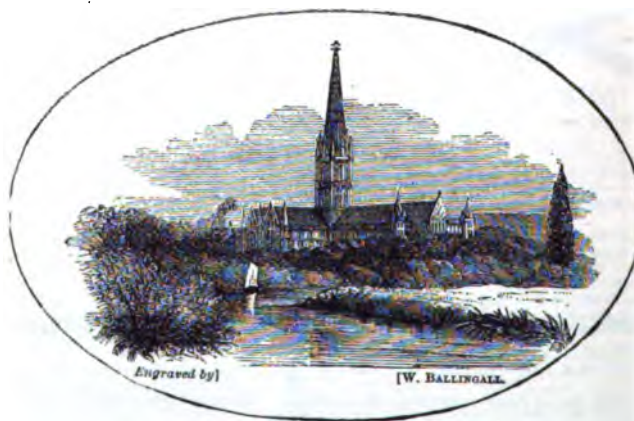
"Thou art with me."—He will put forth His own sheep at last into the path which none of them shall  
ever tread alone, because He trod it alone. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I  
will fear no evil: for Thou art with me."  
Jesus knows every single step of that valley; and when His people enter it, they will surely find that "their  
King shall pass before them"; and the Comforter will say, "He it is that doth go before thee."—F. R. H.





*From a Photograph by S. A. WALKER,  
Regent Street, London.*

**THE VERY REV. J. C. RYLE, M.A.,  
DEAN OF SALISBURY.**



*Engraved by*

*[W. BALLINGALL.]*

**SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.**





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.



The Very Rev. J. C. Ryle, M.A.: Dean of Salisbury.

BY THE EDITOR.



FEW clergymen of the Church of England have gained a more distinguished position in the esteem and regard of the community at large than the newly appointed Dean of Salisbury. His life has been one of incessant activity, and his multitudinous publications have made his name a "household word," not only in England, but we might almost say wherever the English tongue is spoken. A sketch of his life will not fail to interest our readers.

John Charles Ryle was born at Park House, near Macclesfield, on the 10th of May, 1816. His father, John Ryle, Esq., was M.P. for Macclesfield. His education began at Eton, where he was a pupil of Dr. Hawtrey. Proceeding to Oxford, he gained the Craven University Scholarship; and took first-class in classics in 1837. That he attained so good a position is the more noteworthy, because, both at school and college, he was better known as a cricketer than a scholar. He was successively captain of the Eton and Oxford eleven. He has been heard to express

regret that he gave so much time to cricket, and said that it would have been better had he devoted himself more to literary work and less to athletic amusements. Possibly the exact balance may not have been observed; but apart from the fact that he gained high distinction as a scholar, the athletics may have contributed to that physical strength (so often sacrificed by overmuch study) which has enabled him to get through an amount of work in after-life rarely equalled even in this busy, active age.

We believe Mr. Ryle was not originally intended for the ministry. His father was a banker both at Manchester and Macclesfield. Till the age of twenty-five his eldest son looked forward to entering the House of Commons as a member for his native town of Macclesfield. The overruling hand of God's providence, however, disarranged this plan. In the commercial crisis of 1841, his father suffered heavy losses; and after a short interval of doubt and hesitation as to his future course, Mr. Ryle finally decided on entering the ministry. He was accordingly ordained deacon in 1841, and priest in 1842, by Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester.

His first curacy was at Exbury, in the New Forest, near Southampton. He afterwards was appointed to the Rectory of St. Thomas', Winchester. In 1844, Lord Lyndhurst, at that time Lord Chancellor, nominated him as Rector of Helmingham, Suffolk.

Certainly, humanly speaking, the right man did not here seem to be in the right place. Eminently fitted physically, intellectually, and spiritually for dealing with the masses, Mr. Ryle was now confined in a small agricultural parish, with a population of only three hundred souls—about sixty families—lying nine miles north of Ipswich. Doubtless the smallest parish will not fail to give occupation to the devoted pastor; but if in some way a union of parishes like Helmingham could be effected, two forming one charge, the benefit to the worker as well as the flock would, we think, soon be apparent.

Mr. Ryle spent no less than seventeen years in the quiet and rural retirement of Helmingham. Happily, in his case, the active, energetic spirit found an outlet for exertions beyond the parochial bounds. His first sermon there, preached at the age of twenty-eight, was at once made of further practical service by the use of the printing press. Under the title, "I have something to say to thee," it was published for private circulation; and has since become the first of that numerous series of tracts, the product of his busy pen, so widely read in this and other lands.

As a tract-writer, Canon Ryle stands in the first position amongst modern writers. As in character, so in his writings he is eminently "thorough." Whatever he does or says is done or said with all his heart. He takes a firm grasp of his subject in starting, goes straight to his point, and never fails to make himself understood. Without confining himself to Saxon words, he takes care to employ words which have plain meaning. His tracts have had an

enormous circulation. He has published about two hundred and fifty, varying in size from a handbill of one page to forty-eight pages; and these tracts have obtained an aggregate circulation of more than twelve millions. Many of them have been translated into the French, German, Portuguese, Italian, and other Continental languages, as well as into Welsh and Gaelic.

Our readers may like to see the autograph of the new Dean, as well as his portrait and the cathedral over which he is to preside. We confess we do not envy the printers who have had to decipher so much of his caligraphy.



Lord Lyttelton was once puzzled by a request to read his own writing. He gave it up at last, and we do not know whether Dean Ryle might not be obliged to do the same under similar circumstances.

But "Tracts" have not altogether engrossed Canon Ryle's literary labours. He has been engaged in the production of several works which hold a position as standard books. His "Expository Thoughts on the Gospels," now extending to seven volumes, forms one of the most practical and devotional companions to the Gospel narrative in existence. He is also a lover of Hymnody, and has published several collections. His "Spiritual Songs," first and second series, were followed by his "Hymns for the Church on Earth;" and recently he has published a new collection, under the title of "The Additional Hymn Book."

One of his most popular and interesting books is entitled "The Christian Leaders

of the last Century." Mr. Ryle says in the preface:—"My object in drawing up these biographical papers was to bring before the public in a comprehensive form the lives, characters, and work of the leading Ministers by whose agency God was pleased to revive Christianity in England a hundred years ago; such as Whitefield, Wesley, Romaine, Rowlands, Grimshaw, Berridge, Venn, Toplady, Hervey, Walker, and Fletcher." The lives of these great preachers, writers, and workers are sketched with the admiring enthusiasm of one who is evidently absorbed by his topic. "I confess," says the author, "I am a thorough enthusiast about them. I believe firmly that, excepting Luther and his Continental contemporaries and our own martyred Reformers, the world has seen no such men since the days of the Apostles." And he adds:—"Surely, when we look at the state of England, we may well say—Where is the Lord God of Whitefield and Rowlands, and of Grimshaw and Venn? O Lord, revive Thy work!"

As a controversialist, Mr. Ryle has rendered good service. He holds firmly the cardinal Catholic principles of the Thirty-nine Articles; and is outspoken and decided in his avowal of Protestant Churchmanship.

In the pulpit, Canon Ryle preaches emphatically and simply, "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." With remarkable plainness and fulness he points to Christ, the Refuge and Rest of sinful men. His sermons derive great clearness and force from the use of proverbial, epigrammatic, and antithetical sayings with which at the end of a paragraph he fastens the nail as it were in a sure place. For instance, he employs the following:—

"What we weave in time we wear in eternity." "Hell is paved with good intentions." "Sin forsaken is one of the best evidences of sin forgiven." "It mat-

ters little how we die, but it matters much how we live." "Meddle with no man's person, but spare no man's sin." "The street is soon clean when every one sweeps before his own door." "Lying rides on debt's back: it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." "He that begins with prayer will end with praise." "All is not gold that glitters." "In religion, as in business, there are no gains without pains." "In the Bible there are shallows where a lamb can wade, and depths where an elephant must swim." "One thief on the cross was saved, that none should despair; and only one, that none should presume."

He is apt also in illustration. An example of this we may give from a sermon preached by him at St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, from St. Matt. xi. 28.

"In Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of the unhappy Charles I., separated from her father, her mother, her friends, and all the associations of her early youth, was confined as a prisoner. She pined away, and after years of anxiety, died at the age of sixteen or eighteen. One morning she was found lying dead, with her Bible open, and her cheek resting on the very verse I have been speaking about to-night. Our gracious Queen not very long ago commanded a monument to be erected in Carisbrooke Church to the memory of the Princess; and there you will see, engraven upon the marble leaves of the Bible, the very words of my text: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In 1861 Mr. Ryle was presented to the Vicarage of Stradbroke by the present Bishop of Norwich, and in 1871 he was made honorary canon of Norwich Cathedral. Stradbroke is a large, isolated, rural parish of about one thousand three hundred and fifty people, half-way between Norwich and Ipswich, and seven miles from any railway station. It is the prin-

cipal village of the Hoxne Hundreds, which contain twenty-four parishes. Strange as it may appear, we have been told there is neither a mile of railway nor a resident lawyer in the whole Hundreds. Nor, until after Mr. Ryle's appointment to Stradbroke, was there even a money-order office or a telegraph-wire.

During his incumbency the church,—a very large and handsome one, with a singularly fine tower,—has been completely

restored, at a cost of more than £3000. Large schools have also been built.

Canon Ryle's nomination to the Deanery of Salisbury is a fitting acknowledgment of the distinguished services which, as a preacher, a pastor, and an author, he has rendered to the Church of England. May he long be spared to carry on, with the strength and energy and winning earnestness which have ever characterized him, his valued and devoted labours!

### The Return of the Swallows.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "LYRICS, SYLVAN AND SACRED."



SWALLOW, Summer reigns within thy heart,  
As sunshine sleeps upon thy purple wing;  
For lo! thou comest with the brightening Spring,  
And yellowing Autumn warns thee to depart.

To wait on thy king's march is all thine art,  
And to his flowery train, rejoicing, cling;  
While tidings of his glory thou dost bring  
Where'er thine arrowy form is seen to dart.  
Oh that Heaven's Summer in my heart might rest,  
And cheering rays about me I might fling,  
Blessing all others while myself am blest;  
Then I must follow too my viewless King,  
And catch from Him the sunshine of the breast,  
And round me flowers will smile and birds will sing.

### Huts with Kernels.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

#### VII. "SING OLD HUNDRED."



DROVER who was naturally a high-tempered man, had been used to beat his oxen over the heads, as all his neighbours did.

It was observed that, when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret.

"Why," said the drover, "formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion, and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go and sit down and sing

Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm tune has a surprising effect on my oxen."

#### VIII. HOW TO DEAL WITH SLANDER.

ACT like the Dutchman who, when there was wrangling going on around the table, said:—"I says notings—I eats;" so say when slandered, "I says notings—I works."

#### IX. SERVE HIM RIGHT.

THE young man who boasted that he could marry any girl he pleased, found that he could not please any.



THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

From the original Picture by A. F. F. F.

## Next-Door Neighbours.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE RECTOR'S HOME," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

#### FORGIVENESS.



My husband used to say things had a trick of coming in threes. I don't know whether there is any truth in the notion. He used to like to mark how there would be three troubles near together, or three pleasures, or maybe three breakages, or three tumbles of the children.

To be sure it always did seem to me that things came just as often in twos and fours. Sometimes he'd say to me, "That's number two; now there'll be another," and yet the other never came. But he was just as positive next time. And sometimes I would say, "But there's this or that that's happened, making four;" and then he wouldn't let me count the fourth; but stuck to the three he had chosen. You see, if a man takes to a notion, he isn't easy disturbed in it.

However, there really were three things about the same time, just when Harry lost his mother. There was her death, and there was my husband being ill, and there was Gilpin's fall. Now I come to think of it there were other things too; but those three did in a manner hang together, and had to do particularly with us.

It was not over easy to make out from Phil, when he came back from the doctor, exactly what the doctor had said. It didn't seem to me he gave much of an opinion. He ordered some physic, and he said Phil was to take a few days' rest, and wasn't on any account to lift heavy weights or do what might make the pain worse. And he said Phil was to go again in a week.

The notion of idleness was not at all according to my husband's mind. I tried to make him see that his duty was to do as the doctor told him; and Phil seeming very loath still, I just took the thing in my own hands, and went straight off to Mrs. Conner.

I found her at home, and Mrs. Conner said

I was quite right to come. She spoke to her husband, and Mr. Conner made no difficulty at all about the matter. He said Phil was on no account to go against the doctor's orders. "It never pays in the end," said he, "to struggle on and get downright ill, when a little rest taken early may bring about a quick cure. So you tell your husband," says he, "that we'll manage without him. His health's too valuable a thing to be thrown away."

So I thanked them, and came away, right thankful, and Phil had to make up his mind to do what Mr. Conner and the doctor said.

There wasn't any fear of his spending his days in idleness. My husband had a way of being always busy. I never in all my married life saw him lounging at the door, with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth. But then our spare money went in books and home comforts; it didn't go in pipes and tobacco. If it had, we should have had a very different home, and different sort of friends too in days of trouble.

My husband was as sorry as I for poor Harry in his loss, which was made so much worse to him by his own conduct. There was no need to say words of reproach: for it didn't seem likely Harry would ever forget the thoughts of how his mother had pined and pined to hear from him, and he never thinking of writing to her—leastways, if he thought of it he was too lazy to do it.

He was very up and down the next day or two; sometimes quite upset again, and sometimes more glad than he could say, that the letter *had* been in time.

For if it hadn't been! Well, folks do bear a wonderful deal of trouble, and come out of it at the end; but it does look to me as if I couldn't have borne *that* in Harry's place.

He got two days' leave to go to the funeral; and very particular he was about his coat and his hatband. If he had given a tenth part of the thought and care to his poor old mother, when she was living, that he gave to his hatband, to show respect to her when she



was dead, she wouldn't have pined and sorrowed for her boy.

I saw him off on the morning of the day when the funeral was to take place, and he looked grave and decorous like; and there was a sort of older and more sensible way with him since his trouble, which made me hope he had begun to turn over a new leaf. Not that he had been unsteady; but he had been thoughtless, and content to go on in his own way, just bent on pleasing himself. I am quite sure of one thing, and that is that a life of self-pleasing never leads anywhere but to evil. Self-pleasing is commonly the long and the short of Satan-pleasing. It don't always look so at first sight, of course.

I thought I caught a glimpse of Annie's face at the window of next door, gazing out in a wistful sort of way when I came up the garden path after seeing Harry go; I nodded at her, but couldn't make out whether she nodded back.

Then I began to wonder whether I had been altogether doing my duty by Annie of late. It came over me all of a sudden that perhaps I hadn't any business to let things go on so quietly, about Annie being kept away from us like she had been. It wasn't Annie's fault, and it wasn't Mrs. Gilpin's fault, that Gilpin behaved as he did. Why shouldn't I go and see them both? As for Gilpin, to be sure he wouldn't speak a civil word to my husband when they met; and I wasn't over anxious for much of him nor of his surliness. But after all, if I went to see his wife and daughter, maybe the civil word mightn't be refused to me.

I didn't care for Mrs. Gilpin. She was a doleful puling feckless sort of body, and we never had suited. But it wasn't there that the pull lay, dragging me back from next door. She was a good woman, and I was ready enough to be neighbourly with her.

I was not at all ready to be neighbourly with Gilpin himself, though. I had not known that, but it soon came pretty clear to my mind, as I thought the matter over and over.

For all that day my thoughts just ran upon nothing else. Down deep in my heart I came upon something which I had never dreamt to be there, and that was *unforgiveness*. All these weeks and weeks I had

never forgiven Gilpin for his treatment of my husband; and yet I had gone on praying the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

But then it wasn't against me, I argued. And all the while I knew right well that argument wouldn't stand. For were not my husband and I one? A wrong against him was a wrong against me. Gilpin had done us harm, and Phil had forgiven him, and I had not. I could forgive about the flowers, but I couldn't forgive his way with my Phil. It seemed so bad.

And yet,—“If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses.”

To be sure, Gilpin wasn't sorry yet, and hadn't asked Phil to forgive him. But perhaps he never would; perhaps at any rate he might not for years. Was I going on for years, with that place low down in my heart full of dislike to Gilpin, with a sort of feeling almost like hate and revenge, as if I didn't care to pray for him, and didn't want him to be happy?

Once or twice Phil said, “Why, Sue, what makes you so grave to-day?” But I found it easy not to answer, for he went on quickly —“I'm forgetting. You are thinking about poor Harry.” And I did not tell him he was mistaken. There are times when one can tell what is deepest in one's heart to no living person, not even to one's husband, but only to God.

I did that I know, both silently over my work, and upstairs alone in the bedroom, when I could get a few minutes there. For I never hold with the plan of waiting till night to pray for strength. If one waits so, then when night comes it sometimes seems as if God's Holy Spirit was no longer helping us, as He would have helped us a few hours earlier.

The only thing I said to Phil about what I had in my mind was at tea-time. He was speaking about Harry, and I said, “It's a long while since Annie was here. I wish Gilpin would let her come: I've a mind to try and persuade him.” And Phil said, “Just what I've sometimes wished. We'll both try our hand on him.”

Tea being over, Phil went off for a little



stroll, not meaning to go far. I saw him stop a moment outside next door, and speak to Annie who was just going in. And then he walked on, and I thought he would be back in half-an-hour, for he didn't find much exercise to agree with his back. But a whole hour passed, and he never appeared: so I supposed he was gone into somebody's house for a chat, or maybe was at Mr. Conner's. I wished I had made him promise not to be so long, or had asked where he meant to go.

Well, there went by a second hour, and I was getting into a fret. I sent Willie off to see if he could find his father, and made up my mind that in another half-hour I'd go myself too, if they didn't come.

The half-hour had just about half gone by, when Willie came rushing back. "I've found him, I've found father," said he. "Father's next door."

"Which door?" said I, and I felt quite vexed for a minute to have had all my worry for nothing. "Saunders', I suppose; what's he doing there?"

"No, at Gilpin's. Gilpin's been hurt," said Willie, and then he turned scarlet. "Serve him right too."

"We oughtn't to feel that," I said.

"No, I suppose not," Willie said. "But only think of father! Annie told him where Gilpin was gone, and father had a notion he'd like a word with him: so he took his walk that way, thinking he'd maybe meet Gilpin coming back. Well, and he did meet him too, only it wasn't just the sort of meeting he'd expected. Gilpin must have been drinking, for he had stumbled over some rough stones at the side of the road, right into a deep ditch, and had sprained his knee terribly. He could only manage to crawl half out, and couldn't stand. He couldn't have got home alone, and if he had had to stay there all night in the dark and wet he might have died of it almost. And not a man goes along that road sometimes for hours, specially late in the evening! Oh, didn't I tell you where it was? The lane that runs round the back of the big field where the old brick-kiln is, through Farmer Hodges' grounds."

"And father stopped to help him," said I.

"Yes,—pulled Gilpin up, and gave him an

arm. I expect he must have pretty nearly carried Gilpin, for he don't seem able to put that leg to the ground. I asked father why he didn't leave Gilpin and go for help; and he said he did think of it, but Gilpin seemed bent on walking. And now he don't say one civil word of thanks to father nor doctor nor wife nor anybody, but lies and scowls and sulks. And the doctor says he'll be bad for weeks and weeks. I'm sure I pity Mrs. Gilpin and Annie, for they'll have a time of it. How he must have hated to have father helping him! If I was in his place, I'd sooner be beholden to anybody in all the world. Mother, don't it seem as if it was *just* what he deserves, after the way he's treated father?"

I was glad I hadn't said "Yes" quicker, when I looked up, and saw Phil at the door.

"We've nought to do with that," says he quietly.

"With what, father?" says Willie, turning redder.

"With what Gilpin deserves," said Phil; "Maybe, if you and I had our deserts, we shouldn't come off best."

And then he moved on a few paces, and sat down slowly on the first chair, as if the doing of both wasn't easy to him, and I saw that he was pale, with a sort of dark look in his face.

"What's the matter, Phil?" I said in a fright.

"I—don't—know," said he, letting drop the words with stops between. "Maybe I've strained my back a bit. I've a sort of queerness all over me, and the pain catches away my breath."

"Gilpin's a heavy man," I said. "You haven't been lifting him, Phil?"

"Not more than was needful," said he. "He couldn't do much of the walking himself, though he thought he could."

"He'd no right to ask you to bear him up—you, of all people," said I.

"That's just it," says Phil. "I could have said no to any other. But being as matters are between us I didn't see my way to rightly refusing him. Maybe things'll be on a different footing between us in future. Sue, I think I'll lie down on my bed. The pain's bad."

I knew it must be very bad for him to say so much; and it went to my heart to see him drag himself up the stairs, step by step. I almost thought he wouldn't be able to do it. But he got to the top at last, and went to his bed and lay down. I had never seen him in worse pain. He seemed scarce to know how to bear himself. I wanted to send for the doctor, but he wouldn't hear of it: so I tried a hot water fomentation, and that did at last make him easier.

"And it's all Gilpin again," I said. "Oh, Phil, I don't know how to forgive him."

"Go and see him, and you won't find it hard," said Phil. "He's downright bad, Sue."

"So are you," said I; "and it's his doing." I felt like saying those words over and over.

"Not wilfully," said Phil. "He had no thought to hurt me, nor himself either. If he'd been taking a drop too much, he was wrong, and he's punished for his folly. But there's no malice in the question."

"There's been spite enough in the past," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said he, and he looked me in the face; "Sue, don't think about it, nor talk about it, but just pray God to make you feel different. For Gilpin *has* to be forgiven."

And I knew it too. Gilpin had to be forgiven: yet I felt far enough off from forgiving him. I knew he had done my husband fresh harm, and I didn't know any more than anybody else where it might end.

## CHAPTER VI.

### "MOTHER'S BIBLE."

My husband couldn't leave his bed next day. As for getting up and down stairs, he might as well have talked of flying to the moon. The doctor came to see him,—for I wouldn't have that put off,—and he made a grave face over the matter, and ordered Phil to keep still, and promised to come again next day.

It was getting late before Harry walked in. I was glad to see him looking serious and full of feeling still; for one never knows how quickly those thoughtless young fellows will shake off what seems at first to be a really

deep impression. But it wasn't so with Harry.

He sat down and told me a lot about the funeral, and who had been there; and how the clergyman's wife, Mrs. Fenwick, had had a long talk with him, and had given him quite a history of his mother's illness. I let him talk, keeping my own news about Gilpin's accident till later. It pleased me to see how anxious he was not to forget: and it was plain the lady had spoken some home truths to him, which had left their mark.

Presently he put his hand into his pocket, and brought out a parcel done up in a red cotton handkerchief. It had to be unpinned, and inside was a little old black-bound Bible, with rubbed edges and pencil-marks all through.

"Look," said he, "that's mother's Bible. She read it every day of her life. And when she thought she mightn't hear from me again she begged Mrs. Fenwick to keep it, and some day if I turned up she was to give it to me, and tell me I was to be sure to do the same. And I will too. I promised mother I would, standing by her poor body, that couldn't give me look nor answer. It did make me feel bad, to be sure, to see her so, and to think it was all my fault I couldn't have a goodbye. But I've got to thank *you* the letter was in time. It was such a comfort to her, the nurse said, and seemed to make her die easy. And when they read to her my letter, and showed her my stamps, she seemed wonderful pleased, and she said, 'He hasn't forgotten me—no, he hasn't forgotten me.' And then she smiled and said, 'But I shan't want a new cap now, because I'm going to have my golden crown; so it'll help pay for my funeral.'"

"Mind nothing ever makes you break through your promise to read her Bible every day," I said when we had had a bit more of talk.

"No," said he, "I hope not. I'd promise you too, if that would make it surer; but I don't know as it would. The promise was to mother herself, though I can't tell if mother heard; and please God I'll keep it. I've begun already, and it's grand reading. Somehow it don't read like the common run of books."

"It would be strange if it did," I said,

"seeing other books come out of men's minds, but this came straight out of God's mind."

Harry nodded and said, "Yes, that's it."

"And you'll ask God to teach you as you read," I said. "There's often a deal of Bible reading that's just without profit, when the Holy Spirit don't shine upon the page that's read. You'll ask?"

Harry said, "I'll try to be sure," and he looked as if he meant it. I think he kept that promise, and the other too. For Harry Carter seemed to me never quite the same after his mother's death that he seemed before. It is well when a sudden call from God isn't fought against, but is allowed to do the work in a man which God means it to do.

## Lessons from the Book.

### V. THE QUENCHING OF THE SPIRIT. (For Whitsuntide.)

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

"Quench not the Spirit."—1 *Thess.* v. 19.



THE Holy Spirit is the one great and Divine Agent in the renewal and conversion of the soul—"the Author and Giver of life." I believe this renewal and conversion of the soul turns upon the use men make of holy impressions and convictions lodged in the heart, of which all are conscious at one time or another. If cherished and fostered these will assuredly lead to spiritual life. I might easily give illustrations of this great truth. Every precept of God's Word that falls upon the ear gives an impulse we either nourish or quench. "Search the Scriptures" is the Spirit's appeal to many. Those who yield will find the Scriptures "able to make them wise unto salvation." But the Bible neglected, after such an appeal has reached the conscience, is the sure witness that the soul has "quenched the Spirit." So of promises and providences—the constant messengers of the Spirit, ever waiting at the door of the heart, and only departing when the message of grace and Divine love is rejected.

Let none, therefore, charge God foolishly, if hitherto they have been strangers to that experience which brings the sinner home to God, crying, "Abba, Father!"

If men would but nourish the holy impulses they are so prone to quench, they would marvel at God's abounding grace, and speedily be the happy subjects of its renewing power.

But the direct application of the exhortation, "Quench not the Spirit," is to those who *are* conscious of spiritual life; and thus regarding it, we have in it the secret of all advance or progress in the Christian life. We may be true Christians: know what it is really to pray for the Spirit to enable us to live and to be what the Word of God requires; but we must not rest with this experience, this testimony to our sonship and adoption: we want to "walk worthy" of our high vocation as "the members of Christ, the children of God, and the inheritors of the kingdom of heaven"; and to this end we must constantly remember and act upon the exhortation, "Quench not the Spirit."

When, then, a good thought comes to us in the House of Prayer or elsewhere, let us act upon it. When an opportunity presents itself for doing good, let us seize upon it at once. If a plan suggests itself by which we may show some kindness, or in any way promote the temporal or spiritual welfare of those around us or at a distance from us, let us bring it to some

practical result. So, also, let us nourish every impulse to prayer and to praise. Let us be sure these holy desires and feelings and self-denying resolves spring from the Spirit of God. Human instrumentality may be employed, but human instrumentality in itself is powerless. Whenever the ministry or reading of the Word is attended with "power," it must be "the power of God." Hence the Apostle writes, "It is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure;" and "therefore,"—mark the connection, the argument—*because* in dealing with these impressions you are dealing with God and not with man—"therefore work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

Alas! alas! how bold we are sometimes in our treatment of the Divine Worker—the heavenly flame of the Spirit's influences. How wonderful it is that God does not in righteous judgment extinguish the flame because we fail to nourish it!

But—and this is the mystery of godliness the Gospel only solves—He is the God

of *grace*, Gospel grace; and therefore He bids us graciously, with admonitory warning voice, for our good alway, "Quench not the Spirit."


We dream not foolishly and unscripturally of sinless perfection in this world of conflict and battling with easily besetting sin. Did conflict cease whilst we are "in the flesh," we should have certain proof that we were not "walking in the Spirit," for the Spirit ever "warreth against the flesh."

But at the same time, looking at this exhortation, we may not, we would not, limit the *progress* in the spiritual life of those who "counting themselves not to have attained," are *therefore* nourishing and cherishing and preserving the holy flame of the Spirit's influences: those who "quench not the Spirit"—the Spirit when He prompts them to prayer—the Spirit when He prompts them to praise—the Spirit when He prompts them to active self-denying service.

## WAYSIDE CHIMES.

### I. TRINITY.

"I . . . with thee."—Isa. xli. 10.

" WITH THEE!" Thy Father saith it,  
In His loving tenderness:  
With thee waking,  
With thee sleeping,  
With thee sowing, with thee reaping:  
"I with thee!"—now, trust and praise!  
"I with thee!"—thy Saviour saith it,  
With a fellow-sympathy:  
With thee daily,  
With thee hourly,  
When dark doubts or foes distress thee:  
"I with thee!"—now, trust and praise!

"I with thee!"—the Spirit saith it,  
With abiding faithfulness:  
With thee working,  
With thee resting,  
With thee when in prayer thou'rt wrestling:—  
"I with thee!"—now, trust and praise!  
"I with thee!"—the Great Jehovah,  
Father, Son, and Spirit—One;  
With thee singing,  
With thee sighing,  
With thee living, with thee dying:  
"I with thee!"—now, trust and praise!

CECILIA HAVERGAL.

## In the Pyrenees.

### A YOUNG SHEPHERDESS.



**B**ETWEEN France and Spain, there runs from sea to sea one continuous mountain barrier, about two hundred and seventy miles in length, and from twenty to forty miles in breadth. It is singularly

alike through the whole of the chain, although loftiest near the centre. The people on either side are as effectively divided by the rugged mountain chain as they could be by a trackless desert or separating sea. Save where at the ends the slopes abate, there are but few lines of communication. Elsewhere the Pyrenean range is pierced only by gaps (the "ports" as they are called by the natives), veritable gateways, and the mountain paths are practicable only to the surefooted mule, mountain goat, or cautious shepherds and their trusted companions.

The climate is very mild, and the air so still and silent that sound travels long distances. From afar comes the tinkling of sheep-bells, and the lowing of herds: and the quiet beauty of the scenery makes the

locality a favourite resort for invalids in search of health.

Tending the flocks and leading them to pasturage is the chief occupation of the men, in which they are often assisted by the younger members of the family. Civilization and industry have made much progress amongst them. The young girls, whilst engaged in shepherding, knit the fine Pyrenean wool.

Our illustration represents a youthful shepherdess thus occupied. The faithful dog has taken up a position at his mistress's feet; and resting upon her friendly crook she busily plies the glistening needles.\*

Might not some of the girls of England take a lesson from the example. It is well in our spare moments to have something useful to do. Fragments of time are as precious as fragments of money. They would be found more so if always improved. Who ever heard of any one throwing pence or shillings away? Yet how many have lived to lament in old age the golden hours of youth mispent or unimproved?

FREDERICK SHERLOCK.

## "We Got Him In!" †

BY THE EDITOR.



**W**ITNESSED an instance of brotherly sympathy and kindness the other evening in Spitalfields which I shall never forget. It was at a "Robin Dinner." A little lad hungering for a dinner had no ticket.

Vainly he tried to pass the barrier, and, full

of disappointment, burst into tears. Some of the other "outsiders" thereupon constituted themselves his friends for the occasion, and pleaded for his admission on the ground that he had "neither father nor mother." The Rector of Spitalfields happened to be close at hand, and, yielding to the urgent, irresistible plea, told the doorkeeper to "pass

\* We are indebted for our illustration to a magnificent volume entitled "French Pictures," by the Rev. Dr. Green. (London: The Religious Tract Society.)

† From "*What do we Owe Him?*" Robert Raikes; or, *The Story of a Grain of Mustard Seed.*" By the Editor of *Home Words*. Price 6d. London: *Hand and Heart* Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C. We hope our readers will aid the effort to circulate this illustrated Centenary volume amongst the young.

We wish also to call attention to the liberality of a Friend of Sunday Schools, enabling the Publisher to offer during the Centenary Year, Sunday School and Parish Library Grants at a reduction of forty per cent., to the value of £1000. Books value £5 will be sent for £3; value £3 for £1 16s.; and value £1 for 12s. The catalogue for selection will be forwarded on application to Mr. Charles Murray, 1, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.



**SHEPHERD GIRL IN THE PYRENEES.**

him in." The successful advocates had gained their object; and, as they left the scene of action, unfed themselves, it would have been a picture for the Academy, if an artist could have depicted the glowing faces of the boys, as one exclaimed to the others, with triumphant glee, "We got him in!"

Ah! that was a triumph indeed, a triumph worth more than the feast within; for there is no feast that can compare with "the luxury of doing good!"

Robert Raikes enjoyed that luxury; and so may we if we feel and act as he felt and acted. There are two ways of getting, on

which God's blessing rests. The one is by asking: "Ask, and ye shall receive." The other is by giving: "Give, and it shall be given to you." *All* may give. Even the talent of money is by no means confined to those who are called the rich. The widow's "mite" was money; and she "cast in more than they all." So it may be still. The poor know some who are poorer than themselves. But money is not love's only or most precious gift. Love's true sacrifice is *self*. Kind words, and loving deeds, and tender sympathy, were the gifts which Robert Raikes bestowed; and we may all "go and do likewise."

### A Good Wife.



T may be under palace roof,  
Princely and wide;  
No pomp foregone, no pleasure  
lost,  
No wish denied;  
But if beneath the diamond's flash  
Sweet, kind eyes hide,  
A pleasant place, a happy place,  
Is our fireside.

It may be 'twixt four lowly walls,  
No show, no pride;  
Where sorrows oft-times enter in,  
But ne'er abide.  
Yet if she sits beside the hearth,  
Help, comfort, guide,  
A blessed place, a heavenly place,  
Is our fireside.  
*The Author of "John Halifax."*



### "Everything" and "Nothing."

YOUNG man who had in his early Christian experience realized much peace and joy in believing, fell into a state of depression and partial darkness of soul. In his distress he applied for comfort to an older Christian than himself. This good friend asked him, "Well, and when you came to Christ, what were you?" "I was nothing at all," was the reply. "And what was He?" "He was everything." "Well, which of you has broken down?" asked the other with much earnestness. "Has Christ ceased to be everything?" "No," said the young man. "Ah! then I fear you have ceased to be nothing."

Is there not teaching for us all in this simple story?

"Oh to be nothing, nothing!  
Only to lie at His feet,  
A broken and emptied vessel,  
For the Master's use made meet.  
Emptied, that He might fill me,  
As forth to His service I go;  
Broken, that so unhindered  
His life through me might flow.

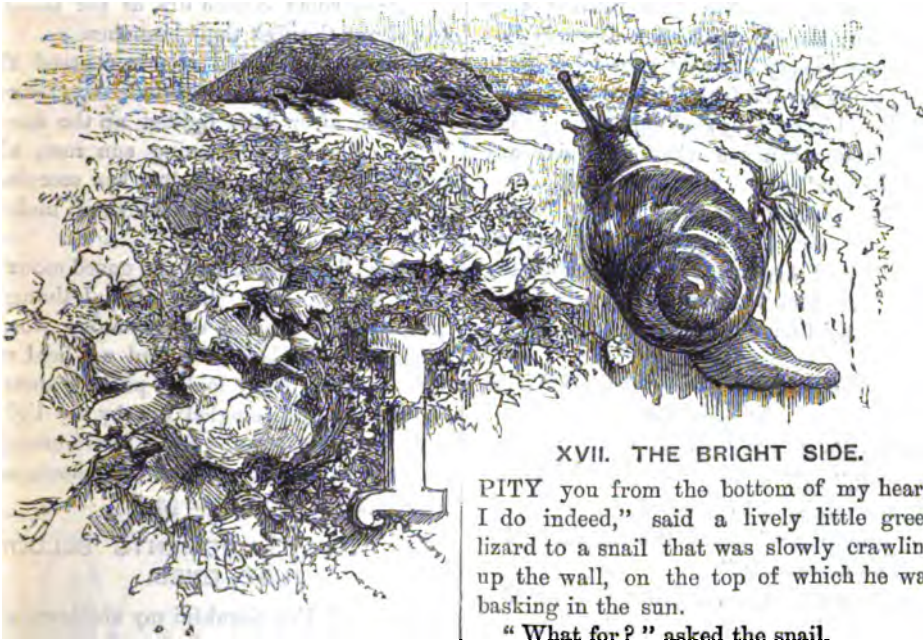
Oh to be nothing, nothing!  
An arrow hid in His hand;  
A messenger at His gateway,  
Waiting for His command.  
Only an instrument ready  
For Him to use at His will;  
Or should He not require me,  
Willing to wait there still."

G. M. TAYLOR.



**Fables for YOU.**

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

**XVI. ONLY SPOTS IN THE SUN.**

**T**HE stable yard was crowded, for the hounds were to meet close by.

"I don't think much of Skylark," said a brown cob to a hack that was standing saddled and bridled at the gate.

"No, he's such a dingy colour," said the hack.

"I never could bear iron grey," said the cob.

"And I've heard it said that his temper is very uncertain," said the hack.

"I can quite believe it," said the cob.

"I'm sure you will agree with us, gentlemen," he added, as some of the hounds came trotting up; "we were just saying what a very ugly colour Skylark is."

"Possibly so," said the hounds, "but really he is always so far ahead of every one in the field that we never notice the colour of his coat!"

**XVII. THE BRIGHT SIDE.**

**P**ITY you from the bottom of my heart, I do indeed," said a lively little green lizard to a snail that was slowly crawling up the wall, on the top of which he was basking in the sun.

"What for?" asked the snail.

"What for! why, for having to carry that dingy old brown house of yours about wherever you go. It must be a terrible hindrance. By the time you've got to the top of the wall, the sun will have gone round to the other side, and you'll have had all your trouble for nothing. I'm really very sorry for you."

"Keep your pity, my dear, for those that want it," said the snail. "I am quite content as I am, and I wouldn't change my 'dingy old brown house' for your fine green coat, I assure you. It shades me from the sun, and shelters me from the rain; and if I have to carry it about, it is always at hand when I want it, which is more than you can say when you're caught in a shower half a mile from home."

**XVIII. "WORKING FOR THE MASTER."**

"I WOULDN'T let my branches lie on the ground like that, if I were you," said a

tall young apple tree, looking over the orchard wall, to an espalier loaded with fruit that grew in a garden close by. "Look at mine. See how bravely they stand up; the lowest of them is over your head; and every one that goes by stops to admire my golden fruit."

"Yes, I know they do," said the espalier.

"No one can see whether you've any fruit or not."

"Perhaps so," said the espalier; "but I don't *care* for any one to see it but the master, and I don't think I'm too low down for him to find it when the time comes; till then I am content to wait."

#### XIX. MUCH SPEAKING TENDS TO EVIL SPEAKING.

"I HEAR that Pointer won't get the prize after all," said a greyhound to a mastiff, as they met at the corner of the street.

"Why not?" asked the mastiff; "I'm sure he deserves it."

"So we all thought; but I've heard it whispered by two or three lately that there is something wrong about his pedigree."

"Ah! indeed," said the mastiff.

"Yes," said the greyhound, "and I'm inclined to believe it, for the poodle from the Hall mentioned it in confidence to a friend, and he told it to a cousin of mine. I only wish I could think it was a mistake!"

"A *mistake*!" said the mastiff, "I should call it a slander; but that's the way with your 'confidential' friends. They are always ready to believe evil of any one, and to spread reports without a grain of truth in them, from the pure love of talking. If you'll take my advice, friend, in future, you'll think twice before you *listen* to a slander, and three times before you *repeat* it."

#### XX. PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL

"SEE how tall I am," said a gay young poplar that had shot above the heads of her neighbours in a small plantation;

"there isn't one of you I can't look down upon; and what a delicate green my leaves are!" she continued, glancing at the dusky foliage of some Scotch firs, as the setting sun shone through their branches.

Evening came, and clouds covered the sky. The low roll of the thunder was heard, and flash after flash lighted up the darkness. When the morning sun rose, the poplar still stood erect, but her scorched and withered branches told their melancholy tale.

"Ah!" she sighed, as she gazed mournfully around her, "how little I thought that what I boasted of yesterday would be my ruin to-day; if I had not held my head so high in my foolish pride, I should never have been singled out by the lightning for destruction; even if I have enough life left in me to get over this shock, my beauty is a thing of the past."

#### XXI. HASTY JUDGMENTS SELDOM JUST ONES.

"WELL! I'm thankful my children are not like that," said a duck, who was leading her young brood to the water for their first swim. "No one can help admiring my little family. I heard some one say only yesterday that they were like balls of golden down; but *those creatures*——!" and she glanced contemptuously at two ungainly cygnets, who were waddling up the plank that led to the swan house.

"Wait a bit, ma'am," said an old jackdaw, who was standing near enough to hear her soliloquy; "it's always a pity to form a hasty judgment. There will come a day by-and-by when your 'little balls of golden down,'—I think that was it, wasn't it?—will have grown into ordinary ducks like yourself (no offence, ma'am!) and meantime 'those creatures' will have turned into swans! I fancy, when that day comes, an impartial judge would give them the prize for beauty, even over your handsome family!"

XXII. DIFFERENT VIEWS OF A  
SUBJECT.

"WHAT am I to do for breakfast?" said a sparrow-hawk to himself, as he rested from a long spiral flight. "There isn't a bird to be seen anywhere; I can't think what's become of them all."

In vain he looked around; not a stray feather was in sight.

"Well, I suppose I must put up with a mouse," he continued, "if there's nothing else to be had; but they're very poor eat-

ing; none of the delicate flavour that there is about a thrush or a linnnet. A mole would be more tasty; but they are all underground, I suppose. I'm afraid I shall have to make the best of a mouse."

"It's very fine for him to talk of 'making the best' of a mouse," said a hungry cat, who was prowling about; "I only wish I saw a chance of doing the same; it's what I've been hunting for half the night. If he never has a worse breakfast than that, he may be very thankful; it will be a vast deal more than he deserves."

## The Story of Robert Raikes.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "HAND AND HEART," AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

## CHAPTER II.

## JOURNALISM AND PRISON PHILANTHROPY.

Gloucester One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago.—  
The Gloucester Journal.—Raikes' Early Philanthropic Efforts.—State of the Prisons.



PICTURE of Gloucester, as it was in the early part of the eighteenth century, may teach a lesson of gratitude to the nineteenth century:—

"Gloucester, in the early part of the eighteenth century, was not the handsome, well-kept city it is now. It was then unpaved, undrained, unsavoury, and, by necessary consequence, unhealthy and incommodious. The houses were for the most part low, irregular, and projecting. Instead of the numerous ships which now crowd the docks, an occasional vessel from Portugal or France deposited a few casks at the quay, and a wherry to Worcester went twice a week. As to locomotion, even the 'Flying Coaches' which subsequently carried adventurous passengers to London in the course of two or three days, had not then commenced their journeys. Nor was the moral or social aspect of affairs more

pleasing. The streets swarmed with rogues and vagabonds, who were flogged through the city weekly by scores. Religion was at a low ebb. The Church seemed asleep. John and Charles Wesley had not begun their evangelizing labours, and Whitfield was known in his native city of Gloucester only as a dirty little rascal, who robbed his mother's till and tried to quiet his conscience by giving part of the plunder to the poor. Wholesale executions for comparatively venial offences were the panacea of the government for all crimes; and these same executions, with bull-baiting and cock-fighting, formed the favourite entertainment of the mob. Sunday-schools there were none, and poor schools were only just being thought of. All over the kingdom popular ignorance and prevalent vice went hand in hand. Gloucester, with all its badness, was no whit worse than the rest of the country. 'Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.' " \*

The issue, in 1722, of the first number of the *Gloucester Journal*, ninth in order of time among provincial papers, and in size scarcely larger than a sheet of foolscap, was a gleam of light. Its founder was a printer, named Robert Raikes, the son of a clergyman; and by his energy and enterprise the paper soon gained a large circulation. A curious testi-

\* "Robert Raikes: Journalist and Philanthropist." By Alfred Gregory. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)

mony to this fact is recorded in one of the early numbers as follows :—

"A demure old farmer applied to the printer of the *Gloucester Journal*, and with great gravity of face told him that he feared the mealmen and bakers seldom read their Bibles; but as he knew they always read the newspapers, he desired a corner of his paper for the following texts: 'Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin shall ye have' (Lev. xix. 36); 'Divers weights, and divers measures, both of them are alike abomination to the Lord' (Prov. xx. 10.)"

Great as was its ultimate success, Raikes' paper was not established without a hard struggle. Besides being, like every other contemporary production of the press, heavily handicapped with parliamentary imposts,—such as the duty on paper and the tax on advertisements,—the *Gloucester Journal* experienced a special difficulty in the shape of an encounter with the House of Commons.

Parliamentary reporting at this time was strictly forbidden. Raikes published a report of certain proceedings in the House; and as the result he was taken into custody, brought to the bar, and upon his knees received a reprimand from Mr. Speaker. It was not till many years later that the House of Commons abandoned its false stand against the Press.

Robert Raikes, the printer, who thus founded the *Gloucester Journal*, was the father of Robert Raikes, the illustrious founder of Sunday-schools, who was born in Palace Yard, just beneath the shadow of Gloucester's grand cathedral, September 14th, 1735. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Richard Drew. On the monument in St. Mary de Crypt church, to the memory of her husband and herself, she is described as his "most excellent wife;" but her best epitaph is found in the exemplary after-life of her children, several of whom obtained influential positions.

Robert's education was both liberal and practical. It was designed to fit him for the employment of his father, at whose death, in 1757, being then himself only twenty-two years of age, he succeeded to the responsibilities of a large and important business.

The character of the *Journal* was more than sustained; and in process of time the young printer became one of the most influential

men in his native city. In 1767 he married Anne, daughter of Thomas Trigge, Esq., of Newnham, Gloucestershire; and in 1802 he retired from business upon a well-earned competency. The house of business is still to be seen in Southgate Street, Gloucester. It is a quaint, roomy old house, the upper storeys projecting over the lower part, and the fronts braced with stout oak timbers.

Mr. Gregory, in his interesting Biography of Raikes, with the natural interest of one who is himself engaged on the present *Gloucester Journal*, says:—

"A review of the old files of the newspaper which Raikes owned and conducted so long, affords many illustrations of the difference between journalism as it was then, and journalism as it is now. Leading articles, which now figure prominently in every newspaper, were then but rarely seen. Occasionally, the editor, or, as he more generally called himself, 'the printer,' deemed it necessary to express his opinions upon some current topic, but when he did so it was with the utmost possible brevity. 'The editor of a weekly paper,' wrote Raikes, 'is under a necessity of suppressing pieces that might be an ornament to it, that matters of opinion may not take the place of matters of fact.' When 'matters of opinion' did obtrude, Raikes strove to make them as generally acceptable as possible. Of course he found that he could not please everybody. One week he was obliged to write as follows: 'Whatever degree of anxiety the printer may feel to have his paper as much as possible the vehicle of nothing but what is acceptable to all his readers, in matters of party, the publisher of a country paper, of necessity open to both sides, cannot consider himself answerable for everything which may appear of that nature.' 'To convey to the public true and well-founded articles of intelligence,' was Raikes' own definition of his great object in the compilation of his newspaper. It was not always an easy matter to accomplish that object. Special reports by telegraph or railway were then unknown. For the general intelligence of the week, country newspapers had to rely upon newspackets brought by coach from London; and it not unfrequently happened that these packets miscarried. Sometimes, even when

they came, they were inaccurate, and the poor printer had to correct one week what he had stated the week before. In nothing does the printer seem to have been more frequently hoaxed than in his intelligence respecting 'Births, Marriages, and Deaths,'—then a most important item in the paper. Some of the contradictions of misstatements under this head are very curious. One lady, writing to deny the report of her own death, indulged in the amiable remark that she was 'in good health, and, what is more, hoped to outlive her enemies.'"

As a slight testimony to the elevated character of the Editor, Mr. Gregory remarks: "Not a single instance of personal abuse can be found in the *Gloucester Journal* during the whole of the many years it was under the control of Robert Raikes."

The earliest tokens of philanthropic effort on the part of Raikes were associated with the Gloucester gaols. It is difficult to comprehend the utter state of neglect and misrule in the prisons of England at this date. Take the following description of Gloucester county gaol:—

"Its condition, when Raikes first knew it, was simply horrible. Though from forty to sixty fresh prisoners were received within its walls every week, there was but one court for them all. The dayroom for men and women felons was only twelve feet long by eleven feet broad. Persons imprisoned for debt, of whom there were always a great number, were huddled together in a den, fourteen feet by eleven, without windows, and with no provision for admitting light and air save a hole broken in the plaster wall. In the upper part of the building was a close dark room called 'the main,' in which the male felons were kept during the night, and the floor of this apartment was so ruinous that it could not be washed. Directly opposite the stairs leading to this sleeping room was a large dung-hill. Owing to the utter absence of all sanitary arrangements, the whole place continually reeked with infection, and deaths were of constant occurrence. Sometimes as many as a dozen victims succumbed in a month. As far as the debtors were concerned, the only wonder is that any of them survived. No provision of any kind was

made to keep them alive. No allowance was granted them, either of food or money, nor was any opportunity given them of earning anything. At night, unless they could afford to pay for beds, they were obliged to lie upon straw; and for clothing, as for food, they were entirely dependent upon their own resources or the charity of the benevolent. The prisoners committed for felony, though, as a rule, less deserving, were a little better treated. They were provided with beds and clothing, and allowed a sixpenny loaf every two days. The indiscriminate hoarding together of debtors and felons, men and women, child offenders and hardened criminals, was productive of the most fearful immorality. Every new inmate, on entering this den of iniquity, was required by his fellow-prisoners to pay a certain sum of money, called 'garnish,' which was immediately spent in beer, bought from the gaoler, who eked out his emoluments by the profits derived from this trade. The gaoler had no salary, but was paid by fees. Attempts to escape were of frequent occurrence, and as the place was most inefficiently guarded, they were often successful."

For years before the celebrated John Howard commenced his prison crusade, Robert Raikes had been unostentatiously labouring among the miserable inmates of Gloucester Castle. His first efforts seem to have been to provide the necessaries of life for the imprisoned debtors; and with this object he was earnest in his solicitations, both through the channel of his newspaper and by personal applications to his friends. One appeal ends thus:—

"The boilings of pots or the sweepings of pantries would be well bestowed on these poor wretches. Benefactions for their use will be received by the printer of this Journal."

But beyond relief of this kind, Raikes promoted education in the prison, supplied books and obtained employment for the debtors; and in the columns of the *Journal* he managed to keep the subject of reform constantly before the country. The state of things must have been melancholy indeed. It startles us to read the following, and to know that the description applies to one of our cathedral cities not a hundred years ago:—

"In June, 1783, in mentioning that no less than sixty-six persons were committed to the castle in one week, Mr. Raikes added: 'The prison is already so full that all the gaoler's stock of fetters is occupied, and the smiths are hard at work casting new ones. Could unhappy wretches see the misery that awaits them in a crowded gaol, they would surely relinquish the gratifications that reduce them to such a state of wretchedness.' As showing that he recognised one of the chief causes of crime, there follows this significant remark: 'The people sent in are neither disappointed soldiers nor sailors, but chiefly frequenters of ale-houses and skittle-alleys.' Another paragraph says: 'The ships about to sail for Botany Bay will carry about one thousand miserable creatures, who might have lived perhaps happily in this country had they been early taught good principles, and to

avoid the danger of associating with those who make sobriety and industry objects of their ridicule.' In 1790, a man named John Weaver, who had been convicted of stealing two geese, was ordered to be transported for seven years. 'This practice,' says a paragraph in the *Journal*, 'of robbing the farmers of their poultry is become so general that the court determined to put a stop to it, as far as a severe punishment can contribute to that desirable object. It will be a dear price to pay for a couple of geese,—not only the forfeiture of liberty, but the confinement for ten or eleven months in the hold of a crowded ship, and then to be landed in a distant country, from whence the means of return are utterly hopeless.'"

These are specimens of large numbers of paragraphs to be found in the *Journal* while Raikes was its "printer."

## England's Church:

### NOTES AND TESTIMONIES.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

#### IV. "SOMETHING TO STAND BY."



"FOURTEEN years ago" said the Bishop of Manchester, in a recent speech, "I was in the United States, and took part in what was almost a great national event—the opening of the first monument erected to the first soldier of the North who fell in the Civil War. I walked in an almost interminable procession in Lowell, in company with a well-known Methodist minister familiarly known as Father Taylor. That minister asked me some questions concerning the Church of England, and he said, almost with a tone of sadness:—

"We can never have a Church like the

Church of England; our Constitution forbids it. The Church of England has not always been wise, has not always been kind; but I should be sorry to see it go down under the adverse influences of this nineteenth century. She is like a good chronometer which a captain and pilot can trust to guide the ship's course through reefs and shoals. We are all dragging on our anchors; we want *something to stand by*—something that stands by the old mooring-places."

"Grasping me by the hand, Father Taylor said, 'God save and preserve the Church of England!'

"It seemed that good men on the other side of the Atlantic did not altogether feel better because they had not got a National Church."

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XVIII. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.



UOTH the boy, "I'll climb that tree,  
And bring down a nest I know."  
Quoth the girl, "I will not see  
Little birds defrauded so.  
Cowardly their nests to take,  
And their little hearts to break,

And their little eggs to steal.  
Leave them happy for my sake,—  
Surely little birds can feel!"

Quoth the boy, "My senses whirl;  
Until now I never heard  
Of the wisdom of a girl,  
Or the feelings of a bird!  
Pretty Mrs. Solomon,  
Tell me what you reckon on  
When you prate in such a strain;  
If I wring their necks anon,  
Certainly they might feel—pain!"

Quoth the girl, "I watch them talk,  
Making love and making fun,  
In the pretty ash-tree walk,  
When my daily task is done.  
In their little eyes I find  
They are very fond and kind.  
Every change of song or voice  
Plainly proveth to my mind,  
They can suffer and rejoice."

And the little Robin-bird  
(Nice brown back and crimson breast)  
All the conversation heard,  
Sitting trembling in his nest.  
"What a world," he cried "of bliss,  
Full of birds and girls, were this!  
Blithe we'd answer to their call—  
But a great mistake it is  
Boys were ever made at all."

## XIX. NO STEALING!

Did you ever read of Dr. Adam Clarke? He was a good minister, who wrote a Commentary on the Bible.

When very young, he was put apprentice to a linen draper, who kept a shop in Coleraine, in Ireland. He was a very good young fellow, but he had not a good master. Things went on very smoothly till there was a great sale, at Dublin, of clothing, and his master was packing up the cloth to be sold at the time of the fair. When measuring the piece they were holding out, they found it a yard short of what it ought to be.

"Never mind!" said the master, "you take one end of the cloth, and I will take the other; you pull against me, and I will pull against you, and we will soon make it the right length."

"No, I won't!" said Adam, "that is cheating."

The master said, "Don't you plague me by making such a fuss about such a thing as this. You are not fit for trade." So he was dismissed!

The master sold his cloth which he had pulled thin to make it a yard longer; he got the money for it; but it was stealing! Yes, there are a great many ways of stealing. Take care! take care!

I must tell you of one way of breaking the eighth Commandment. Supposing you are a young servant, you have got a place, and are paid so much a week. It is understood that for that money you are to work so many hours for your employer; or you are to go out and do different things. But supposing in the time that you ought to be working for your employer, you stop, and look at the boys playing in the market-place, or look at the pictures in the shop windows, or sit lazily doing nothing at all—what are you doing? You are robbing your master! He pays you for that half-hour, or hour, you are robbing him of. Some boys think very little of being gone a long time on their errands; but it is downright robbery! It is breaking the eighth commandment.

THE REV. J. VAUGHAN.

## XX. PENNY PROVERBS.

"A penny, and a penny laid up, will be many."

"A penny saved is a watch-penny to watch the pocket."

"Buy what you dinna want, and you will sell what you canna spare."

"Those who go a-borrowing go a-sorrowing."

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT did Christ do on entering Jerusalem, which He forbade others to do when He was departing from it?
2. When did God acknowledge to His servant the overcoming power of intercessory prayer?
3. Scorpions have wondered that Christ did not show Himself to His enemies after His Resurrection. How may we explain this?
4. When did the officers of a victorious army give all the spoils to God because they had not lost a single man in the battle?
5. What are we assured in Scripture will guide us in travelling, will guard us in sleeping, and will counsel us in rising up?
6. When was one soul made the necessity for Christ taking His disciples to a place which He had told them not to visit?
7. What are the four things which we read of in the Bible as coming out of the rock?

8. What are the four things which Agur said are exceeding wise?
9. Is there any passage of Scripture to encourage us in the good practice of grace after meat as well as before?
10. What is the blessing, superior even to life itself, which should call forth the praise of God's people?
11. When does a fire of coals appear to have been used to remind God's servant of his transgression?
12. How was it rather a falsehood than an excuse when the man said, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come"?

## ANSWERS (See APRIL No., page 95).

I. Matt. xvi. 17; Gal. i. 15, 16. II. Col. iii. 14; Eph. vi. 16. III. Matt. xviii. 1-4. IV. Pa. xc. 10; Dent. xxxiv. 7. V. Jer. xv. 1. VI. Jas. iv. 1, 2. VII. Heb. xiii. 14. VIII. 1 Tim. i. 16. IX. Esther, Cant. X. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. XI. Luke xxii. 14; Exod. xii. 11. XII. Heb. xi. 29.





SUN.—1st day  
Rises 4.24. Sets 7.21.

MAY.

MOON.—New, 9th, M. 6.10.  
Full, 24th, M. 6.39.



## THE TITLES OF THE LORD JESUS.

All  
things are yours.

1 Cor. iii. 21.

|   |    |                                                                   |
|---|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | S  | ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES. Who gave Himself for us. [Tit. ii. 14.] |
| 2 | S  | Rogation Sunday. Heir of all things. Heb. i. 1.                   |
| 3 | M  | Ye are the children of God by faith in Christ. Gal.               |
| 4 | Tu | If children, then heirs. Rom. viii. 17. [iii. 26.]                |
| 5 | W  | Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Rom. viii.              |
| 6 | Th | ASCENSION DAY. Our Forerunner. Heb. vi. 20. [17.]                 |
| 7 | F  | I go to prepare a place for you. John xiv. 2.                     |

MORNING

PRIME

No more  
sacrifice for sin.

Heb. x. 26.

|    |    |                                                       |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------------|
| 8  | S  | Enter into the joy of thy Lord. Matt. xxv. 21.        |
| 9  | S  | S. aft. Ascension. A great High Priest. Heb. iv. 14.  |
| 10 | M  | He offered up Himself. Heb. vii. 27.                  |
| 11 | Tu | To put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Heb. ix. |
| 12 | W  | The blood of Jesus Christ His Son [26.]               |
| 13 | Th | Cleanse us from all sin. 1 John i. 7.                 |
| 14 | F  | He ever liveth to make intercession. Heb. vii. 25.    |
| 15 | S  | Being justified by faith, we have peace with God.     |

THOU  
ART GONE  
UP ON  
HIGH.

Ps. lxxviii. 18. P.B.V.

The love  
of the Spirit.

Rom. xv. 30.

|    |    |                                                    |
|----|----|----------------------------------------------------|
| 16 | S  | Whit-Sunday. The Spirit of Christ. Rom. viii. 9.   |
| 17 | M  | Which proceedeth from the Father. John xv. 26.     |
| 18 | Tu | The Spirit of Adoption,                            |
| 19 | W  | Whereby we cry, Abba, Father. Rom. viii. 15.       |
| 20 | Th | He shall teach you all things. John xiv. 26.       |
| 21 | F  | Let this mind be in you,                           |
| 22 | S  | Which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil. ii. 5.       |
| 23 | S  | Trinity Sunday. I AM. Exod. iii. 14, Jn. viii. 58. |

Worship  
the Lord.

1 Chron. xvi. 29.

|    |    |                                                    |
|----|----|----------------------------------------------------|
| 24 | M  | Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts. Isa. vi. 3. |
| 25 | Tu | The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ,                |
| 26 | W  | And the love of God,                               |
| 27 | Th | And the communion of the Holy Ghost,               |
| 28 | F  | Be with you all, Amen. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.            |
| 29 | S  | Canst thou by searching find out God? Job xi. 7.   |
| 30 | S  | 1st S. aft. Trinity. I am the Way. John xiv. 6.    |
| 31 | M  | A new and living way. Heb. x. 19.                  |

☐ HEAVENLY FATHER, Thou hast told  
Of a Gift more precious than pearls or gold;  
A Gift that is free to every one,  
Through Jesus Christ, Thy only Son;  
For His sake, give it to me.

O give it to me, for Jesus said  
That a father giveth his children bread;  
And how much more Thou wilt surely give  
The Gift by which the dead shall live!  
For Christ's sake, give it to me.—F. R. H.

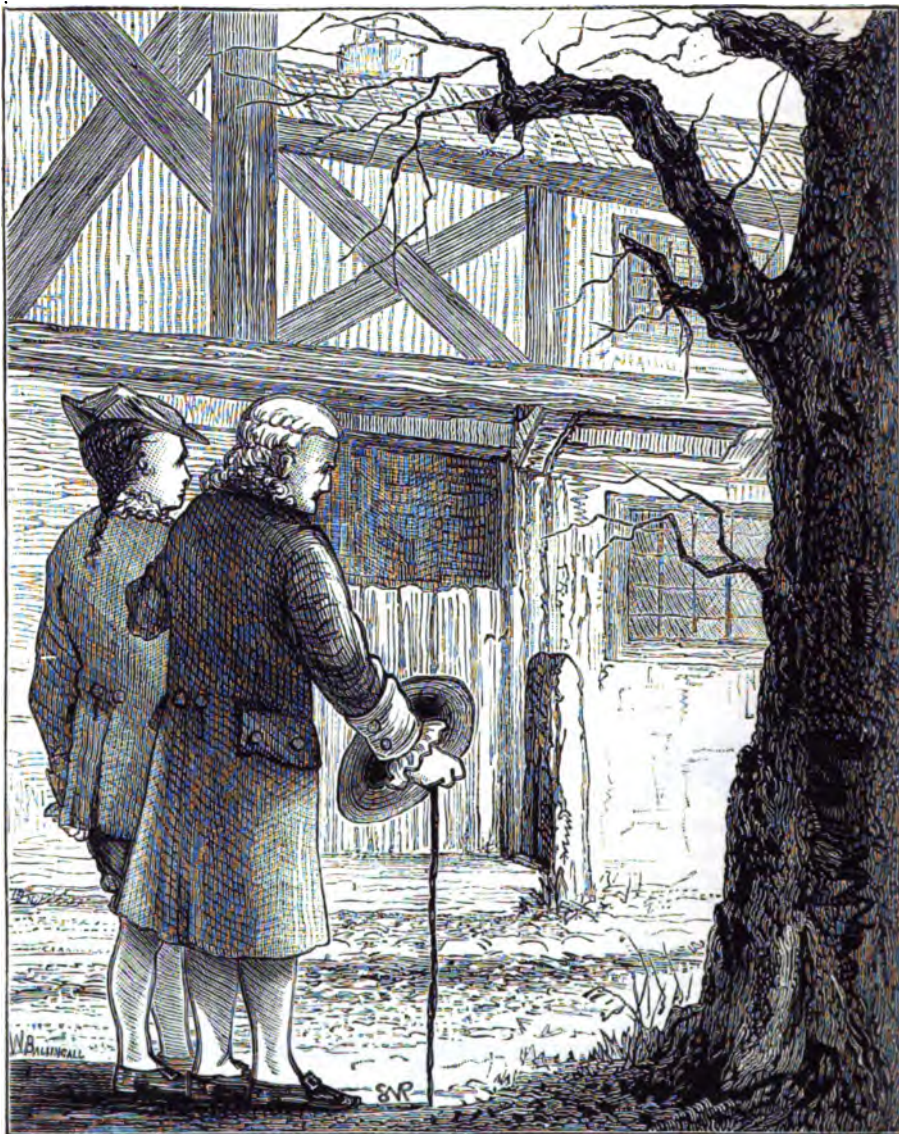
"Behold" your King!—When we accept the seemingly impossible command, the Spirit will open our eyes. "He shall take of Mine and show it unto you"—My love, My grace, My wisdom, My glory! Do we not feel like little children, wondering, in delighted expectation, what it is that we are going to see?  
The Spirit's Teaching.—It is very humbling when the Spirit's light flashes upon some command of our God which we have never "observed," much less "done"; and yet it is a very gracious answer to the prayer, "Teach me to do Thy will."—F. R. H.

1000

1000

1000





### ROBERT RAIKES

VISITING, WITH JOSEPH LANCASTER, THE SPOT WHERE THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL WAS HELD  
IN GLOUCESTER.

"This is the spot on which I stood when I saw the destitution of the children and the desecration of the Sabbath by the inhabitants of the city. As I asked, Can nothing be done? a voice answered, Try. I did try, and see what God hath wrought."



# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### Flower Messages.

BY MISS E. S. ELLIOTT, AUTHOR OF "COPSLEY ANNALS," ETC.

"Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?"  
—*St. Luke* xii. 27, 28.



HEN weary, weary seems the day to heart and spirit tried,  
I listen to the voices of the flowers by my side;  
God bless the hands that gather'd—bless the hands that ranged each spray  
Which brings to me His message—"Ye are better far than they."

They take me back to other times; I picture all their homes;—  
This from the cottage garden—these from the sheltered coombs;  
This blossom from its moorings at the margin of the lake;  
This fern from where amid the pines the breezes music make.

Perchance these buds were gathered by the children after school,  
Scattered with song and laughter 'mid the meadow-grasses cool;  
Perchance these hardy heath-flowers they found in rocky climb,  
Glad for the purpling heather and the breath of mountain thyme.

It may be that some sister on a far-off bed of pain,  
Loved for the city hospital these tendrils fair to train;  
It may be that this rose-bud grew on the baby's grave  
Whose mother for my unknown cench her treasured flower gave.

This tender moss, had this its home beneath the quivering larches?  
Or where across the grassy walk the elms throw forth their arches?  
O flowers fair, the thought will come to weary heart and brain,  
Shall I e'er wander through the woods, or climb the hills again?

Shall I linger in the churchyard green to watch the length'ning shadows,  
Or see the children playing in the happy hill-side meadows?  
Shall I meet the summer breezes, with the thyme and clover sweet;  
And smile to mark the daisies nestling lowly at my feet?

Shall I wake on Sabbath morning bright, and hear the happy chime,  
Telling of other days, and bringing thoughts of Heavenly clime?  
Or still for weeks and months, perchance for weary years to come,  
Will mine be pain and loneliness and a longing sigh for Home?

I know not; yet when thoughts like these arise within my heart,  
God's flowers fair all silently a breath of peace impart:  
Far from their homes, in fever'd air, their tender lives are given  
To breathe fresh hope to weary souls, to whisper thoughts of Heaven.

"God cares for us," they seem to say; "streams from a thousand hills  
To us bring life, and Heaven's own dew each upturn'd blossom fills:  
He decks us—His poor pensioners—with many a glittering hue;  
His tender '*How much more*' to-day we whisper forth to you.


"If God so clothe for their brief life the grasses of the field,  
To heart that seeks, oh, *how much more* will He His bounty yield?  
If He delights to care for us, each in its lonely place,  
Say, *how much more* to soul athirst will He send forth His grace?

"We perish: our brief mission o'er, soon shall our beauty fade;  
But ye for higher purpose and for endless joy are made:  
To you in all your weakness 'neath the burden of to-day,  
He speaks—'I care for these, and ye are better far than they.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

O messengers of love and grace, I bless you for your word;  
Not, not in vain ye yield your lives thus whispering of the Lord;  
Sweeter than music in my heart, your message low shall be;  
My life, my all, I leave with Him who careth more for me.

### A Suitable Memorial of Robert Raikes.

S stated last month, by the liberality of a friend of Sunday Schools, who wishes to promote the circulation of pure literature in the homes of the people, an offer has been made, available during the Centenary Year, to supply books for school libraries, etc., selected from *Hand and Heart* publications to the value of £5 for £3; £3 for £1 16s.; or £1 for 12s. The grants will be made up to the value of £1,000.

A good increase to the Sunday-school Library will form a suitable Memorial of Robert Raikes in more ways than one. His life-long connection with the Press was a marked feature of his useful career, and greatly aided him in his Sunday-school efforts, by giving publicity to the movement. Books in the home from the Sunday-school Library would also do much to supplement the teacher's work and extend his influence. Those who wish to present a gift to Sunday

Schools would find this a suitable opportunity.

A number of letters have already been received; and to guard against disappointment, applications should be made at once to the Manager, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

We would also again mention our Centenary Volume for Sunday Scholars—"What do we Owe Him? Robert Raikes; or, The Story of a Grain of Mustard Seed." It has three illustrations, is bound in the best cloth, with medallion portrait of Robert Raikes, and its price is only 6d. In quantities it can be supplied at a reduction on application to the Manager, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

A little local effort would enable the clergy to place a copy in the hands of every scholar as a memorial of the Centenary. This plan is being widely carried out; but to make sure of copies orders should be sent immediately.

## Next-Door Neighbours.

BY AGNES GIBBONS, AUTHOR OF "THE RECTOR'S HOME," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.



"WE'VE GOT TO CONQUER GILPIN."

AYBE my husband's illness helped to fix Harry in a better state of mind, and brought him into a habit of more thoughtfulness. I don't know how things might have

been, otherwise. I know it was scarce possible to spend many hours with him and not learn something; and I know Harry spent many an hour by his side as he got worse. Phil's own boys were not more tender with him than Harry Carter. It's strange how so much real gentleness could be in a man alongside with so much thoughtlessness; but perhaps that part of him had gone to sleep for a time, and now it was awakened up.

We did not at all think for a good while how bad my husband was going to be. It came on slowly, and if the doctor knew he didn't say. At first we only talked of a week's holiday, and then it was to be a fortnight, and then the fortnight grew into a month. And by the time the month came to an end there could be no more thought of work, or of anything except lying in bed and being nursed.

I know I was a good nurse, and that was a comfort, and it is a comfort to me still. For Phil had everything he could need. Mr. Conner was so liberal, we had little need to trench upon our savings; and Mrs. Conner was always sending something nice to tempt Phil's appetite, which needed a deal of tempting.

The bedroom where Phil lay wasn't large, but it couldn't have been easily matched in any cottage near for cosiness and neatness. I never let a speck of dust lie, and the sheets always looked smooth and white. Phil was very good not to mess and crumple them more. But his patience was wonderful. I think *that* frightened me for him, as much as anything. It seemed scarce natural. And

of course it wasn't natural either, but just God's grace.

I don't know whether it's altogether a silly notion, but when I see one of God's people ill I'm almost comforted to have a bit of peevishness and fractiousness and temper shown: for then I'm apt to think,—“Ah, well, you're a good way off from heaven yet; you've a good deal more discipline to go through before you're fit to be taken home.” To be sure we outsiders can't judge of another's inside, and maybe there's often more beauty and more victory in God's sight than ours. But there's no doubt the sun *does* show its brightest colours just before setting, and there's no doubt it is the ripest fruit of all that falls from the tree. And I couldn't help feeling sometimes how very ripe my Phil was grown, and how bright his light was shining. Ah, and I was in the right too.

It was long before the doctor would say what was the matter with Phil. I thought he could not find out, and I used to worry and puzzle myself with trying to guess; for the pain got worse and worse, and I knew he wasn't any better.

But the word came out at last. It was an abscess that was forming,—a deep slow abscess in a very bad part, out of the doctor's reach. It was the fruit of the blow Gilpin had given him,—not that the doctor knew how the blow was given, only he knew there had been a blow. Maybe things mightn't have been so bad, but for the over-exerting himself the day of Gilpin's accident. The doctor wouldn't speak with certainty; but he thought perhaps the abscess had been lying sleeping—dormant, he said—until that day, and it mightn't have come to anything until a good deal later. But now there was little to be done, except just to wait and to keep Phil quiet. The question was whether he would have strength to fight through.

I got to think less and less of his strength as the weeks went by. He changed so fast into a weak thin invalid, with only the happy look in his face to make me think of my Phil

as he had been. The going down-hill was quicker than I had expected, or the doctor either.

We saw much more of Annie than we had done: for though her father kept her busy attending to him, yet she had got some manner of leave to come and see me again, and she used to step in and out. Harry's head was just full of her, and I could see she thought a deal of him. He let her know pretty plainly what he felt and wished, but I think she begged him not to speak yet awhile; Gilpin was in that cranky condition of mind with illness, that he was pretty sure to say no to anything that was asked him.

What a difference there is to be sure in nursing different sick folks! I never had a cross word from Phil, and never did a service for him without a "thank you." He wasn't like most men in that. It wouldn't do any harm if men and women too now-a-days would think a bit more of their "thank you" to one another. Any way, that wasn't a word which Gilpin framed his lips often to speak. There was plenty of grumbling and scolding, and this being wrong and the other not right, but there wasn't the smile or the "thank you" to reward folk for their trouble.

Not that I saw Gilpin. I said I couldn't be spared from my husband, and indeed I didn't often leave him.

But all those weeks that I was going about with the weight of trouble at my heart about Phil, I had another weight there too. For I could never feel that I had rightly forgiven Gilpin.

No, it wasn't real true hearty forgiveness. I told myself I didn't wish him evil; but then I didn't wish him good. I had a feeling that he right well deserved his bad knee. And I didn't care to see him or talk to him. "The less of him the better," I said.

It startled me one night to have Jamie say to me:—

"Mother, you don't talk to me so often now about the Lord Jesus as you used to do. Is it because you are so busy with father?"

I said, "I suppose so, Jamie:" and then I felt the colour come burning into my face, for I knew—all in a moment as it were—that that was not the reason. I knew the real reason was that the unforgiveness of Gilpin,

lying like a lump of ice at the bottom of my heart, was chilling the love to my Saviour, and was making the heavenly life there to grow faint. I knew it in a moment, and I felt afraid, for who could tell how far things might go?

"Jamie, you must pray God to help me," I said in a whisper, tucking him up in his bed. "I am very anxious about father, and I don't feel rightly about Gilpin."

"It's all Gilpin's fault," Jamie said softly. "And we've got to forgive him, haven't we? Father says so; I think I do forgive him too. He doesn't look happy as father does. Willie says it's his fault, mother, but he says father wouldn't like me to tell anybody."

I gave Jamie a kiss, and then I went back to my husband, and said to him:—"Jamie says, Gilpin doesn't look happy."

"No," says Phil, who was just then easier than common. "Sue, it's the first time you've spoken of him, of your own free will."

And I don't know what made me, but all at once I had my face down on the white coverlet, and I was crying and sobbing, and saying,—“Oh, Phil, I can't—I can't—forgive him,—and I'm very miserable.”

"We'll ask God to make you able," Phil says gently, and he put his hand on mine, and prayed aloud in such a beautiful way. I slipped off my chair and on my knees, and when I got up again I felt as if half the battle was gained.

"I've been waiting for this," says Phil quietly. "Sometimes I thought I'd have to speak first. Sue, our work isn't done yet. We've got to conquer Gilpin."

"I've got to conquer myself first," said I.

"That's going to be done, but it isn't you that will do it," Phil said. "And the other needn't wait for that. I've sent messages by Annie and Harry too, to ask if he'll come for a word with me, and he won't. What's to be tried now?"

"He can't walk much yet," I said.

"He can walk enough for that."

I was afraid Phil was going to say next that he wanted me to take the message: so I spoke first. "Let's send him in something nice to eat. I'll make one of my best cakes or pies."

"Well, that isn't bad," says Phil. "Mind you make it nice and relishy, so as to tempt



him. And you'd best take and give it yourself."

I didn't like that part of the matter, but somehow I couldn't refuse Phil anything. So I made a pie, and did the best I could do with it; only all the while I was grudging that it couldn't be for Phil's eating.

But somehow when I got inside next door, and saw Gilpin, I grudged it no longer. His wife was gone out, and he had dropped asleep in his chair, with the two sticks by him that he had still to use in walking. And the room seemed to me bare: for the Gilpins had not good friends like us to help them at a pinch, and having to stop work so long had been a great pull upon them. Gilpin looked changed since I had seen him last. He was grown thin and sallow and stooping, and I think I never did in all my life see such a miserable unhappy expression in any man's face. All the anger seemed to die out of my heart, and there was room for nothing but pity.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Gilpin," said I.

He gave a jump and a hallo, and grasped at one of his sticks, as if his first thought on waking was that somebody meant to do him an injury. And then he said,—"Oh, it's—" and put the stick down again.

"It's only me," I said. "I've brought you a pie of my own making. I hope you'll like it."

He actually did manage to get out a "thank-ee," and then looked half ashamed of saying so much.

"Where shall I put it?" said I.

"There, if you like," says he, in his grumpy voice, pointing to the table.

I had not meant to stay more than a moment, but somehow I sat down and got into a bit of a talk. He wouldn't say much, but he told me how his leg was, and answered me more civilly than in old days. We spoke of Harry Carter, and I said a kind word for him, hoping it might do good; and he let it pass, for a wonder, without contradicting.

When I got up to go I said:—"I shall come again, and you must come and see my husband. We haven't been over neighbourly to one another, but it isn't right, and now things must be different."

"Don't see why *you* should want that," says he bluntly.

"Well, I do," said I, "and so does my husband; and so I hope will you too."

I couldn't get any more out of him that day, but I went home, light in heart once more, for the bitterness of unforgiveness was gone. After all, Gilpin, who had done the wrong, was worse off than we to whom he had done it, and I was downright sorry for him. It's a miserable thing to be disliked and unloved.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NEIGHBOURS AT LAST.

THAT pie wasn't the last, though it was the first, we sent in. Annie had never complained, and I had taken it all along for granted that her pale cheeks came only from nursing her father and not getting enough fresh air. But a talk I had with her, the next day after the giving of the pie, showed me she had wanted other things besides air. She and her mother had just pinched themselves that Gilpin might have what he needed to eat, and even so they couldn't get along without pawning some of their furniture. So Phil and I were glad to give them a bit of help, and Phil spoke about them to Mrs. Conner next time she came to see him. She said she had not known they were in so much trouble as that, and she went to see them, and seemed quite taken with Annie. Gilpin had worked a good while for her husband, but his surly ways made him no friends, among either employers or neighbours. It's most like she had never felt sure what sort of a greeting she would have, if she called there. But she gave Mrs. Gilpin help.

I must make haste on, for I have written my story nearly long enough. I cannot go through all that long long illness of my husband's, with the ups and downs, and the hopes and fears, and the slow-growing certainty that he would never be better. Even if I had room to write it all I could not. Though many years have gone by since, it seems still too near and real, and the loss to me is still too great. Ah, there are few like my Phil! I wish there were more.

Nothing could persuade Gilpin to set foot

inside our cottage, not even when he was able to begin work again, until one day when Phil was taken suddenly worse. We thought he was dying, and he asked for Gilpin, and I just rushed in next door and would take no refusal. I couldn't bear that Phil should die with a wish denied him. I think a woman's will is sometimes stronger than a man's, when they come to pull different ways. I know Gilpin had to give in.

He came and he stood by the bedside, and he looked down on the poor wasted body which had been so hale and strong. And Phil looked smiling up at him in his breathless pain, and spoke kind words of welcome, and told him he must come again. And Gilpin said never a word, but went home, and sat for hours like one dumbfounded. I think he knew *then* what he had done; I think his sin had found him out.

Nobody thought that day that Gilpin would come again; yet Phil had a rally, as the doctor called it, and brightened up. And Gilpin left off refusing, and came whenever he was sent for, and sat by the bedside, and let Phil say what he liked.

It was only a few times after all,—only a few days. But Gilpin must have learnt some lessons in those days that he didn't know before. And chiefly he must have learnt the meaning of true Christian forgiveness.

Not that they talked of pardon. Gilpin never asked for it, or said he had been in the wrong. Indeed he never opened his lips to say a word more than he needed. And Phil never spoke of the harm Gilpin had done him. His head was full of other thoughts, full of the Saviour and the heaven he was so soon to see.

The end seemed to come quite suddenly. I don't know whether it was sudden to the doctor, but it was to me. I couldn't bear to see even Annie oftener than needed to be, till after the funeral.

But the next day after I did see Gilpin. He came to my door and begged so humbly I couldn't refuse. And, oh, if ever I felt that the way of wrong and temper and sin is a hard way, I felt it then as I looked on his haggard face.

"I've come for a word," says he, "and then I won't bother you after. I couldn't live on

here, with him gone, and you a poor widow, and me feeling what I do about it all. Mrs. Proctor, did you ever think any of it all was my fault? For it's true. I didn't mean to make your husband ill, and I didn't think to give him more than just a shove: but I could have helped doing that. It's along of my awful temper, you see. And I'm going to get work elsewhere. I can't stay in Little Sutton."

He stopped a moment for breath, and then went on.

"I never told Proctor," says he. "I ought to have told him I was sorry, but I couldn't. Seemed as if I was tongue-tied. I didn't think the end 'ud come so quick. And now I can't tell him. But I've done one thing I know he wanted. I've told Carter he shall have Annie. Proctor would have been pleased, wouldn't he?"

"Yes," I said. "He did want it, now Harry seems getting to be what one would wish for her."

"He's steady and good-tempered and hard-working; and Annie likes him amazing. So that's all settled," says Gilpin, fetching a sigh. And then he cast a glance round the inside of the cottage, and looked in my face, and said in a shaky voice:—

"I didn't mean—no, I *didn't* mean to hurt him so. But it's bad enough any way. Mrs. Proctor, I suppose it's no manner of use for me to ask you—if you'll—forgive me."

And oh, I do thank God that it was easy for me at that moment to take his hand and say, "My husband forgave you, and so do I."

"Sure?" says he.

"Yes," said I quite firm. "I am sure,—for him and for me too. And I hope we'll meet you again in heaven."

I don't know what made me say those last words: I didn't know it was really good-bye at that moment. But he just said, "God bless you,"—and then he went off. And the next day he was gone in search of work, and he didn't come back.

Mrs. Gilpin and Annie and the younger children joined him later when he had found employment. And Annie was very happy, though she had to part with Harry for a time; they couldn't hope to marry for a good bit. Still they were sure of each other; and

after due waiting they became husband and wife.

I never saw Gilpin from that time to this, and don't know whether I ever shall. But they do say he is a different man: so much gentler and sadder and more thoughtful.

My boys and I live still in the same cottage, and Mr. and Mrs. Conner never suffer me to

want. Willie bids fair to tread in his father's footsteps. Jamie seems turning out the most bookish-disposed of the two. Willie don't seem now to have any wishes beyond the trade. But if he'll be such another manly, true-hearted forgiving Christian working-man as my Phil, I'll be well content.

## Modern Hymn Writers:

### "SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



MR. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT'S  
HYMNS.

(Continued from page 83.)

I have spoken of Miss Elliott's realizing faith; we find it joined, as such faith always is, with earnest desire and effort to attain practical

holiness. This comes out beautifully in,—

#### THE BELIEVER'S WANTS.

I want that adorning Divine

Thou only, my God, canst bestow ;

I want in those beautiful garments to shine,  
Which distinguish Thy household below.

I want every moment to feel

That Thy Spirit resides in my heart,  
That His power is present to cleanse and to heal,  
And newness of life to impart.

I want, oh, I want to attain

Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee ;

That longed-for resemblance once more to regain ;  
Thy comeliness put upon me.

I want to be marked for Thine own,

Thy seal on my forehead to wear ; [stone,

To receive that "new name" on the mystic white  
Which none but Thyself can declare.

I want in Thee so to abide,

As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise !

The branch which Thou prunest, though feeble  
and dried,

May languish, but never decays.

I want Thine own hand to unbind

Each tie to terrestrial things,—

Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,  
Where my heart too tenaciously clings.

I want by my aspect serene,

My actions and words, to declare

That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,—  
That my heart's best affections are there.

I want, as a traveller, to haste

Straight onward, nor pause on my way,  
Nor forethought nor anxious contrivance to waste  
On the tent only pitched for a day.

I want,—and this sums up my prayer,—

To glorify Thee till I die ;

Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,—  
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh !

A very striking means of giving effect and actuality to such desires is pointed out in her Hymn for Saturday morning. This gives a glimpse of the detail, so to speak, of her own practical efforts in this direction, and sets a very lovely and stimulating example of holy preparation for Sabbath blessing. Our Sundays would often be very different, if our Saturdays "thus tuned with care each unseen chord within."

#### SATURDAY MORNING.

This is the day to tune with care

Each unseen chord within :

Would we for Sabbaths well prepare,  
To-day we should begin.

Before the majesty of Heaven

To-morrow we appear ;

No honour half so great is given,  
Throughout man's sojourn here.

Yet if his heart be not prepared,

His soul not meetly dressed,

In vain that honour will be shared,  
No smile will greet the guest.

We must beforehand lay aside

Our own polluted dress,

And wear the robe of Jesu's bride,  
His spotless righteousness.

We must forsake this world below,  
Forget all earthly things;  
Strive with a seraph's love to glow,  
And soar on angel wings.

The altar must be cleansed to-day,  
Meet for the offered Lamb:  
The wood in order we must lay,  
And wait to-morrow's flame.

Lord of the sacrifice we bring,  
To Thee our hopes aspire;  
Our Prophet, our High Priest and King,  
Send down the sacred fire!

After such preparation of heart, what wonder that her Sunday morning song was so rich and full. The very page seems to glow with the holy sunshine lighting up her own heart. It is a golden litany; perhaps the brightest intercessory prayer ever written, as well as one of the most comprehensive.

#### THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness,  
On this day risen to set no more,  
Shine on me now, to heal, to bless,  
With brighter beams than e'er before.

Shine on Thy work of grace within,  
On each celestial blossom there;  
Destroy each bitter root of sin,  
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

Shine on Thy pure eternal Word,  
Its mysteries to my soul reveal;  
And whether read, remembered, heard,  
Oh, let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

Shine on the temples of Thy grace;  
In spotless robes Thy priests be clad;  
There show the brightness of Thy face,  
And make Thy chosen people glad.

Shine on those unseen things, displayed  
To faith's far penetrating eye;  
And let their splendour cast a shade  
On every earthly vanity.

Shine in the hearts of those most dear,  
Disperse each cloud 'twixt them and Thee,  
Their glorious heavenward prospects clear;  
"Light in Thy light," oh, let them see!

Shine on those friends for whom we mourn,  
Who know not yet Thy healing ray:  
Quicken their souls, and bid them turn  
To Thee, "the Life, the Truth, the Way."

Shine on those tribes no country owns,  
On Judah, once Thy dwelling-place;  
"Thy servants think upon her stones,"  
And long to see her day of grace.

Shine on the missionary's home,  
Give him his heart's desire to see;  
Collect Thy scattered ones who roam;  
One fold, one Shepherd, let there be!

Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase  
The blinding film from every eye;  
Till every earthly dwelling-place  
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.

Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun!  
Pour richer floods of life and light;  
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,  
That glorious day which knows no night;

"That glorious day which knows no night" has begun for her. She does not regret now, she never did, that in early life she turned away from paths which had fair promise of earthly fame, and gave her talents all and entirely to Him who lent them to her. He gave her better things even in this life. I think *He always does*. And now, and henceforth, and for ever and ever, she has "the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," and the never-ending fulfilment of her prayer, "Let me be with Thee where Thou art."

Her transition to this consummation was another page in the ever-filling records of the Saviour's faithfulness and tender love to His children. Her sister writes:—

"In the last years and days of her life—days of increased weakness and suffering—she was sustained and blessed with a sense of her Saviour's love and her Saviour's presence, and with a sure and abiding trust in Him. . . . The last manifestation of consciousness was on the morning of her death, when, on her sister repeating to her the text for the day, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off,' she clasped her hands together; and as she raised her eyes to heaven a beam came over her countenance which showed that she fully entered into the precious words, and was realizing the glorious vision she was so soon to behold. On the evening of that day, September 22nd, 1871, without any apparent suffering or the slightest struggle, she fell asleep in Jesus."

# A MORNING THOUGHT

For each Day of the Week.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES," "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN," ETC.

## GOD'S HOLY DAY ..... Holiness.

◆ PRAY Thee, Lord, that I may grow  
◆ More like to Thee;  
◆ That every sinful thought and wish  
◆ May die in me;  
○ Until redacted on my soul  
Thine image be.  
  
I pray, that with a perfect heart  
I may obey;  
May seek Thy praise in all I do,  
Or think, or say;  
And draw, dear Saviour, to Thy side  
More near this day.

## MONDAY ..... Service for Christ.

There is work for thee in the vineyard:  
Oh, say, is thy work begun?  
The Master is calling His servants:  
Oh, say, is thy work undone?  
Then haste! for the shadows deepen,  
Then haste! for the time flits by:  
Oh, keep thy eye on the Master,  
And work, for the night draws nigh!

## TUESDAY ..... Confession of Christ.

A coward, Lord, afraid to speak  
One single word for Thee!  
Is this the sad return I make  
For all Thy love to me?  
  
Give courage to my timid heart,  
Bring out the faltering word;  
And help me bravely to confess  
My Master and my Lord.

## WEDNESDAY...Perfect Confidence.

How safe, how happy, and how blest,  
Like sheltered bird in parent nest,  
Each soul that comes to Christ for rest!  
  
O Lord, my Saviour and my King,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing  
I can do nothing else but sing,  
  
"In life, in death; by day, by night,  
No terror shall my soul affright:  
Jesus is near—and all is right!"

## THURSDAY...The Cleansing Blood.

Sinful, defiled, and burdened with my guilt,  
I come to Thee;  
For I believe Thy precious blood was spilt  
For such as me.  
  
So sin-stained and so weary is my soul,  
Saviour Divine!  
I cannot rest till Thou hast made me whole,  
And sealed me Thine.  
  
I come—unworthy, helpless, full of sin,  
I come to Thee—  
Oh, cleanse me, make me white and pure within,  
Speak peace to me!

## FRIDAY ..... Forgiven—Forgive.

For My Name's sake—canst thou not bear that alight,  
That cruel word?  
Is not the sorrow small, the burden light,  
Born for thy Lord?  
  
For My Name's sake—I see it, know it all;  
'Tis hard for thee;  
But I have loved thee so—My child, canst thou  
Bear this for Me?

## SATURDAY... Home, Sweet Home.

Oh, to be there!  
Where the weary feet shall rest at last;  
Where the grief and the pain are for ever past;  
Where the parted hands are again linked fast;  
Oh, to be there!  
  
O Saviour dear!  
When the tired heart is sad with care,  
When Satan tempts us to dark despair,  
Give us bright thoughts of the Home up there—  
O Saviour dear!  
  
Jesu, our Lord,  
When our eyes are tearful and hearts are sore,  
When we mourn o'er the loved ones gone before,  
Oh, speak of that land where they die no more—  
Jesu, our Lord.  
  
Lord, bring us there;  
There, to the sunshine, and life, and light;  
There, to the city where all is bright;  
There, where our faith will be changed to sight;  
Lord, bring us there.

## Ramblings in Churchyards and Cemeteries.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "EDIE'S LETTER," ETC.



### CHAPTER I.

KNOW no place where we may learn more than in a quiet stroll amongst the memorials of the dead. Voices seem to come back to us from those who have gone before. A sweet promise of Christ, a word of life and immortality, seems to come with double power at such times. Sometimes, too, there is a quaintness about an epitaph which creates a smile, and yet, perhaps, makes the lesson sink deeper.

The comparative responsibility of a long life is brought out in one I noticed in a cemetery at Stirling, though in rather a curious form. It is dated 1809, on one Alexander E. Miffen :

"Our life is but a winter day,  
Some only breakfast and away;  
Others to dinner stay,  
And are full fed;  
The oldest man but sups,  
And goes to bed.  
Large is his debt  
That lingers out the day;  
He that goes soonest  
Has the least to pay."

In a like pithy shape, the sorrows which man born into the world must look for, is brought out in the inscription on an infant's grave in a Cambridge churchyard. If I remember right, it is upwards of a century old. It reads thus:—

"Oped its eyes, took a peep;  
Didn't like it: went to sleep."

Very frequently we find "sculptural virtues," and the most fulsome flattery. Now and then we read a hope expressed on the tomb which were, indeed, a wretched and deceptive one, were it the confidence

of him who lies beneath. More open self-righteousness I have never seen avowed than in a few words I copied in a churchyard at St. Helier's, Jersey:—

"In memory of William Goodwin, a man of unbounded benevolence, who grounded his hope of a blessed immortality on the practice of charity, believing it to be the greatest of all virtues, and that it shall cover a multitude of sins."

What a whole bushel of errors and mistakes within a small compass! Almsgiving confounded with charity: whereas a man might give all his goods to feed the poor and yet have no charity, that is, no true, genuine love in his heart! Then for a man to ground his hope on anything he can do, whereas it is "not of works, lest any man should boast!" Again, imagining that charity or love could cover a multitude of a man's own sins, when it is but the cloke with which to cover a brother's faults, and when nothing but the precious blood and righteousness of Christ can cover one stain of guilt!

Let me give one or two bright contrasts to an epitaph like this. I remember one in a little village in Kent. It struck me as a noble rebuke to all flattery of the dead. It was over a poor man's grave, and traced on a piece of wood, which, I suppose, was all that could be afforded. It ran thus:—

"What I was the Judgment Day will declare  
Reader, what art thou?"

Not altogether unlike this are the words over a somewhat celebrated sculptor in his day—John Bacon, now lying in Westminster Abbey, and who wrote them before his death.

"What I was as an Artist seemed of some importance to me while I lived, but what I was as a Believer in Jesus Christ is the only thing of importance to me now."

(To be continued.)

## Mark Knowles, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

### A STORY OF PERSEVERANCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS."

#### CHAPTER II.

##### LIFE-PROGRESS.



HAVING escaped this "snare of the fowler," Mr. Knowles commenced saving money. In 1855, he had £33 put by, and he decided to go into busi-

ness as an accountant. He succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations, so that in twelve months he had \$500 to his credit in the bank. A natural aptitude for mechanics, and (notwithstanding his lameness) no small skill in the use of tools, impelled him to turn his attention to engineering. He fitted up a workshop at a small expense, and people began to say he was "a born mechanic."

A little later on he was brought into contact with a man who had an idea that an improvement could be made in the machinery for cotton weaving. This idea agreed with his own conclusions, and the result of their mutual experiments was a new machine, for which they took out a patent. The machine, however, proved a total failure, and by it the savings of two years were swallowed up. A dissolution of partnership was the inevitable result. Shortly afterwards a man called on Mr. Knowles to purchase one of the discarded machines. He explained that it was a failure, but the would-be purchaser set his wits to work, and, as the result of their joint operations, in four months from that time a second patent was obtained, which proved a thorough success, so much so that now there is scarcely a cotton-weaving factory in the world perhaps where one of these machines is not to be found.

Mr. Knowles next built the Walpole Iron Works, in Blackburn, and went into partnership with his old master of the shoe shop. The new enterprise flourished up to a certain point. Then came trying times, and his partner, fearing ruin, backed out of the whole concern with a small loss. Soon afterwards,

owing to several heavy English and Russian failures, Mr. Knowles in one night lost £13,000, and was thus reduced from independence almost to poverty. By the assistance of friends, however, he escaped going into the bankruptcy court, and at once reduced his expenses. It ought to be recorded that at this juncture his noble wife rendered him signal assistance by doing the work of a clerk four hours daily for three years.

His financial difficulties being over, he acquired a certain amount of popularity with the working-men of Blackburn, some of whom thought he would make a good representative in the Town Council. Mr. Knowles was accordingly selected to oppose a gentleman who contested one of the wards mainly in the interest of the brewers. Many said that he could not possibly be elected. However, a committee of one hundred and thirty working-men thoroughly canvassed the electors, most of the electioneering being done either before six in the morning, or after six in the evening. On the polling day, November 1st, 1870, his opponent, remarking that Mr. Knowles had no hope whatever, generously offered to pay his expenses if he thought fit to retire; but he preferred to persevere to the end, and was returned to the Council by a majority of sixteen, having polled 2,327 votes against 2,311. Three months later Mr. Knowles was elected Vice-Chairman of the Blackburn School-Board, and was thus enabled to add another link to the chain of useful services which he had rendered to his native town.

But it is perhaps in his character as a distinguished advocate of the Temperance movement that Mr. Knowles is best known. Next to Canon Ellison, there is probably no name more familiar to the public in connection with the work of the Church of England Temperance Society, than that of Mark Knowles. During the past five years he has addressed no less than 1,837 meetings, and travelled 123,000 miles for the furtherance of temperance work. These figures go



far to justify the remark made by the Archbishop of York, when he introduced him to a meeting of working-men at Middlesborough, as "the most indefatigable temperance worker of our time." Nor is His Grace alone in this opinion, for the lamented Bishop Selwyn, at a meeting held in the Palace, Lichfield, in 1876, described Mr. Knowles, as "the modern apostle of temperance."

Few who were present at a memorable meeting held in Lambeth Palace about five years ago under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, are likely to forget the impression made by Mr. Knowles' powerful speech upon that occasion. The succeeding speaker was the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol; and his lordship, after referring in terms of marked commendation to Mr. Knowles' able address, went on to say: "All sides ought to be represented here to-day, and as each one seems to have a sort of confession to make, I will make one myself as one of those who are all but, but not quite, total-abstainers. I am glad to avow that I am following the rule which Mr. Knowles has laid down. For some time past I have been reducing the moderate quantity I have been accustomed to take, and now avow that I am looking forward to the time when I may be able cordially to declare myself one of that body—that very honourable body,—I mean the total abstainers." The fact was, that some two months previously, Mr. Knowles had been in Gloucester, and the Bishop was the chairman of a meeting at which he explained what he termed his "experimental rule." As every one knows, Bishop Ellicott is now one of "the honourable body:" judging



by his activity and energy, his bodily health has not in the least suffered from the "experiment."

Mr. Knowles has taken a prominent part in three or four of the Church Congresses; indeed, there are few platforms on which he is not a welcome speaker. The *Church of England Temperance Chronicle* a few years since described his style so admirably, that we cannot do better than quote its remarks:—"He has something to say—and says it; and whether it be the homely but touching details of his early life and straggles,—common sense advice to working-men on the virtues of thrift and self-denial,—vivid pictures of neglected homes,—a touching episode of child-life from his experience as a Sunday-school teacher,—or a stirring appeal to the members of a Christian Church, he is equally happy, felicitous, and effective. His acquaintance with business pursuits enables him to grasp the full significance and weight which our immense and discreditable expenditure on strong drink will exercise on the future of our country, and few men have more thoroughly mastered the details of licensing legislation. In the advocacy of this great Question, the Society needed a man of the people to speak to the people, and in Mr. Knowles it has found him."

Our sketch would want its crowning point as a story of Perseverance under difficulties if we omitted to mention that Mr. Knowles, having applied himself to the study of Constitutional and Legal History, was admitted a student of the Middle Temple in the Hilary Term, 1876, and was called to the bar in Michaelmas Term, 1879.

### Trust in the Lord.

(See Illustration, page 135.)

 HE child leans on its parent's breast,  
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;  
 The bird sits singing by his nest,  
And tells aloud  
His trust in God, and so is blest  
'Neath every cloud!

He has no store, he sows no seed,  
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;  
By flowing stream or grassy mead  
He sings to shame  
Men, who forget, in fear of need,  
A Father's Name.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.



# TRUST IN THE LORD

PS. XXXVII. 3.

"Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself,  
where she may lay her young."—Ps. lxxxiv. 3.

## The Story of Robert Raikes.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "HAND AND HEART," AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

#### SUNDAY-SCHOOL LABOURS.

The Sunday School System. — The Immediate Results. — Royalty Interested. — Spread of the Movement.



**K**ING GEORGE the Third deserves to be remembered, if for nothing else, for the expression of his generous and truly patriarchal desire: "It is my wish that every poor child in my kingdom should be taught to read the Bible." What George III. wished, Robert Raikes did much to secure. Several other devoted men took part in the founding of the Sunday-school system; but Raikes, by his public advocacy of the movement, gave it a public character, and made it truly national. Local efforts did not satisfy him; and "from cottager to king, all learned of the new institution through Robert Raikes." No doubt children had been gathered together and instructed before by zealous individuals. One such labourer, "Old Jemmy o' th' Hey," used to teach the children of a village near Bolton, Lancashire, "calling them together by the ringing, not of a bell, but of an excellent substitute, an old brass pestle and mortar." Several of the clergy had also about this period formed Sunday-schools. One of them, the Rev. Thomas Stock, afterwards Raikes' co-worker in Gloucester, had a school at Ashbury in Berkshire. But the national interest in the new system may unquestionably be traced to its recognised founder.

Mr. Raikes' prison experience seems, to a very considerable extent, to have led to his Sunday-school efforts. He knew that "prevention" would be "better than cure." The children of the poor were never seen in church; and he began to lure them by kindness and trifling gifts to come to an early service held in the Cathedral on Sunday

mornings. They must have been strange-looking visitors, unless the philanthropist clothed them before they came. "Ignorant, profane, filthy, and disorderly in the extreme," is one of the many similar descriptions he gives of the children he saw around him. The darkness in their homes was Egyptian darkness. The Bishop of Chester, in 1786, thus writes of the parents of these children:—

"Our houses cannot secure us from outrage, nor can we rest with safety in our beds. The number of criminals increases so rapidly that our gaols are unable to contain them, and the magistrates are at a loss how to dispose of them. Our penal code is already sufficiently sanguinary, and our executions sufficiently numerous to strike terror into the populace; yet they have not hitherto produced any material alteration for the better, and were they multiplied a hundredfold they would probably fail of the desired effect."

Mr. Raikes' own account of the formation of his resolve must be given at length. It occurs in a letter to Colonel Townley, of Sheffield, who had written to the then Mayor of Gloucester for information respecting Sunday-schools:—

"GLOUCESTER, November 25th, 1783.

"SIR,—My friend the Mayor has just communicated to me the letter which you have honoured him with, inquiring into the nature of Sunday-schools. The beginning of this scheme was entirely owing to accident. Some business leading me one morning into the suburbs of the city, where the lowest of the people (who are principally employed in the pin manufactory) chiefly reside, I was struck with concern at seeing a group of children wretchedly ragged, at play in the streets. I asked an inhabitant whether those children belonged to that part of the town, and lamented their misery and idleness. 'Ah! sir,' said the woman to whom I was speaking, 'could you take a view of this part of the town on a Sunday, you would be shocked indeed; for then the street is filled with multitudes of these wretches, who, released that day from

employment, spend their time in noise and riot, playing at 'chuck,' and cursing and swearing in a manner so horrid as to convey to any serious mind an idea of hell, rather than any other place. We have a worthy clergyman,' said she, 'curate of our parish, who has put some of them to school; but upon the Sabbath they are all given up to follow their own inclinations without restraint, as their parents, totally abandoned themselves, have no idea of instilling into the minds of their children principles to which they themselves are entire strangers.'

"This conversation suggested to me that it would be at least a harmless attempt, if it were productive of no good, should some little plan be formed to check the deplorable profanation of the Sabbath. I then inquired of the woman if there were any decent well-disposed women in the neighbourhood who kept schools for teaching to read. I presently was directed to four. To these I applied, and made an agreement with them to receive as many children as I should send upon the Sunday, whom they were to instruct in reading and in the Church Catechism. For this I engaged to pay them each a shilling for their day's employment. The women seemed pleased with the proposal. I then waited on the clergyman before mentioned and imparted to him my plan. He was so much satisfied with the idea that he engaged to lend his assistance by going round to the schools on a Sunday afternoon to examine the progress that was made, and to enforce order and decorum among such a set of little heathens."

The clergyman to whom Raikes represents himself as going, was the Rev. Thomas Stock. He held the mastership of the Cathedral school, and was rector of St. John the Baptist with St. Aldate. He is described as one who "made it the business and pleasure of his life to go about doing good, by instruction in righteousness and in works of charity, yet who never sought the applause of men." So far as Gloucester is concerned, "he appears to have had almost as much to do with the starting of schools there as Raikes himself." Some think that in Gloucester he was the chief originator.

But whatever position is assigned to Mr.

Stock, the fact that Raikes was the recognised public founder of the Sunday-school system is, as we have already said, indisputable. He was spoken of as such at the time and in his own presence; although, with befitting humility, when, three years after the commencement of his first school, he made the system public in the columns of his newspaper, he did so without any mention of his own name, and without in any way attempting to claim credit for his share in the movement. All credit is indeed assigned to "some of the Clergy," who had identified themselves with the work.

The immediate results were most cheering. At Quarter Sessions the promoters of Sunday-schools were formally thanked by the magistrates. Bishops commended the work. Lord Ducie, noticing the unusual and singular silence and good order maintained by the children in one of the churches near his seat, became practically interested. Extracts and paragraphs from the *Gloucester Journal* were copied into other papers. Everywhere the scheme found friends. Adam Smith said:—"No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the Apostles." The poet Cowper declared that he knew no nobler means by which a reformation of the lower classes could be effected. John Wesley said, "I verily think these schools are one of the noblest specimens of charity which have been set on foot in England since the time of William the Conqueror."

Bishops and archdeacons introduced the subject in their charges. In 1789, Bishop Shute, of Salisbury, recommended the universal establishment of Sunday-schools throughout the kingdom, and stated there were already no less than 300,000 scholars in the schools established.

Royalty became interested. While visiting some relations at Windsor, probably about Christmas, 1787, Mr. Raikes had the honour of introducing his institution to the Queen. Hearing that he was in the neighbourhood, Her Majesty sent for him, and expressed a desire to know "by what accident a thought which promised so much benefit to the lower order of people as the institution of Sunday-schools was suggested to his mind, and what

effects were observable in consequence on the manners of the poor." The conversation which ensued lasted more than an hour. Her Majesty most graciously said, that she envied those who had the power of doing good by thus personally promoting the welfare of society, in giving instruction and morality to the general mass of the common people, a pleasure from which, by her situation, she was debarred. Raikes, in accordance with his invariable habit of keeping his own name out of print, makes no mention of this memorable interview in his newspaper; but it is referred to in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1788, with the comment:—

"What a glorious sentiment is this for a Queen! Were this known amongst the ladies of the British nation, it would serve to animate them with zeal to follow the example which the Queen is desirous to set before them."

Shortly afterwards, the King himself visited the Schools of Industry at Brentford, and won the hearts of all the children by his condescending behaviour.

Mrs. Trimmer and Mrs. Hannah More now threw their influences into the work. In her Somersetshire home on the Mendip Hills, Hannah More had long lamented the ignorance of the poorer classes; and as early as 1789 she endeavoured to enlighten them by means of a Sunday-school. Prior to starting her school she made a house-to-house visitation through the village, of which she says:—

"We found every house a scene of the greatest ignorance and vice: we saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot."

In five years' time there were in regular attendance at the schools established by Hannah More in this country district no less than 200 children and 200 adult scholars.

The spread of the movement was most rapid. At Leeds, in 1784, within a year of the first promulgation of the scheme in the *Gloucester Journal*, there were twenty-six schools and 2,000 scholars, taught by forty-five masters. By the next year Manchester had no less than 2,836 of its children under Sabbath instruction; "and," says the record,

"such a general conversion of manners, such a change from noise, profaneness, and vice, to quietness, decency, and order, was never seen in any former period."

John Wesley took an active part in recommending the schools. A school at Bolton, founded in 1785, was one of the earliest at which the teachers gave their services without payment. The children were here taught to sing in public worship; and Wesley speaks of the effect being such that "he defied anything to exceed it, except the singing of the angels in our Father's house."

About this time, Mr. William Fox, a friend of Mr. Raikes, aided by Mr. James Hanway, Mr. Henry Thornton, Mr. Samuel Hoare, and others, formed the first Sunday-school Society. At the first meeting of the committee, Mr. Raikes is spoken of in a resolution passed as "the original founder and liberal promoter of Sunday-schools."

In a letter to Mr. Fox, soon after, referring to an account of a school celebration at Colchester, Mr. Raikes made the following characteristic comment:—

"What a wide and extensive field of rational enjoyment opens to our view, could we allow the improvement of human nature to become a source of pleasure. Instead of training horses to the course, and viewing with delight their exertions at Newmarket, let our men of fortune turn their minds to an exhibition like that at Colchester. Impart to them a small portion of the solid enjoyment which a mind like yours must receive from the glorious sight—children more neglected than the beasts of the field now taught to relish the comforts of decency and good order, and to know that their own happiness greatly depends upon promoting the happiness of others."

The high motives of the founder and the sense of the privilege of the work of Sunday-school teaching, thus expressed, exercised a powerful influence in gradually rectifying the original error of paying teachers from 1s. to 2s. each per Sunday for their services. From 1786 to 1800 the Society we have mentioned expended no less than £4,000 in these payments. Gratuitous teaching now became more general, and the greater efficiency of the work done indicated the importance of the

change. The paying system, indeed, was proving a most serious drawback; the higher-toned teachers were repelled, and the lukewarm and inefficient tempted to undertake work in which they had no hearty interest. The simple appeal to the motive power of love became the earnest of a spiritual revival, the enduring influences of which we witness in the marvellous success and self-denying labours of Sunday-school teachers in the present day.

About this time Mr. Charles of Bala introduced the Sunday-school in Wales, and instrumentally the British and Foreign Bible Society sprang out of the seed thus planted. A dear child, it was discovered, for lack of a Bible in her own village, had been accustomed to travel every week seven miles over the hills to find one from which she could read the chapter from which the minister took his text. Mr. Charles heard of this, and the next time he went to London he urged his friends there to assist in forming a Bible Society for Wales. A Bible Society for the world was the result.

The school in the parish of St. Mary de Crypt, in which Mr. Raikes himself taught, was known as "Raikes's Own." It was held in a private dwelling-house in Southgate Street, almost opposite Raikes's residence. The teacher, a Mrs. Sarah Critchley, lived next door, and was paid for her services at

the rate of one shilling a Sunday, with firing and gratuities worth an additional sixpence. The one essential qualification for the admission of scholars was cleanliness. "All that I require," said Raikes to the parents, "are clean hands, clean faces, and their hair combed." None were turned away because their clothes were dirty or ragged. "If you have no clean shirt, come in that you have on," said Raikes; and when the ragamuffins pointed to their tattered garments and shoeless feet as excuses for their non-attendance, Raikes argued with them, "If you can loiter about without shoes and in a ragged coat, you may as well come to school and learn what may tend to your good."

Emulation was excited by the occasional distribution of little rewards, such as books, combs, shoes, or articles of apparel, to the most diligent. The vice of profane swearing, at that time fearfully prevalent amongst all classes, was one against which the scholars were frequently warned, and the leaders were charged to report to the teachers every instance of the use of bad language in school. "The great principle I inculcate," wrote Raikes, "is to be kind and good-natured to each other; not to provoke one another; to be dutiful to their parents; not to offend God by cursing and swearing; and such little plain precepts as all may comprehend."

## Aut with Kernels.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

### X. A SECRET.



HAT is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Dr. Arnold: "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labour, and nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained by the labour of a lifetime; but it is not to be purchased at a less price." "There is but one method," said Sydney Smith, "and that is hard labour." "Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

### XI. BREATH OR BREEZE.

"A BREATH of encouragement sends round the mill:

A breeze of disparagement makes it stand still."

### XII. "IT'S ALL THINE OWN."

A POOR Macedonian soldier was one day leading before Alexander a mule laden with gold for the king's use. The beast being so tired that he was not able either to go or sustain the load, the mule-driver took it off, and carried it himself with great difficulty a considerable way. Alexander seeing him just sinking under the burthen, and about to throw it on the ground, cried out:—"Friend, do not be weary yet; try and carry it quite through to thy tent, for it is all thine own."

## Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.



### XV. THE ONE TOO MANY.

THIS is the significant inscription on a public-house signboard, which we came across during a ramble in Lancashire a few years ago. The locality is not very far from the resi-

dence of the eminent statistical authority, Mr. Wm. Hoyle, who has recently been showing that there are a great many more than "one too many" public houses.

According to Mr. Hoyle, there are at the present time about 185,000 houses in the United Kingdom where intoxicating liquors are sold, or one drink-shop to every 36 houses throughout the kingdom. If the houses were put end to end, and fourteen yards of frontage allowed to each, they would form a street of houses 750 miles long. Such a street would stretch from Land's End in Cornwall, to John O'Groats at the extreme north of Scotland, and would reach 140 miles beyond that. Or, if we take another view of the drinking system, and concentrate all the public-houses, beershops, etc., together in one county, say the county of Stafford, which is the most densely populated of all the midland counties, it would swallow up all the houses in Staffordshire, with its population of 860,000 people, and some 15,000 more houses would be needed before all the drinksellers were accommodated.—*Hand and Heart.*

### XVI. SIR MATTHEW HALE'S ADVICE.

SHORTLY before his death Chief Justice Hale wrote to his grandchildren:—

"I will not have you begin or pledge any health; for it is become one of the greatest artifices of drinking, and occasions of quarrelling in the kingdom. If you pledge one health, you oblige yourself to pledge another, and a third, and so onwards; and if you pledge as many as will be drunk, you must be debauched and drunk. If they will needs know the reason of your refusal, it is a fair answer: 'That your grandfather, that brought you up, from whom, under God, you have the

estate you enjoy or expect, left this in command with you, that you should never begin or pledge a health.'"

### XVII. THE POWER OF THE PENNY.

From the First Annual Report of the Plymouth Coffee-house Company, we learn that the balance-sheet is a very satisfactory one for the three houses now in operation. Taking the Borough Arms alone, £2,855 6s. 1d. have been received over the counter in the twelve months just closed. This sum represents 685,273 penny cups, or other transactions; and taking the two other houses into consideration as well, nearly a million similar transactions have taken place over the company's bars.

### XVIII. SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S TESTIMONY.

From the published correspondence of Sir Charles Napier we extract the following:—

"To Private James N—y,

"I have your letter. You tell me you give satisfaction to your officers, which is just what you ought to do, and I am very glad to hear it, because of my regard for every one reared at Castletown, for I was reared there myself. However, as I and all belonging to me have left that part of the country for more than twenty years, I neither know who Mr. Tom Kelly is, nor who your father is; but I would go far any day in the year to serve a Celbridge man, or any man from the barony of Salt, in which Celbridge stands; that is to say, if such a man behaved himself like a good soldier and not a drunken vagabond, like James J—e, whom you knew very well if you are a Castletown man. Now, Mr. James N—y, as I am sure you are, and must be a remarkably sober man, as I am myself, or I should not have got on so well in the world as I have done, I say, as you are a remarkably sober man, I desire you to take this letter to your captain, and ask him to show it to your lieutenant-colonel, with my best compliments to have you in his memory; and if you are a remarkably sober man, mind that, James N—y, a remarkably sober man, like I am, and in all ways fit to be a lance corporal,



I will be obliged to him for promoting you now and hereafter. But if you are like James J—e, then I sincerely hope he will give you a double allowance of punishment, as you will deserve for taking up my time, which I am always ready to spare for a good soldier, but not for a bad one. Now, if you behave well, this letter will give you a fair start in

life; and if you do behave well, I hope soon to hear of your being a corporal. Mind what you are about, and believe me your well wisher,—

“CHARLES NAPIER,  
Major-General and Governor of Scinde,  
because I have always been a remarkably sober man.”

### Billy and Me; or, Out in the Hay.



HERE the pools are bright and deep,  
Where the grey trout lies asleep:  
Up the river and o'er the lea—  
That's the way for Billy and me!

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest:  
Where the nestlings chirp and flee—  
That's the way for Billy and me!

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,  
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;

There to trace the homeward bee—  
That's the way for Billy and me!

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
Where the shadow falls the deepest:  
Where the clustering nuts fall free—  
That's the way for Billy and me!

And this I know: I love to play  
Through the meadows, among the hay;  
Up the water and o'er the lea—  
That's the way for Billy and me!

JAMES HOGG.

### The Foundation of True Teaching.

**B**ELIEVE from my soul, that the clear and full bringing out of the Person, Office, and Work of Christ, our only Saviour, and Him crucified, is the only foundation of true teaching. I should dread to speak a word which should lead a single soul to look to his own good works, or repentance, or anything in himself, as in any sense, or

under any reservation, the cause of his acceptance with God; and I should fear no less to put any other thing, name, or notion, whether devised by man or an abused ordinance of God, between Christ and the soul as the Giver of all its life, the Bestower of God's grace, and so the Continuer no less than the Author of its spiritual being.”—  
*The late Bishop Wilberforce.*

### “Father Knows.”

**J**OHNNY, don't you think you have got as much as you can carry?” said Frank to his brother, who was standing with open arms, receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. “You've got more than you can carry now.”

“Never mind,” said Johnny, in a sweet, happy voice; “my father knows how much I can carry.”

How long it takes many of us to learn the

lesson little Johnny had by heart—“Father knows how much I can carry!” No grumbling, no discontentment, but a sweet trust in our Father's love and care that we shall not be overburdened! The Holy Spirit alone can teach us how to trust God as little Johnny did his father; for He alone can “reveal” to us “the love of God which passeth knowledge.” Let us ask Him to do so, on our knees—“LORD, TEACH THOU ME!”



BILLY AND ME: OUT IN THE HAY.

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXI. THE CENTENARY CALL.

BY THE REV. PATTON HOOD.\*



COME from the wilderness,  
Come from the city's press,  
Come from the village rude,  
Come from the solitude;  
Come, with glad voices, and raise them to-day!

Come with the infant's song,  
Let age the strain prolong;  
Come with the organ's peal,  
Come with the trumpet's swell;

Come ye to praise the Lord, come ye to pray.

Where the weeds wildest grow,  
Where streams are black and slow,  
Where dewless rocks were seen,  
Where earth was no more green,  
Where no flow'rs shed their sweets, lighting the way;  
There, lo! the trees of God,  
Full of sap, nobly nod;  
There, to the earth and skies,  
There children's voices rise!  
There let us praise the Lord! there let us pray!

Praise to the loving Lord!  
He gave the cheerful word;  
Praise for the lovely feet,  
Over the mountains fleet;  
Great is the army of Teachers to-day!  
Pray that they still may be  
Firm in their loyalty;  
Still may they nobly stand,  
Sentries around our land!

Come ye to praise the Lord! come ye to pray!

## XXII. THE SEA-BOY'S GRAVE.

A touching story is told of one of Raikes' scholars under the title of "The Sea-Boy's Grave." The writer relates that he once voyaged home from the West Indies in a ship on board of which were a notoriously wicked sailor and a cabin boy who had received instruction in one

of Raikes' Gloucester schools. The boy's name was Pelham, but among the crew he was known as "Jack Raikes." In the course of the voyage the sailor was struck down with fever; and, as he daily grew worse, it was feared that he would die, unrepentant and without hope. "Jack Raikes," however, obtained leave to nurse him. He watched over him with womanly tenderness, told him of the Saviour he had learnt about at school, and prayed with him constantly and earnestly for salvation in the Saviour's Name.

After a while the hard heart melted, and bitterly were the sins of a past misspent life deplored. Then came to this poor seaman, in quick succession, the consciousness of the Saviour's forgiving love, and a triumphant entrance into God's kingdom of glory.

A few days afterwards a storm came on. The stout ship, while nearing her destination, was driven far out of her course. With relentless fury the tempest hurried her to destruction on a sunken rock off the northern coast of Scotland; and the sailors, as a last hope, took to the boats. The boat in which "Jack Raikes" found a place was soon overturned by the angry waves, and, next morning, his body was among the number of those that strewed the neighbouring shore. The writer of the narrative, who got safely to land with a spar to which he had lashed himself, thus describes the appearance of poor Jack:—

"His countenance wore a sweet and heavenly expression, and, stooping down, I robbed his bare head of a little lock of auburn hair that lay upon his temple. His effects—alas! how poor, and yet how rich—were spread upon the table in the room, and consisted of a little leather purse in which were a well-kept half-crown and a solitary sixpence. His Bible, which he had ever counted his chief riches, and from which he had derived treasures of wisdom, was placed by his side. I took it up, and observed, engraved on its clasps of brass, these words: 'The gift of Robert Raikes to J. R. Pelham.' 'O Raikes,' thought I, 'this is one gem of purest light indeed: still, it is but one of the many thousand gems which shall encircle thy radiant head in that day when the Lord of Hosts shall make up His jewels.'—From "What Do We Owe Him?"

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. <sup>1</sup>WHERE is one thing which Christ is never recorded to have done, but which is specially held out as a promised blessing to His people—what is it?
2. Who was taken to the city of Babylon when it was at the height of its greatness, yet never saw its wonders?
3. Is there anything to mark the turning-point in Enoch's life, when he really became a man of faith?
4. When did the ear recognise Christ when the eye had failed to do so?
5. Where did the money come from which supplied the first charitable institution of which we read in the Bible?
6. How can we show that the Holy Ghost is God from the history of Noah's flood?
7. Why was the ministry of our Blessed Lord confined only to the Jews?
8. What proof have we of St. Paul's strong sense of moral obligation in his natural state, as well as when he was in a state of grace?

9. When was the gift of a crown offered in return for the gift of bread?

10. Where do we find in one verse of Scripture the strongest testimony to the personality, the agency, the apostasy, and influence of Satan?

11. What heathen king gave command that God's people should pray for the Royal family?

12. What were the excuses made by the educated and uneducated Jews in Old Testament times for neglecting the Scriptures?

## ANSWERS. (See MAY No., Page 119.)

- I. Luke xix. 41., xxiii. 39. II. Exod. xxxiii. 10. III. Luke xvi. 31. IV. Num. xxxi. 49-50. V. Prov. vi. 30-33. VI. John iv. 4. VII. Exod. xvii. 6; Judg. vi. 31; Job xxix. 6; Ps. lxxxi. 16. VIII. Prov. xxx. 18, 19. IX. Deut. viii. 10. X. Ps. lxxiii. 3. XI. John xxi. 9; compare John xviii. 19. XII. Deut. xxvi. 5.

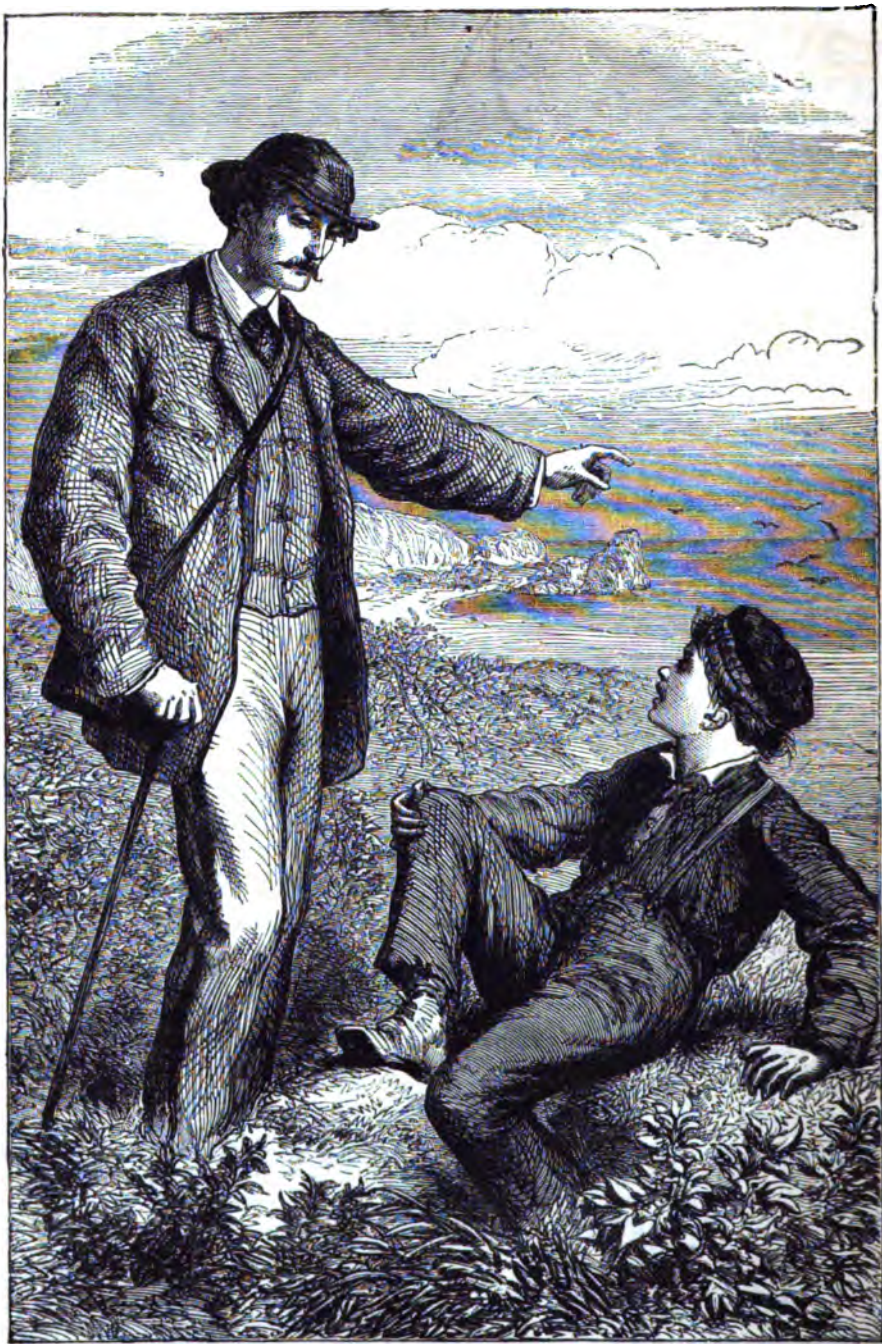
\* "From Robert Raikes the Man of Gloucester," a musical memoir. (London: 56, Old Bailey). A capital help for Centenary Celebrations.











THE LIGHT OF HOME.



# HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

---

## The Light of Home.

BY S. J. HALE.



Y boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
And thy spirit will sigh to roam ;  
And thou must go ; but never, when there,  
Forget the light of Home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,  
It dazzles to lead astray :  
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night  
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of Home has a constant flame,  
And pure as vestal fire :  
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,  
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,  
And thy hopes may vanish like foam ;  
But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,  
Then look to the light of Home.

And then, like a star through the midnight cloud,  
Thou shalt see the beacon bright !  
For never, till shining on thy shroud,  
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name ;  
But the heart ne'er felt its ray ;  
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,  
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,  
Should life's wretched wanderer come !  
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,  
Then turn to the light of Home.



## Mrs. Treadwell's Cook :

### A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EMILY S. HOLT, AUTHOR OF "THE MAIDENS' LODGE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.



MRS. TREADWELL IN WANT  
OF A COOK.

MRS. DOROTHY TREADWELL was sweeping out the shop one fine May morning in the year 1471, just about four hundred years ago. The shop was

a tailor's, and it stood on the south or shady side of Bucklersbury, in the heart of the city of London. Over the door swung a signboard; for every house had one in 1471, which was nearly three hundred years before houses in towns were numbered. The sign in this case was a green griffin. Now a griffin is a creature that never walked on the earth nor flew in the air, being a fanciful monster with the head and fore feet like those of an eagle, the tail and hind paws of a lion, and a handsome pair of wings springing out of the middle of its back. Where the shop-windows would now be there were square openings, the shutter of which being let down formed a stand, upon which the tailor's cloth, trimmings, hats, and hose, were displayed; for a tailor's stock then often included those of a hatter and hosier also. The house on the right hand was occupied by a baker, who displayed a silver fish on his signboard; that on the left by a bowyer, namely a seller of bows and arrows, which at that time were genuine and formidable weapons of war. The bowyer's signboard was a standing vexation to Mrs. Treadwell, for it represented a "silent woman"—otherwise, a lady without a head—which Mrs. Treadwell very properly regarded as a libel on her sex. Nothing on earth would have induced her to submit to such an insult swinging over her shop door.

Mrs. Treadwell was attired in the fashion of her day. She wore a "rayed" or striped serge gown, black and green in colours, and a heart-shaped head-dress of light brick-coloured camlet, studded with tinsel buttons.

Under this head-dress her hair was completely tucked away, out of sight. The dress was made long and full, with sleeves very wide from the shoulder to the elbow, but quite tight at the wrist. Round a very short waist was a band several inches broad. The shoes were long and pointed.

As to her personal characteristics, Mrs. Treadwell was of moderate height, and extremely fat. The sweeping business was evidently irksome to her, and she puffed and sighed while she did it. Her apparent age was thirty-five or forty.

Was she a person of any consequence? In the eyes of her neighbours not by any means: but there was one person to whom she was the sun and centre of the world, and that person was Dorothy Treadwell. She was never tired of telling people that she had come down in the world when she graciously condescended to marry Master Humphrey Treadwell. It might be the case that other people could not see very much condescension in the matter; and some, whose sincerity was greater than their civility, had been bold enough to tell her so. Mrs. Dorothy thereupon flew into what Master Humphrey called a tantrum. Was she not a Cordiner by birth? and had she not the Cordiner nose? Was not her father a grocer?—a wholesale grocer, mark you, not a retail one. And a wholesale grocer (in Mrs. Dorothy's eyes) was as much above a retail tailor as a king was above a chimney-sweep.

Master Humphrey Treadwell was a quiet, humble individual, who never contradicted anybody, and least of all his wife. She might have said "obey" in the marriage service, but it was he who did it in practice.

The remainder of the tailor's family consisted of Master Humphrey's sister, Kate Treadwell, who was many years younger than himself; his only child, Lucy, the heiress of the cloth of Master Humphrey and the Cordiner nose of Mrs. Dorothy; the apprentice boy, George, as much given to mischief

as most healthy boys of fifteen are; and two maid-servants, a cook and a housemaid.

It was not by any means the habit of the condescending Mrs. Dorothy to sweep out the shop; and she considered it a great hardship on this particular morning. It was George's business. But George had other business on hand, of more importance (to him), and had not been heard of since the previous evening. Master Humphrey was carrying home a bundle of clothes to a customer at a distance; Lucy was away on a visit to her uncle; the cook had been married the day before; the housemaid had most inconsiderately allowed herself to be taken ill. There was only Kate left, and she was attending to the cooking. Mrs. Treadwell, in consequence, felt herself very ill-used by circumstances, and not at all properly considered by Providence. She sighed heavily as she knocked her broom on the door-step to get rid of the dust.

"Good-morrow, Cousin Dorothy!" said a cheerful voice at her side. "What! doing your own sweeping this fresh morrow?"

"Eh, Cousin Roger!—give you good morrow!" responded Mrs. Treadwell, setting the broom in the corner, and offering her cheek to her cousin's greeting. (People did not shake hands, but kissed each other, in those days). "My own sweeping?—aye, am I, and like to do it yet again. I'm in such a peck of trouble, Cousin, as never mortal woman was. And how goes it with Nell and the lads?"

"They all fare well, God be thanked," said Roger Cordiner, lifting his cap for a moment as he uttered the Divine Name. "And what is all your trouble, Cousin Doll?—if a man may know it."

"Forsooth, and you may so: but come in, Cousin Roger; 'tis not meet you should stand without. Mine husband shall be back shortly, and then shall we break fast," said Mrs. Treadwell, leading the way into the kitchen.

"Nay, for I brake mine two hours gone, Doll," answered Roger, with a twinkle in his eye, well knowing that it was not one of Dorothy's failings to get up too early in the morning.

"Two hours, quotha!" exclaimed she. "Now, just look you here, Cousin; here be all the work of this house upon Kate and me. There's Joan sick a-bed in the garret, and

George a-gaumering somewhither taking of his pleasure, the lack-halter rascal!—and what in the world possessed yon Cicely to go and be wed yestermorn, and leave me in this cumber, I'm a Frenchwoman if I know! Could you but hear of any maid that lacked a place, whether as cookmaid or chambermaid, she were as welcome to me as flowers in May, and I would not stand to a crown piece for wages. Kate is nought of a cook, yet she must look to it, for I cannot abide yon fire. Eh dear, dear!—was ever poor woman so put about?"

And Mrs. Treadwell dropped into a chair, and wiped her exhausted face with a red linen handkerchief.

"Well, Cousin Doll," answered Roger, "'tis somewhat pat, though I did not look for it, that part of mine errand hither this very morrow was to ask of you if you wist of any that lacked a cookmaid. There is a maid of Nell's acquaintance, that she would fain serve, a-looking out but now; and I know she would be right glad to put her to serve you. If you think not she is o'er young—she hath but seventeen years."

"If she has hands and eyes, and a willing mind, and will but do as she is bid, Cousin Roger, I will never stick at her years.—Ah, here thou art, Humphrey!"

Mr. Treadwell, a meek-looking little man with a slight limp, greeted his wife's cousin very humbly and cordially. It was his wont to be humble with every one, but in particular with Roger Cordiner, who was the most distinguished of Mrs. Dorothy's connections. Had he not, in bygone days, been a serving-man in the household of the great Earl of Warwick? The servant of a nobleman, in those times, was considered far above a tradesman, however prosperous.

The party sat down to breakfast. On the table were boiled beef, cheese, and brawn, rolls of bread hot from the oven, biscuits, and beer. (Tea and coffee had never been heard of then.) The clock struck eight as they began, which was then thought a very late hour for breakfast.

Kate felt it necessary to apologise for the bread, which her conscience told her was heavy: "but you know, my masters, I am nought of a cook," said she humbly.

"But look thou, Humphrey; Cousin Roger wist of a cookmaid that shall serve my turn," joyfully added Mrs. Treadwell. "When can she come, Roger, think you? I would fain have her a-work as soon as may be."

"Why, to-morrow, for aught I know," said Roger. "I reckon her goods and chattels shall not break many mules' backs."

"Is she strong and willing, Master Cordiner?" inquired Kata.

"Willing enough, in good sooth," was the answer; "but as for strong— You had best see her and judge for yourselves."

Mrs. Treadwell looked rather uneasy at this remark.

"Eh, Cousin, one a-bed is enough at once!" said she.

"Nay, not so bad as that. You'll not find her a-bed, Doll, I count."

## CHAPTER II.

### A CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

"AND what news abroad, an' it like you, Master Cordiner?" demanded Mr. Treadwell, having humbly waited to put his question till every one else seemed to have finished.

There was news enough; for seldom has there been a more stirring year in England than 1471. The Wars of the Roses were just over. For sixteen years "the lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown," and England was deluged from end to end with blood. Now King Edward was uppermost, and now King Henry; and the people, many of whom probably understood very little of the real gist of the matter, followed one or the other according as their early training led them. The dispute between them was really as follows.

Just a hundred years before this time, the old law of succession had been altered in England. The famous Black Prince, who died before his father, Edward III., had left a son behind him. Now, according to the present law, this son would just have stepped into his father's place, and would have been king after his grandfather. But the old law said: "No! The king's son must succeed the king. This child is not the king's son. The

link which bound him to the throne is gone; he is no more than any other nobleman. The next son of the king takes his dead brother's place." But in this case it happened that King Edward was very anxious that his little grandson, Richard, the child of his favourite son, should be his successor. His second son, Lionel, was dead too; but he had only left a daughter, and nobody ever thought of her. The third son, John, was alive; but he was not at all popular, and he had no wish to be a king. He willingly seconded his father's desire, and the law of succession was changed by Act of Parliament to what it is now. All the Lords and Commons swore to receive and obey the little Prince Richard as their next king, and the very first to take this oath was his uncle Prince John, who under the old law should have been king himself.

Things would most likely have gone pretty smoothly if Prince John had not had a son Henry, a child of ten years old, who took the oath to accept his cousin as king. But he was far more ambitious than his father, and he always considered that he had been tricked out of his rights. For twenty-three years, during which Richard reigned, Henry made him as uncomfortable as ever he could, and at the end of that time he thrust him off the throne, and sat down in his place. Poor King Richard lived only a few weeks afterwards; and how he died God knows, for men never knew with certainty. But he left no child to dispute the crown with his cousin Henry, who reigned for thirteen years as King Henry IV., and then went to give in his account at the bar of God. His son, Henry V., succeeded him peaceably enough; and he became so popular, from his successes in war with France, that nobody wished to disturb either him or his son, Henry VI., though the son was only a baby when he came to the throne. But as Henry VI. grew up he proved to be a very different sort of man from either his father or his grandfather. He was a good man, but not at all suited for a king in those stormy and warlike times. Beside this, he was subject to occasional fits of madness; and of course, during these times, a Regent had to be appointed to transact the affairs of state. The person upon

whom the nobles fixed as Regent was the king's cousin, Richard, Duke of York.

Now, Richard was descended from Prince Lionel, King Edward's second son, who had left only a daughter. He was her son's daughter's son. And when he found himself in the position of Regent, which he seems to have liked, he began thinking that he had a better right to be king than Henry himself. He had no reason to be attached to the family of Henry IV., who had been extremely cruel to several of Richard's relations. And the more he thought about it, the more satisfied he was that Henry was a usurper, and that he, Richard, ought to be King of England. He had just come nicely to this conclusion, when King Henry recovered from one of his attacks of insanity; and when Henry, in his gentle way, thanked his cousin for taking care of his affairs, and intimated that he was now able to manage for himself, Richard replied that he preferred to stay where he was, as he considered that he had much the best right to be there.

So began the Wars of the Roses. Henry took for his badge a red rose, and Richard a white one. The struggle between them was very long and bloody; Richard was killed in one of the battles, but it made no difference, for he left three sons who continued the war. These were Edward IV., George Duke of Clarence, and Richard Duke of Gloucester. We shall hear more of them presently.

The greatest and richest nobleman in the kingdom, at this time, was Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. He is said to have had an annual income of eighty thousand crowns; which, allowing for the difference in the value of money, would be equal to three hundred thousand pounds in our day. Six hundred retainers wore his livery—livery was much more commonly worn then, and was not restricted to servants; and six oxen were dressed every day for the breakfasts of his household. This magnificent nobleman, instead of throwing the weight of his influence into one scale, took part first with one of the royal claimants, and then with the other. He married his elder daughter, Isabel, to George Duke of Clarence, the brother of King Edward; and his younger daughter, Anne, to Edward Prince of Wales,

the only child of King Henry. As the Earl had no son, these two young ladies would inherit all his vast wealth. Whether Henry or Edward therefore proved the final conqueror, the Earl of Warwick would have a friend at court.

This world holds a good many people of the Earl of Warwick's description. Sometimes, however, they overreach themselves.

It was now the beginning of June, 1471. News of battles and changes of all kinds had kept coming to London: but the Treadwells were very ignorant as to particulars, and glad to know as much as Roger Cordiner could tell them. He was much better informed than they were, for though he had not followed his master to battle, he had received all the news from persons who had been there.

"And my good Lord your master,—where is he now become, Master Cordiner?" asked Humphrey.

"My master? Dear heart!—he fell at Barnet, Master Treadwell, this last fourteenth of April, when King Henry, that was, was captivated."

When we say "captivated" now, we mean pleased and delighted; but in Roger's days it meant taken prisoner.

"God have mercy of his soul!" muttered Humphrey.

"And when news thereof was brought to the Queen Margaret's grace," continued Roger, "she came in haste from France with my Lord Prince her son, and my young lady the Princess, and took command herself of the army. Her army and King Edward his men came together at Tewkesbury, this last fourth of May, and after a great battle the Queen Margaret was taken, and the Prince and the Princess, and the Prince's grace was brought afore King Edward in his tent on the field."

"My Lord Prince was but a youth, was he not, Master Cordiner?"

"But a youth of eighteen years, Master Treadwell; and he the fairest and most well-favoured young man that eyes may lightly see. And in the tent were King Edward and both his brethren, my noble Lords of Clarence and Gloucester. Then asked King Edward of my Lord Prince what moved him to take up arms against him. And he, hold

as could be, made answer that he came to recover the heritage of his father."

"Good lack!" exclaimed both Humphrey and Kate.

"Which he had no sooner said," Roger went on, "than King Edward strake him in the face with his gauntlet; and then first my Lord of Clarence, and after, every man in the tent saving my Lord of Gloucester, fell on him, and in a minute he lay on the floor of the tent, thrust through with a score of daggers."

"Eh, pity of his soul!" cried compassionate Kate.

"But wherefore, think you, held my Lord's Grace of Gloucester back?" Humphrey wanted to know.

"Methinks," said Roger softly, "it should be by reason he loveth my young lady."

"My Lady Princess?"

"Aye. They were playfellows, look you, of old days when they were little childer; and afore ever my young lady wedded my Lord Prince, my Lord's Grace of Gloucester would right fain have won her to wed with him."

"And she chose rather to wed with my Lord Prince?"

Roger nodded. "Methinks it should be for her sake that my Lord drew not his sword upon him she loved. Howbeit, some three weeks later, as you know, King Edward came unto London, and with him these two poor gentlewomen, prisoners,—the Queen Margaret and the Lady Princess."

"And what was done unto them?"

"The Queen Margaret was sent unto the Tower. For my young lady, what should have been done with her cannot I say: but afore ever King Edward could give command touching her, that very even she was found missing, and nought never heard since."

The dialogue had been rather impatiently borne by Dorothy, who heartily wished it would keep nearer her level. She was very anxious to know more of her new cook, who was of vastly more importance in her eyes than all the kings and politics in the world. She tried once or twice to turn the conversation in the direction she wanted it to take; but both Humphrey and Kate were so interested that Dorothy's efforts were a failure. It was not every day that queens were sent to prison, or that princesses disappeared in an unaccountable manner.

(To be continued.)

## A Centenary Hymn for Sunday Scholars.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "WOODNOTES AND CHURCH BELLS."



O, the birds are sweetly singing;  
I would let my voice be heard;  
Mercies more each dawn is  
bringing

Unto me than any bird.

Lo, the bees are softly humming  
As they toil from bloom to bloom;  
Be each duty, as 'tis coming,  
Met with gladness not with gloom.

Lo, the streams are brightly flowing:  
All their banks with flowers are fair;  
Let my life with love be glowing,  
Blest and blessing everywhere.

Lo, the trees are gently swaying  
To the changes of the wind;  
Let my heart be still obeying  
Motions of God's Spirit kind.

Lo, the clouds are ever moving:  
To dry meadows bringing rain;  
Let me still be working, loving,  
Helping want, and soothing pain.

Lo, the sun is mounting gaily,  
But is silent as he walks;  
Let me do my duty daily,  
Still like one who works not talks.

Lord, Thou art my King and Saviour,  
Thou Thyself a child hast been;  
Let me copy Thy behaviour  
As at Nazareth Thou wast seen.

Thou wast subject to Thy Mother,  
Thou didst labour with Thine hands;  
Thee I'll follow, and no other,  
And obey Thy sweet commands.

Thy young eyes God's Word did ponder,  
Thy meek heart God's Word did love;  
From that Word let me not wander,  
Precious wisdom from above.

LONDONBOROUGH RECTORY, June, 1880.

Chiefly in that Sacred Story  
Let me view Thy dying grace :  
Grace which bought us endless glory,  
And the right to see Thy Face !



## Frances Ridley Havergal in the Sunday School.

IN the "Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal" \* just published, a "sister's loving touch" has indeed fittingly as well as most ably "united the several links" in the touching, winning, and impressive "life story" of "one of the noblest and truest-hearted and most loyal of the King's servants."

Where all is absorbingly interesting it is difficult to select : but we think the parents, and Sunday scholars also, who read *Home Words*, will appreciate a glimpse at this devoted worker in the Sunday School.

We are told that "F. R. H.'s" Sunday School work was a loved employment. In the neatly kept register, entitled "My

Sunday Scholars, from 1846 to 1860," each child's birthday, entrance date, occurrences in their home, general impressions of their character, and subsequent events in their life, are all carefully noted. While absent for a few weeks, Frances writes : "My dear children have kept up quite a correspondence with me, and printing all my answers is quite a work of time and patience, but one I do not grudge. Some of their letters are very sweet and encouraging, and all are at least affectionate and interesting."

The special extract we want to give from the volume is taken from the register referred to ; and was written on the last page in March, 1860 on her leaving the parish of St. Nicholas, Worcester.

### "MY SUNDAY SCHOLARS' REGISTER.

[The last page.]

"I did not think when I ruled this page that it would be unfilled. Yet so it is, and the last of my dear second class fills its first space. He who appointeth the bounds of our habitation has, in manifest providence, removed our own after fifteen years' sojourn. And it will probably be some time ere I again have a regular class to care for, as other claims will fill my Sunday hours.

"Among all my St. Nicholas' memories, none will be fonder or deeper than my class. I cannot tell any one how I loved them, I should hardly be believed. No one in the parish, either rich or poor, called forth the same love that they did. Neither could I tell how bitter and grievous any misbe-

haviour among them was to me : no one knows the tears they have cost me ; and because no one guessed at the depth of either the love or the sorrow, I had but little sympathy under disappointments with them.

"Teaching my class has been to my own soul a means of grace. Often, when cold and lifeless in prayer, my nightly intercession for them has unsealed the frozen fountain, and the blessings sought for them seemed to fall on myself.

"Often and often have my own words to them been as a message to myself of warning or peace. My only regret is that I did not spend more time in preparing my lessons for them, not more on their account than my own, for seldom have Bible truths

\* "Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal." By her Sister, M. V. G. H. (London : J. Nisbet, & Co.)

seemed to reach and touch me more than when seeking to arrange and simplify them for my children. Therefore, I thank God that these children have been entrusted to me!

"For some time past several of them have come to me, once a week, for separate reading and prayer. These times I have enjoyed very much. I rather dissuaded than otherwise, unless any real desire after salvation was manifested; and I do think that this was so far effectual that nearly all of those who did come were, at least at the time, truly in earnest on the great question. I have one token of their love, given me, not by the then existing '2nd class,' but by those of both 1st and 2nd who were 'my children.' This I treasure for their sakes, yet the remembrance of their love is more than its outward sign.

"I trust it has been *true* bread which I have cast upon these waters; my Saviour

knows, and He only, my earnest longings that these little ones should be His own. I think I am quite content now that others should see the fruit, so that it be but truly borne; that others should enter into my feeble and wanting labours. But, in dear papa's words, I do most fervently pray,

'May all whose names are written here,  
In the Lamb's Book of Life appear!'

"F. R. H., *March, 1860.*"

During the present month the hearts of many parents will be prompting a thankful acknowledgment of the "labour of love" in which the Sunday School Teachers of England are engaged. This glimpse at the true nature and high aims of their work, as exemplified by one of their number, will, we are sure, help to deepen parental gratitude and incite parental prayer for the Divine blessing upon those who teach and those who are taught.

### John George Naish :

#### ONE OF ENGLAND'S ARTISTS.

BY THE EDITOR.



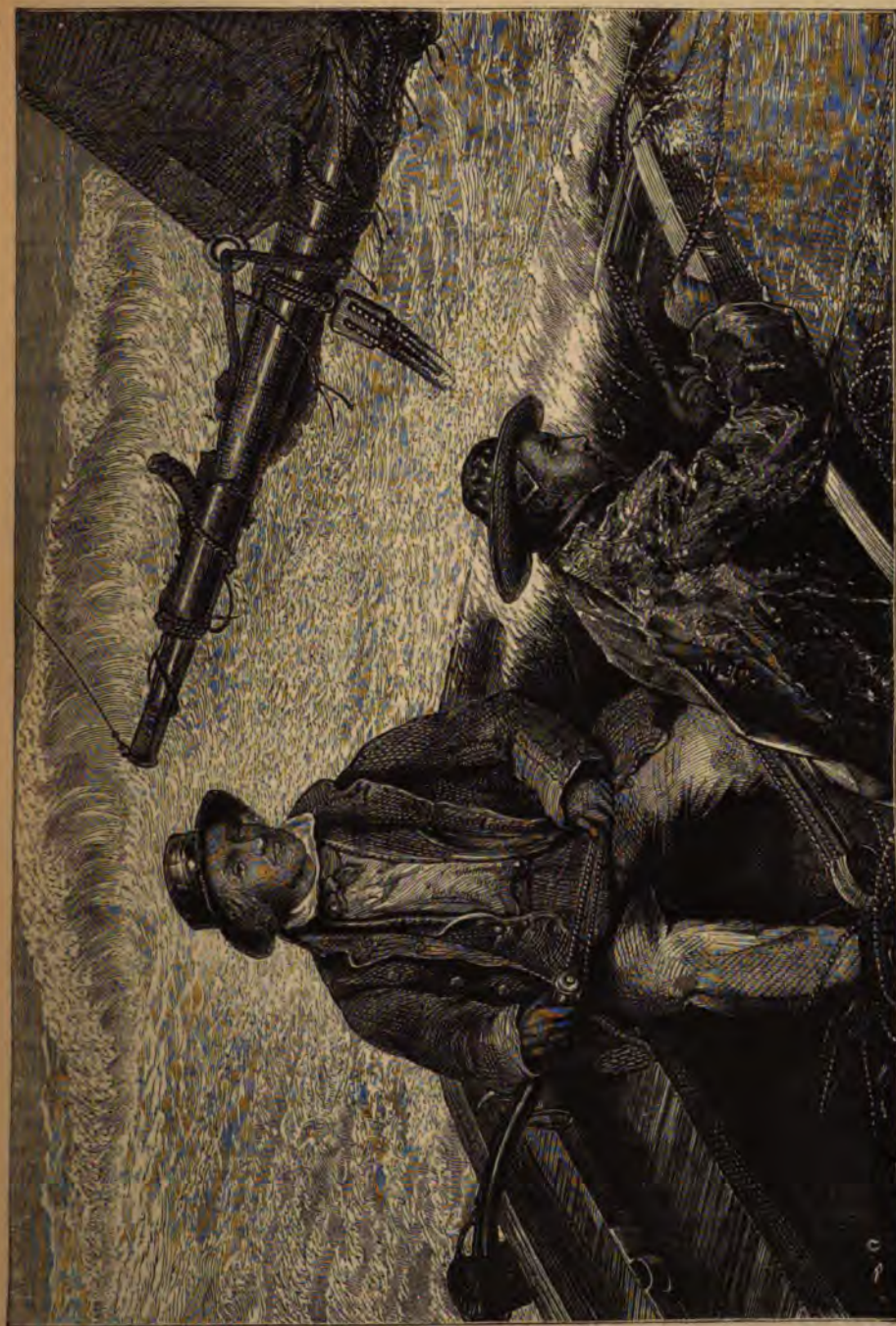
JOHN GEORGE NAISH was born at the pretty little town of Midhurst in Sussex, on the 9th of April, 1824, and was educated at the grammar-school there. When a very young boy, his drawings were the pride and delight of his father, who had an ardent love for every kind of art, and contrived to get the walls of his dwelling-house covered with pictures, good and bad; while books and china were carried home from every auction within a reasonable distance, where there was a chance of "picking up" anything worth having, or presumed to be. Amid such surroundings the boy's natural taste found materials for encouragement.

When he was about nine years of age an accident cut short, at least for a time, his juvenile Art-career, and nearly terminated his life. While visiting an uncle at Chiches-

ter, his cousin accidentally shot him in the left eye with a steel-pointed arrow. A long illness and the loss of the sight of the eye were the result. On leaving school, so great was the fear of total blindness, if the remaining eye had too much strain upon it, that all idea of becoming an artist had to be abandoned, though very reluctantly, and the youth was placed with a farmer. The fresh air of a Southdown sheep-farm, and the invigorating exercise associated with the occupation, were found to be both agreeable and healthful. At the end of a year, however, a wandering artist came across his path, the old feelings associated with the "craft" returned, and Mr. Naish eventually found his way to London, with an introduction to the late W. Etty, R.A., from whom he received much kindness and attention.

After working steadily at the British Museum for some time, he was admitted a student in the school of the Royal Academy





Drawn by W. J. Ailes from the Original Picture by J. G. Nash.

STAND BY! READY! ABOUT!

Engraved by J. & O. P. NICHOLS.

in December, 1846; having previously had a picture hung in the annual exhibition of that year. The subject of it was, "Troops Departing for India," sketched at Portsmouth—a place the artist knew well, from frequent visits he had paid it in early life, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the shipping and other marine objects. His Art-tendencies from the first moved in the direction of the sea, and they were so strong that the marvel is they should ever have turned another way, as it will be presently shown was the case.

Mr. Naish married in 1850, and although but little was seen of his works for several years, he was by no means idle. As a kind of wedding-trip he and his wife went to Paris, where he worked very hard in the Louvre, and subsequently in Belgium, at Antwerp, Bruges, and other places. Returning to England in 1851, he took a house at Notting Hill, and painted there until 1856. His pictures up to this period consisted chiefly of poetical and sentimental subjects. Many of them were exhibited in the Royal Academy, and the British Institution. He now turned his mind in an entirely different direction,

which seems to have proved more congenial to his taste and inclination. The first result was a picture which bore for its title, "The Receded Tide: Port du Moulin, Sark." Others of a similar character followed in rapid succession. Amongst these were, "Rough Hands and Warm Hearts;" "The Old Lizard Head;" "The Castle of the King, Tintagel;" and "A North Devon Fisher Girl." "The Last Tack Home," hung in the Academy in 1864, brought out Mr. Naish very prominently as a marine figure-painter.

The picture we have selected as an illustration of the artist's works shows him in the character of a painter of marine subjects. The command, "Stand by! Ready! About!" is given by the old sailor, steering the Cardiff pilot-boat, to his mate, who is handling the foresail sheets. In heavy weather, altering the tack of a boat is an exciting and somewhat delicate operation, and the man at the helm seeks the opportunity of effecting it so as to ship as little water as possible. Every inch of this canvas is painted with the most scrupulous care and with undoubted truthfulness: the unfailing characteristics of a great artist.

## England's Church.

### NOTES AND TESTIMONIES.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.



#### V. THE NATIONAL CHURCH A BLESSING TO THE NATION.

BY THE REV. W. F. TAYLOR, D.D., LIVERPOOL.

THE Protestant Reformed Religion established by law is a blessing to the nation. It secures a national standard of Revealed truth as opposed to Infidelity and Popery, unbelief and superstition; and it maintains our national ecclesiastical independence against Papal supremacy. It is a grand national testimony for God, for the Kingship of Christ, and for the pure Gospel of Salvation.

It provides in every parish for the public reading of the Word of God and the public worship of God according to our matchless

Liturgy—a Liturgy, the excellences of which are such that enlightened and candid Non-conformist ministers are never tired of singing its praises, and some of them have gradually introduced it into their public chapel services. Already some of the Congregationalists have thus introduced the *Te Deum* and the singing of the Psalms; some are adopting the Litany and the united repetition of the Lord's Prayer; whilst the Wesleyans generally have taken the Liturgy bodily, and use it every Sunday.

Let us consider what the Church of England has been in the past, and what to a large extent she is in the present—the bulwark of our civil and religious liberties, the cradle of

true piety, the blessed messenger of salvation to thousands who have learned the Gospel from her faithful ministers. The Church of England is the Church of Cranmer and Latimer, of Ridley and Hooper; of Herbert and Jewell, of Burnet and Tillotson, of Fletcher

and Whitfield, Wesley and Newton, Scott and Simeon, M'Neile and Stowell.

Oh, surely she has been a blessing! "Destroy it not for a blessing is in it." It is our duty and our privilege to maintain it.

## "What are these with Palm and Song?"

### A CENTENARY HYMN.\*

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., AUTHOR OF "YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER."



HAT are these with palm and song,  
[throng ?  
Round the Saviour's feet who  
Wherefore is that mountain road

With their festal garments strow'd ?  
These are children welcoming  
Christ their Saviour and their King:  
Who their glad Hosannas raise,  
With their love to crown His praise.

What are these on Zion's mount,  
Multitudes no tongue can count;  
Children with delight untold  
Harping on their harps of gold ?  
Hark, their everlasting song  
Through the ages rolls along;  
Theirs the joy of sin forgiven,  
Theirs the perfect bliss of heaven.

Blessèd Jesus, grant that we  
Here may serve and worship Thee:  
Teach us, Master, all Thou art;  
Write Thy Name upon our heart;  
Help us gladly, Lord, to bring  
Costliest gift and offering  
To the footstool of Thy throne,  
Thine ourselves, and Thine alone.

Jesu, Thou wilt come again,  
Not to suffer, but to reign:  
May we Thee with rapture meet;  
Fall adoring at Thy feet;  
With Thy saints and angels rise  
To our mansions in the skies,  
Hallelujahs there to Thee  
Singing through eternity.

### DO OUR CHILDREN PRAY?



HE Church Sunday-School Magazine asks the question, "Would it not be a good plan if each Sunday-school teacher were to make a point to ascertain whether their scholars do really pray night and morning, and of what their prayers consist? Perhaps some will be startled by the result."

Would it not be a still better plan if all the parents who read *Home Words* would make a point during this Centenary Year to help their children to pray, by kneeling down with them and guiding them in the words of their prayers?

"Children know how much their parents love them; how ready they are to give them good gifts; but Jesus asks, 'How much more will your Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?'"

"We can never answer that question; we cannot tell how ready our Heavenly Father is to give our children His Holy Spirit; but a stronger and more encouraging motive to 'Early Prayer' could not possibly be imagined.

"No fondest parent's melting breast  
Yearns like thy God's to make thee blest." †

\* From the Special Sunday School Centenary Illustrated Number of *Hand and Heart*. This Number has been prepared with a view to wide distribution at Centenary Celebrations throughout the country, as affording an opportunity for the dissemination of Christian literature in a form likely to ensure its preservation. Each copy contains about as much printed matter as an ordinary shilling volume, and in addition five illustrations are given, including a finely engraved portrait of Robert Raikes. It can be supplied in quantities at 6s. per 100 from the Publisher's Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

† From "The Sunday-School Gift: a Help to Early Prayer and Praise." (London: *Home Words* Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.) Price One Shilling.

## Lessons from the Book.

### VI. THE VOICE HEARD.

BY THE REV. JAMES VAUGHAN, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BRIGHTON.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."—1 Sam. iii. 9.



WHEN you are listening to a sermon, do not criticise, do not see the man, but sit and feel, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

When you open your Bible, before you open it, feel, "I am come to an oracle to get an answer;" and say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

When you are alone, take occasion of the solitude; when you go to your room, feel, as you shut the door, "Now I am alone for this very purpose, that God may say something to me."

If you take a walk among God's handiworks, begin your walk with the expectation, "May the voice of nature speak!" "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

When you lie down on your bed, remember that the day may require some voice from God to close it; and do not shut your eyes

till you have asked it. And when you wake in the morning to a new life, vocal with God's presence, and all-eloquent of His will, make it a first thought, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

If your mind is perplexed about any matter—if you have some hard judgment before you—recognise exclusively and cast yourself absolutely upon that attribute of Christ; hush yourself into a silent listening for a guiding whisper; believe in it: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Never let an affliction fall but you feel it, nor a joy but you sing it. For every joy and every affliction is an angel that brings a message. Let each fulfil its mission: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

And then, when that short night comes, that you will lie down in the consecrated bed where "the Holy Child Jesus" lay, you will not have to fear what voice it will be which will meet you waking.

### VII. THE SPIRIT PROMPTING TO PRAISE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE FORGOTTEN TRUTH," ETC.

"In everything give thanks."—1 Thess. v. 18.

**A** THANKFUL heart," whether in a palace or a cottage, "is a continual feast." The thankful Christian most honours Christ. But to praise God is not always an easy duty, and I suppose there is no Christian who thinks he is as thankful to God as he ought to be. I heard not long since the remark of a Christian sufferer:—"I think we are not thankful enough for being *half* well!" What of being *quite* well! Who does not feel reproved for thanklessness even for common daily mercies?

But there are times when a feeling of thankfulness steals over the heart of the believer, and he desires to praise God. When such a

desire comes, and it will not come too often, yield to it. Thank God at once. Do not let the evil one persuade you to look down at the toil, and the roughness, and the difficulties of the road you may be treading on the journey of life; but yield to the thankful feeling. "Lift up your eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh your help." Count up your mercies: or try to count them up: and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy Name."

It will be the truest wisdom for us thus to nourish the flame of thankfulness. It is the Spirit of God moving within us. "Quench not the Spirit" when He prompts you to praise.\*

\* "The Forgotten Truth; with Selected Hymns of the Spirit." (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)





*"As I asked, 'Can nothing be done?' a voice answered, 'Try.' I did try; and see what God hath wrought."*—ROBERT RAIKES, at the age of seventy-two.

*R. Raikes*

THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



THE HOUSE OF ROBERT RAIKES IN GLOUCESTER.

## The Story of Robert Raikes.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., EDITOR OF "HAND AND HEART," AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### PERSONAL WORK AND PRIVATE CHARACTER.

Results of Personal Interest.—"He loved Little Children."—Joseph Lancaster—Public and Private Life.—Death and Character.



**M**R. RAIKES took a deep personal interest in the children gathered in the School; and it is gratifying to find the labourer himself reaping a blessing.

"It was, we are told, while reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah to one of his scholars that he received some of his deepest impressions of the truth and power of the Gospel." Many instances of the happy results of his labours might be given, but we can only find space for two. One is thus related by Raikes himself:—

"One day, as I was going to church, I

overtook a soldier just entering the church door: this was on a week-day. As I passed him I said it gave me pleasure to see that he was going to a place of worship. 'Ah, sir!' said he, 'I may thank you for that.' 'Me?' said I; 'why, I don't know that I ever saw you before.' 'Sir,' replied the soldier, 'when I was a little boy, I was indebted to you for my first instruction in my duty. I used to meet you at the morning service in this Cathedral, and was one of your Sunday scholars. My father, when he left this city, took me into Berkshire, and put me apprentice to a shoemaker. I used often to think of you. At length I went to London, and was there drawn to serve as a militiaman in the Westminster militia. I came to Gloucester last night with a deserter, and took the opportunity of coming this morning to visit the old spot, and in hope of once more seeing you.' He then told me his name, and brought himself to my recollection by a curious circumstance which happened while he was at

school. His father was a journeyman currier, a most vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he came one day and told me that his father was wonderfully changed, and that he had left off going to the alehouse on a Sunday. It happened soon after that I met the man in the street, and said to him:—"My friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the alehouse on the Sunday; your son tells me that you now stay at home and never get tipsy." He immediately replied that I had been the means of this change being produced. On my expressing my surprise at this, on account of never having so much as spoken to him before, he replied:—"No, sir, but the good instruction which you gave my boy at the Sunday-school he repeats to me; and this has so convinced me of the error of my former life as to have led to my present reformation."

A second story bears out Raikes' statement that he always admonished his scholars "in the mildest and gentlest manner."

A sulky, stubborn girl, who had resisted both reproofs and correction, and who refused to ask forgiveness of her mother, was melted by his saying to her:—"Well, if you have no regard for yourself, I have much for you; you will be ruined and lost if you do not become a good girl; and if you will not humble yourself, I must humble myself and make a beginning for you." He then, with much solemnity, entreated the mother to forgive her. This overcame the girl's pride; she burst into tears, and on her knees begged forgiveness, and never gave any trouble afterwards.

The main secret of Raikes' power over the young was found in the benevolence of his spirit. An epitaph which the writer remembers to have seen on the tombstone of a Sunday-school teacher in Clevedon churchyard, erected by his friends,—"He loved little children,"—might well have been the motto of Raikes' life. In one of his letters he says:—

"I cannot express to you the pleasure I often receive in discovering genius and good dispositions among this little multitude. It

is botanizing in human nature. I have often, too, the satisfaction of receiving thanks from parents for the reformation they perceive in their children. Often I have given them kind admonitions, which I always do in the mildest and gentlest manner. The going amongst them, doing them little kindnesses, distributing trifling rewards, and ingratiating myself with them, I hear, have given me an ascendancy greater than I ever could have imagined; for I am told by their mistresses that they are very much afraid of my displeasure."

The humility of the worker was equally manifest. In this same letter, after apologising for the details he had given, in answer to his friend's request, he adds:—

"I am ashamed to see how much I have trespassed on your patience; but I thought the most complete idea of Sunday-schools was to be conveyed to you by telling what first suggested the thought. The same sentiments would have arisen in your mind had they happened to have been called forth as they were suggested to me. I have no doubt that you will find great improvement to be made on this plan."

But, perhaps, the spirit of the worker, and the measure of the blessing which followed upon his labours, may best be gathered from the well-known incident attending the visit of Joseph Lancaster to his friend and fellow-labourer some thirty years after the establishment of Raikes' first school.

At that time the founder of Sunday-schools was seventy-two years of age, and past active work, but he still took a lively interest in his much-loved institution. Many were Lancaster's inquiries respecting the origin of Sunday-schools, and an interesting account has been preserved of one of Raikes' replies. Leaning on the arm of his visitor, the old man led him through the thoroughfares of Gloucester to the spot in a back street where the first school was held.\* "Pause here," said the old man. Then, uncovering his head and closing his eyes, he stood for a moment in silent prayer. Then turning towards his friend while the tears rolled down his cheeks, he said: "This is the spot on which I stood

\* See Illustration in *Home Words* for June, page 122.



when I saw the destitution of the children and the desecration of the Sabbath by the inhabitants of the city. As I asked, 'Can nothing be done?' a voice answered, 'Try.' I did try; and see what God has wrought. I can never pass by the spot where the word 'try' came so powerfully into my mind without lifting up my hands and heart to Heaven in gratitude to God for having put such a thought into my heart."

Of Robert Raikes in public and private life, comparatively little is known. He must have been a busy man; for in addition to his prison and school labours, and the duties of a flourishing business, he took a prominent part as a leading citizen in all movements of a patriotic or philanthropic nature. He was "given to hospitality," and found especial pleasure in entertaining distinguished guests who visited Gloucester. Howard, the prison reformer, once stayed with him; and on another occasion, Prince William, Duke of Gloucester, nephew of George III., honoured him with a visit, and partook of refreshment at his house. The slavery question greatly interested him; and he was one of the first to welcome the labours of Mr. Grenville Sharpe, Mr. Thornton, and others, for the formation of a negro settlement on the coast of Africa, where the natives might "exhibit the advantages of cultivating their own soil, instead of employing their lives in making each other slaves to foreigners." As a conscientious Churchman, he was firm in the maintenance of his own principles, but always liberal towards those who differed from him.

At the age of sixty-seven, he retired from business, and relinquished the proprietorship of the *Gloucester Journal*. He received from the latter an annuity of £300. Tended by a loving wife, "with an active and well-cultivated mind and a heart open as day to melting charity," and surrounded by an affectionate family, he peacefully descended the hill of life. From incidental touches in some of his letters it is evident that the affections of home occupied a large place in his heart; and he found one of the greatest comforts of his declining years in the society of his children. In a letter to a friend, as early as 1787, he writes:—"I am blessed with six excellent girls, and two lovely boys. My eldest boy

was born the very day that I made public to the world the scheme of Sunday-schools, in my paper of November 3rd, 1783." There is no reason to suppose that his opinion of his boys deteriorated as they advanced in years. The eldest, Robert Napier, as a clergyman, adorned his sacred calling by an exemplary life.

The scene of Mr. Raikes' death appears to have been a house in the city of Gloucester, situated in Bell Lane, where he took up his residence after his retirement from active life. For some time before his decease, he found his health declining; but despite this warning, the end, when it came, came suddenly. Some five-and-twenty years before, when narrating in his newspaper several unexpected deaths, he had urged his readers to reflect on the precariousness of human life; and now he was about to teach the same lesson in a still more forcible way. Towards evening, on the 5th of April, 1811, he experienced an oppression in his chest; a physician, who was immediately summoned, declared his case hopeless; and in less than an hour he went Home. Thus died, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, a man whom all succeeding generations will delight to honour.

"All that was mortal" of Robert Raikes was buried in St. Mary de Crypt Church, where some sixty years before his father's ashes had been laid. Mindful of his work to the last, he had left instructions that his Sunday-school children should follow him to the grave; and these instructions were duly carried out. A plain tablet near his grave bears the following inscription:—

"Sacred to the memory of ROBERT RAIKES, Esq. (late of this city), Founder of Sunday-schools, who departed this life, April 5th, 1811, aged 75 years.

"'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'—Job xxix. 11, 12, 13.

"Also ANNE RAIKES, relict of the above ROBERT, who died March 9th, 1828, aged 85 years.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i. 7.

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv. 12."

Mr. Gregory, of Gloucester, in his admirable biography of Raikes, which our readers will find a most attractive and interesting volume,\* well remarks, that "glowing eulogies of Raikes' character might easily be written." But they are unnecessary. His life spoke with no uncertain tone, and marked him as the possessor, not indeed of distinguished talent or genius, but of that ennobling piety which "seeks first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." He was a simple-hearted Christian, sincerely desiring to serve God and benefit his fellow-men. His great work began in simplicity. He dreamed not of the future; he was only faithful in the present. He himself spoke of the effort as "an experiment, harmless and innocent, however fruitless it might prove in its effect;" and when he could write of it as "extending so rapidly as to include 250,000 children, and increasing more and more," he only added, in humble reverence, "It reminds me of the grain of mustard seed."

We could not better sum up his character,

his work, and the testimony he left, than in the words with which Mr. Gregory closes his most interesting volume:—

"Two features of Raikes' character stand prominently out among a host of minor excellences—his affection for children and his love for the Word of God. Doubtless he had his failings, as have other men; but whatever they were, a grateful posterity may well afford to overlook them. For the sake of the good seed he planted—now become a great tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations—his name will be held in everlasting remembrance. Every Sunday-school is a monument to his fame, every teacher and scholar a celebration of his work. And who can tell the countless memorials, unmarked by human observation, but carefully recorded in the chronicles of Heaven, of minds enlightened, homes reformed, and lives ennobled by means of the work which Robert Raikes began?"

Could he now stand by our side, surrounded by the five hundred thousand Sunday-school teachers and the three millions of scholars who meet in our schools, with what wondering gratitude would he exclaim—not, "See what I have done," but,—uttered with far deeper earnestness than when he first used them—"SEE WHAT GOD HATH WROUGHT!"

## Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

### XXIII. HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.



"HAT a splendid fellow!" said a tadpole to a minnow, as they met on a stone at the bottom of a clear stream; "did you ever see anything like him? it quite dazzles one's eyes to look at his jacket in the sun."

"Do you mean that kingfisher?" asked the minnow.

"I don't know the gentleman's name,"

said the tadpole; "I've never seen him before."

"Ah! well, *I have*; and I don't care if I never see him again. He may be good-looking; but I've lost half my friends since he came to live in that bank; and to tell the truth, I don't quite like the way he's looking at me now; so I think I'll wish you good morning; by the time you're a frog you'll know that there are things more important than the colour of your coat!"

\* "Robert Raikes: Journalist and Philanthropist." By Alfred Gregory. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

#### XXIV. EMPTY VESSELS MAKE THE MOST SOUND.

"WHAT splendid music that gentleman makes!" said the fife to the cornet, as the big drum struck up a thundering accompaniment; "I wonder where it comes from, and what there is inside him to make it."

"Do you?" said the cornet. "Well, I can tell you; it comes from the parchment he's covered with, and he makes it because he's hollow."

#### XXV. A MOST VALUABLE FRIEND.

"YOU'LL be glad to hear I am going to change my quarters," said a surly looking mastiff to a shepherd dog. "I know I'm not popular with any of you; I'm too plain spoken to be a favourite."

"On the contrary, sir," said the shepherd dog, "I am truly grieved to hear you are leaving us; for nothing could ever go the least wrong in the fold without your making such a commotion that I was sure to hear of it at once. I assure you you have been a most valuable friend."

#### XXVI. JUSTICE ALL ROUND.

"It's all very well, my dears!" said a tabby cat to her young family; "but if I'd done it I should have had a can of water thrown at me, or been beaten within an inch of my life; he ought to be ashamed of himself!" she continued aloud, as Bustle, a shaggy Scotch terrier, trotted across the yard.

"What has he done, mother?" asked the kittens.

"Done! why he's stolen some sausages off the breakfast table; if I'd taken them, I should have been called a thief; but just because he happens to be a favourite, all sorts of excuses are made for him; it was 'an accident,' 'a mistake,' 'he didn't mean it!' I should like to know what he *did* mean! I can only say I met him coming out of the room with his mouth full, and a bit sticking out at each end; and he wouldn't so much as give me a scrap of

skin; and there he's to be petted, and made much of, and called 'clever,' when he ought to be starved for a week! it's a crying injustice!" said the old cat; and her fur rose, and her tail swelled, with indignation.

"So it is, mother," cried the kittens.

"So it is, ma'am," croaked a tame raven from the top of the kennel; "but perhaps you wouldn't have felt it quite so much if he'd given you that bit of skin!"

#### XXVII. THE POWER OF FLATTERY.

"THEY say the grey kitten has been stolen," said Dick, the bull terrier, to Bustle.

"You don't say so!" cried Bustle.

"Yes; I've been told so, but I can't believe it's true. Who could possibly want a kitten enough to steal it?"

"Well, as for that," said Bustle, "she was a nice little thing enough as kittens go, and I'm sorry she's lost."

"Sorry!" said Dick contemptuously; "why, Bustle, my boy, I'm surprised at you; the world's overrun with kittens—you can't go round the corner without seeing a dozen at least; and I never thought you cared about them."

"Well," said Bustle thoughtfully, "you see, Dick, there are kittens *and* kittens; this one was the most sensible I ever met with; it was only the other day she was remarking what a splendid coat I had, and wishing hers was like it; and yesterday she told me she'd heard how clever I was at rat-catching, and she wanted me to give her some lessons. Yes, she was a superior kitten there's no doubt; and I believe she'd have turned out well."

"Ah!" said Dick to himself, as Bustle trotted out of the room, "now I understand. I should have given him credit for more sense; but I suppose, though it is a humiliating thought—very—that few of us are superior to flattery even from a grey kitten!"



[Drawn by W. B. Chapman.]

**"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."**

## Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.



### XIX. A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

GENERAL SIR RICHARD DACRES, in writing from the Crimea, January 17th, 1855, said:—

"Since I have become a teetotaler I have gone through great fatigues in hot climates, I have crossed the Atlantic, come here, been exposed to disease and some discomfort, and I have never been sick or had even a short attack of diarrhoea. I ascribe this to water; but, mind, I am a temperate eater also. I never eat animal food more than once a day; take no lunch but a piece of biscuit; and am a very early man. Now all these things combined enable me to do as much hard work at fifty-five as many ten or fifteen years younger. What I began with, as an example, I now continue. As I consider I am much better without wine, beer, etc., both in a religious and worldly point of view, I shall go on, as I am, please God, to my life's end."

### XX. A BIT OF ADVICE.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER upon one occasion said to the men of the 96th Regiment:—

"Let me give you a bit of advice—that is, *don't drink*. I know young men do not think much about advice from old men. They put their tongue in their cheek, and think they know a good deal better than the old man

who is giving them advice. But if you drink, you're done for. You will either be invalided or die. I know two regiments in this country—one drank, the other didn't drink. The one that didn't drink is one of the finest regiments, and has done as well as any regiment in existence. The one that did drink has been all but destroyed. For any regiment for which I have respect—and there is not one of the British regiments whom I don't respect—I should always try and persuade them to keep from drinking. I know there are some who will drink in spite of their officers, but such men will soon be in hospital—and very few that go in, in this country—[India]—ever come out again."

### XXI. JOHN MILTON'S OPINION.

"Know that to be free is the same thing as to be pious, to be wise, to be frugal and abstinent, and lastly to be magnanimous and brave. So to be the opposite of all these is the same as to be a slave."

### XXII. THE EASE OF ABSTINENCE.

In William Ball's "Slight Memorials of Hannah More" is this remark:—

"I dined last week at the Bishop of Chester's; Dr. Johnson was there. In the middle of dinner I urged Dr. Johnson to take a *little* wine; he replied, "I can't drink a *little*, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as Temperance would be difficult."

## Little Babies.



**H**AT are little babies for?

Say! say! say!

Are they good-for-nothing things?

Nay! nay! nay!

Can they speak a single word?

Say! say! say!

Can they help their mothers sew?

Nay! nay! nay!

Can they walk upon their feet?

Say! say! say!

Can they even hold themselves?

Nay! nay! nay!

What are little babies for?

Say! say! say!

Are they made for us to love?

Yea! yea! yea!

A MOTHER.

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXIII. WHAT DO WE OWE HIM?



WELL, for one thing, I think Sunday scholars owe to Robert Baikes the ability to read. I believe we should never have had our Day-schools but for the Sunday-schools, or our Sunday-schools but for the Bible. Our Sunday scholars I hope mean what they say when they sing:—

"We won't give up the Bible,  
God's Holy Book of truth;  
The blessed staff of hoary age;  
The guide of early youth;  
The sun that sheds a glorious light  
On every dreary road;  
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,  
And calls us home to God."

Reading is indeed a precious gift. The poor Indian, when he found the missionary was able to send messages to his home by "making chips talk," could not find words to express his amazement. Printing is God's modern miracle. A good book is like a friend, always ready to talk with us, and to talk to good purpose too. In seasons of sickness especially, when we cannot see much of other friends, and have to pass many hours alone, it would not be easy to say what we should do if we could not get hold of some pleasant book. But in health and strength good books are invaluable: and many a Sunday scholar who has taken care, like the "busy bee," to "improve the shining hours" of youth, by treasuring up the stores of knowledge they contain, has found himself in after years gradually climbing life's ladder of usefulness. They may not have become as famous as one of their number, the great African explorer Livingstone; but they have exercised an influence for good "in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call them," and that is quite enough for any one to do.

Don't forget, therefore, the ability to read when you are keeping the Sunday-school Centenary.—From "What do we Owe Him?"

## XXIV. "BE KIND TO US."

MISS SKIFFERS, Swoffing Rectory, Saxmundham, has issued another "Friendly Letter," addressed especially

to boys who have the care of goats and donkeys. It is full of practical hints. One is very good:—

"Some foolish boys think it manly to be seen with a pipe in their mouths. They do not know that it really goes far to prevent their becoming men at all: for it stops their growth, and lays the seed of many diseases. Learn a lesson from your donkeys and goats. They can do without beer and tobacco, and so can you."

But the lesson of humanity is the main one inculcated, and we quote this in full:—

"I am sure if donkeys or goats could speak they would say, 'Be kind to us. We will work for you, and go as far and as fast as we can, if only you won't drive us beyond our strength, and lay those cruel sticks across our poor thin backs! Then, don't make us stand, for hours perhaps, in a burning sun, without a drop of water, while you are playing marbles with your friends. You could not run about as you do now, if you had no breakfast and no dinner: then how can you expect us to work hard, and carry heavy children one after the other till we are ready to drop, unless you feed us properly?'"

"I always tremble when I see a cruel boy. I feel sure he will, if he lives, grow up to be a wicked man. A brutal boy once saw his sister's two pet rabbits running about the garden. He took one up by the ears, and threw it into the air. It came down on a piece of stone, and lay bleeding on the ground till it died. Years after, the sister visited that brother in prison, just before his execution for murder. 'Do you remember the bleeding rabbit, Mary?' he said, weeping; 'I have been cruel ever since.' Yes; God's eye is on every animal He made, as well as on every bird: for 'not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge.' Then never be cruel. Try to win the love of your poor dumb friends, which you can easily do if you are kind to them. In London, there are annual shows of donkeys belonging to the Golden Lane oostermongers. As one result, in all parts of London they have wonderfully improved in appearance. At the Show, held on July 24th, the donkeys were pronounced by the Earl of Shaftesbury to be 'beautiful'; and as his lordship handed the prizes to their owners, he was gratified to hear from so many of them, 'My donkey doesn't work on Sunday.'"

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. YET many are mentioned by name as the recipients of Christ's miraculous power?
2. What did Moses consider to be the three qualifications for any who were to bear rule with ability?
3. When did testimony to the Lord's omniscience on the part of a stranger lead many others to believe on Him?
4. Who was enabled to let one king know all that another king was saying, even in his sleeping apartments?
5. What good man warned Israel to have nothing to do with strange gods at the very place where one of their ancestors had buried his strange gods?
6. Who are recorded in Scripture as having suffered martyrdom after our Lord's ascension?
7. How was St. Paul specially qualified to be an apostle, although there were some in the Church who questioned his office?

8. On what occasion was an address delivered to a congregation of very clever people, of whom some scoffed, others procrastinated, and only a few believed?

9. Which is the first instance in Scripture where the Devil is distinctly mentioned as causing a man to fall?

10. What reason does St. Paul appear to give for not suffering a woman to teach publicly in the Church?

11. What remarkable instances have we of Christian women making good teachers?

12. Who denied himself, but did not deny his Master? Who denied his Master, but did not deny himself?

## ANSWERS (See JUVENILE No., page 145).

- I. Lu. vi. 21. II. Jer. iii. 11. III. Gen. v. 21, 22. IV. John xx. 14-16. V. Matt. xxvii. 6, 7. VI. Gen. vi. 8, and 1 Pet. iii. 20. VII. Rom. xv. 8. VIII. Acts xxvi. 8, and Rom. i. 14. IX. John vi. 15. X. John viii. 44. XI. Mark vi. 10. XII. Isa. xxi. 11, 12.



SUN.—1st day.  
Rises 3.42. Sets 8.18.

JULY.

MOON.—New, 7th, A. 1.21.  
Full, 21st, A. 9.2.



# THE TITLES OF THE LORD JESUS.



Our  
holy and our  
beautiful house.

Isa. lxi. 11.

|   |    |                                                              |
|---|----|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | Th | Whatever things are lovely:                                  |
| 2 | F  | Whatever things are of good report:                          |
| 3 | S  | Think on these things. Phil. iv. 8.                          |
| 4 | S  | 6th S. after Trinity. I am the Bread of Life. [John vi. 35.] |
| 5 | M  | Lord, evermore give us this Bread. John vi. 34.              |
| 6 | Tu | O satisfy us early with Thy mercy. Ps. xc. 14.               |
| 7 | W  | The goodness of Thy house. Ps. lxxv. 4.                      |

They shall  
hunger no more.

Rev. vii. 16.

|    |    |                                                       |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------------|
| 8  | Th | Give us this day our daily bread. Matt. vi. 11.       |
| 9  | F  | The barrel of meal shall not waste. 1 Kings xvii. 14. |
| 10 | S  | Hunger and thirst after righteousness. Matt. v. 6.    |
| 11 | S  | 7th S. after Trinity. I am the Door. John x. 9.       |
| 12 | M  | The door was shut. Matt. xxv. 10.                     |
| 13 | Tu | He openeth, and no man shutteth. Rev. iii. 7.         |
| 14 | W  | By Me, if any man enter in,                           |
| 15 | Th | He shall be saved. John x. 9.                         |

## IN EVERYTHING GIVE

THANKS.

1 Thess. v. 18

Rich  
in good works.

1 Tim. vi. 18.

|    |    |                                                         |
|----|----|---------------------------------------------------------|
| 16 | F  | Through Him we have access,                             |
| 17 | S  | By one Spirit unto the Father. Eph. ii. 18.             |
| 18 | S  | 8th S. aft. Trin. I am the True Vine. Jn. xv. 1.        |
| 19 | M  | Abide in Me. John xv. 4.                                |
| 20 | Tu | Without Me ye can do nothing. John xv. 5.               |
| 21 | W  | Thou hast wrought all our works in us. Isa. xxvi. [12.] |
| 22 | Th | Faith without works is dead. Jas. i. 20.                |
| 23 | F  | If ye love Me, keep My commandments. Jn. xiv. 15.       |

Preach  
the Gospel  
to every creature.

Mark xvi. 15.

|    |    |                                                       |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------------|
| 24 | S  | Ye have done it unto Me. Matt. xxv. 40.               |
| 25 | S  | 9th S. aft. Trin. St. JAMES. A Plant of Renown.       |
| 26 | M  | His Name shall be called Wonderful. Isa. ix. 6.       |
| 27 | Tu | The leaves of the Tree of Life                        |
| 28 | W  | Were for the healing of the nations. Rev. xxii. 2.    |
| 29 | Th | A Name which is above every name. Phil. ii. 9.        |
| 30 | F  | Neither is there salvation in any other. Acts iv. 12. |
| 31 | S  | Worthy is the Lamb. Rev. v. 12.                       |

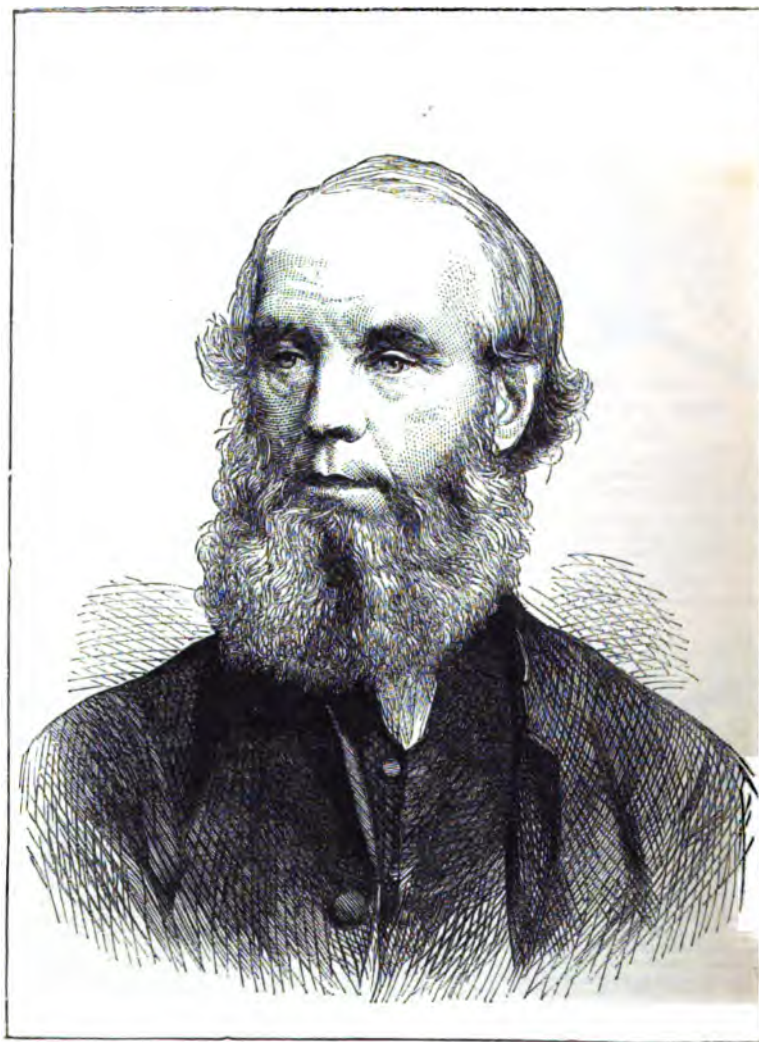
WE are but little children,  
And earth a broken toy;  
We do not know the treasures  
In our Father's house of joy.

Thanksgiving for Creation  
We ignorantly raise;  
We know not yet the thousandth part  
Of that for which we praise.—F. R. H.

Delight in the Lord (Job xxii. 23-26).—We can never say, "The Lord does not mean such a one as I to delight in Him: it is only meant for those who have always been consistent Christians." If so, He would not have said, "If thou return." Trust, evidenced by obedience, is the only stepping-stone to delight in the Lord. Taking God at His word.—"I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." Then, of course, St. Paul could be calm, and bright, and confident, "with a heart at leisure from itself" to cheer and counsel others. "Even as." Not less, not almost as, but "even as—" with God's own fullness of meaning.—F. R. H.







**THE LATE DEAN ALFORD.**

*From a Photograph,  
by the London Stereoscopic Company.*



# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

Modern Hymn Writers:

"SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



### IV. DEAN ALFORD'S HYMNS.

MONG the "pleasant pictures" of our Church in the nineteenth century, one whose tints will be fresh and bright when more glaring colours are fading, is that of the gentle Christian scholar, patiently and lovingly toiling under the shadow of his grand cathedral. Patiently, for the work was long and great; lovingly, for it was sacred and sweet. We may imagine him now and then resting on his oars, and turning from his Greek Testament and his intensity of critical research, to solace himself with a short, full musical setting of the spirit of the truths over whose letter he had been poring. Perhaps it was thus that this sweet Hymn on "Charity" came to him, and, through him, to the Church.

#### CHARITY.

Thou who on that wondrous journey  
Sett'st Thy Face to die :  
By Thy holy meek example,  
Teach us Charity !

Thou who that dread cup of suffering  
Didst not put from Thee :  
O most Loving of the loving,  
Give us Charity !

Thou who reignest, bright in glory,  
On God's throne on high :  
O that we may share Thy triumph—  
Grant us Charity !

Send us Faith that trusts Thy promise ;  
Hope, with upward eye ;  
But more blest than both, and greater,  
Send us Charity !

Yet his life was not one-sided; and while, in addition to his theological work, he came forward on occasion as a champion of Protestant truth and facts, or as a clever and instructive contributor to periodicals, he did not refrain from coming "to the help of the Lord against the mighty" in the closer conflicts of "the work of an Evangelist." In this the same faithful perseverance which carried him through his great critical Commentary was not wanting; and our next Hymn shows him thus at once working and waiting for his Master.

#### LABOUR FOR CHRIST.

"All the night and nothing taken"—  
How shall we let down the net ?  
All our steadfast hopes are shaken,  
Every scheme with failure met ;  
Though we speak the Message clear,  
Yet the sinner will not hear.

"All the night and nothing taken"—  
And the hours be speeding by ;

Is the chosen flock forsaken?  
Is no Master standing nigh?  
Nought is found among the band  
But faint heart and weary hand.

Still, though night may pass in sorrow,  
And no guiding star appear,  
Sounds the promise for the morrow  
From the Master standing near:  
"Ye shall find": then hopeful yet  
At His word we loose the net!

Dean Alford's contributions to hymnology are not widely known, though his Hymnal, "The Year of Praise," containing many of his own hymns, is far more excellent than some which are far more popular. His quaint and beautiful Baptismal Hymn—

"In token that thou shalt not fear  
Christ crucified to own"—

written so early as 1832, is, however, so generally adopted that it may be considered as one of our standard Church hymns.

His Hymn for the last Sunday after Trinity, dated 1867, supplied a want in our Church Hymnology. Its chastened tone of grateful retrospect and trustful anticipation harmonize well with the quiet November Sunday which closes the privileges of our ecclesiastical year. The line which leads up into the doxology—

"And then our darkness with Thy glory fill"—

is singularly perfect, not only in its musical balancing of vowel sounds and accents, but in its uplifting suggestiveness of expression; while its position in the Hymn, as a shining stepping-stone from prayer to praise, enhances its value and beauty.

#### "O SEND OUT THY LIGHT AND THY TRUTH."

Our year of grace is wearing to its close,  
Its autumn storms are luring from the sky;  
Shine on us with Thy light, O God Most High:  
Abide with us where'er our pathway goes,  
Our Guide in toil, our Guardian in repose.

All through the months hath beamed Thy cheering light,  
From Bethlehem's day-star waxing ever on:  
Through every cloud Thy Blessed Sun hath shone.

Earth may be dark to them that walk by sight,  
But for Thy Church the day is always bright.

Light us in life, that we may see Thy will,  
The track Thine hand hath ordered for our way:  
Light us, when shadows gather o'er our day:  
Shine on us in that passage lone and chill,  
And then our darkness with Thy glory fill.

Praise be to God from earth's remotest coast,  
From lands and seas, and each created race:  
Praise from the worlds His hand hath launched  
in space:  
Praise from the Church, and from the heavenly host:  
Praise to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

In sparkling contrast to the subdued tone and grave measure of the foregoing stands a Hymn on "The Coming Glory," which vividly realizes "things not seen as yet."

It is a hymn to tune up the voices as well as the hearts of any congregation. It must be a hopeless choir indeed which could possibly get "flat" in it, and a hopeless congregation indeed which would not be stirred up to join right heartily. It is so bright, so clear, so *near-bringing*; one sees the dazzling whiteness of the robes, and the glory of the opening gates; the very ear is filled with the "rush of hallelujahs" and the "ringing of a thousand harps."

It is a manly hymn of heaven, and the faith that echoes it will not be the faith of mere desire and far-off anticipation, but of noble strife and following. And the third verse adds to the reality of the vision, by its touch upon the things that are so close to us.

#### THE COMING GLORY.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steepes of light:  
'T is finished—all is finished;  
Their fight with death and sin;  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in!

What rush of Hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
O day! for which creation  
And all its tribes were made:  
O joy! for all its former woes  
A thousandfold repaid.

Oh then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore!

What knitting severed friendships up  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late:  
No longer orphans fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light:  
'Tis finished—all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin;  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in!

Those "raptured greetings" were not so very far off when this bright hymn was written. But one life-wish was yet unfulfilled—that he might "stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." It was all planned, that thoughtful, sacred journey; undertaken not for his own refreshment and enjoyment alone, but for the enrichment of many an untravelled Christian student. But the Master had planned a "better thing" for His weary servant; and after a short passage of suffering, the feet that never trod the earthly Zion entered "that great city, the holy Jerusalem," to "go no more out." \*

## Mrs. Treadwell's Cook :

### A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EMILY S. HOLT, AUTHOR OF "THE MAIDENS' LODGE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### ROGER'S MISSION.



OOO Dorothy Treadwell was doomed to be disappointed a little while longer. If she cared for nothing but her new cook, all those around her were interested in Roger Cordiner's narrative; and before Dorothy could turn the

conversation, Kate broke in with a fervent question.

"Eb, dear heart, but to think it! And pray you, Master Cordiner, what think you shall come of this poor lady, the Queen Margaret?"

"Sure, they'll never cut her head off?" added Mr. Treadwell.

The example of butchering royal women had not yet been set in England.

"Gramercy, nay!" responded Roger. "'Tis thought like the King of France shall ransom her."

He did so before long.

"And what think you is come of my Lady

Princess?" inquired Kate, who was very curious to know. She looked upon Roger Cordiner as an authority on this question, since he had been a servant of the Princess's father.

It is as well to note that, for nearly two hundred years after that time, the daughters of the King were not termed princesses. They were merely "the Lady Elizabeth's Grace" or "the Lady Mary's Grace." "The Princess" meant the wife of the Prince of Wales, and nobody else.

"I reckon, Mistress Kate, we may scantily call my young lady Princess any longer," said Roger Cordiner somewhat sadly.

Indeed, it was a perilous thing in those days to use a name wrongly. The landlord of the Crown inn was hanged in this reign of Edward IV., for jokingly saying that his son was "heir to the Crown." To style a young lady Princess, therefore, when her husband's father had been deposed as a usurper, was no light matter.

"But where, think you, is she become?" persisted Kate.

"God wot!" said Roger, reverently. "I

\* How remarkably the coincidence strikes the reader,—the purpose of F. R. H. to visit Ireland, to see the work of the Irish Society, in which she was so deeply interested,—the day fixed for the journey, June 4th, 1879,—the "better thing" planned by the Master; and the Home Call the very day before the proposed departure.

pray that He may lead her to comfort and safety. My poor young lady!"

"But I say, Cousin," interrupted Dorothy, who had heard as much as she cared on that subject, especially since Roger did not seem to have any private information,—“I say, Cousin, you will endeavour yourself to have the cookmaid hither so soon as may be? Never was poor body so put about as I.”

"Truly, Doll," said Roger, "I will able myself after my power. I cast no doubt she shall be with you to-morrow, without I find her promised elsewhere."

"Eh, cousin Roger, but that shall ne'er serve my turn!" cried Dorothy in dismay. "Promise or no promise, I must have her! I can ne'er weather another day of this work. Do you hear?"

"That do I, Cousin Doll," answered Roger, with a comical twist of his mouth. "Well! I reckon this maid is not the only one in the world. Trust me to send you a cookmaid, if such be possible. I am assured Nell shall do her endeavour."

"Now, give you Nell to wit I *must* have one!" said Mistress Dorothy earnestly, laying her hand on Roger's shoulder to enforce her words. "I shall be baken mine own self instead of the meat, if I get not a cookmaid right soon."

"Dear heart! be there no cookmaids in all London?" gently suggested Mr. Treadwell.

"Never a one can I hear of, Humphrey! And I've asked here and asked there, till I'm a-weary of searching. Why, afore Cis went, who but I counted me at the very point to covenant with Mistress Hambury's Ursula? and afore I might turn round, the jade went and promised herself to Mistress Cheyne o'er the way. 'Tis enough to break a body's heart to be thus used. And she's a good stirring maid, Ursula: I was well aggrieved to lose her, I can tell you."

"Well, Doll, I will do mine utmost for you," said Roger, as the party pushed back their chairs with a clatter upon the brick floor. "And now I bid you heartily good morrow."

Roger departed on his mission, and Mrs. Treadwell seemed more hopeful.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MRS. TREADWELL ENGAGES HER COOK.

"WHAT, Doll!—not done yet?" good-humouredly demanded Mr. Treadwell, on the evening of the day following Roger Cordiner's visit, as he came into the kitchen and found his wife still toiling over her house-work.

"Aye, 'tis all right well for you men," returned Dorothy, looking as sour as if she had swallowed a quart of vinegar. "You work but from sunrise to sunset, and then you can shut up and go a-pleasuring: but we poor women may toil on through all the night, to have matters comfortable for you, and never so much as a 'thank you' comes our way. I did think you cousin of mine might have been trusted, man though he be; but you're all alike. He leaves me in the lurch like all the rest. 'Tis best never to put faith in any man, nor look out for aught, and then a poor overdone body's the less like to be disappointed."

And, setting up on the dresser shelf the last of the wooden trenchers which she had been scraping clean, Mrs. Treadwell sat down in a chair, and began to fan herself with the red handkerchief, as if exhausted nature could stand no more.

No one knew better than Humphrey Treadwell the signs of a coming "tantrum"; and perceiving that his spouse was within an inch of one, he prudently withdrew, just as a rap came on the outer door of the kitchen.

"Eh dear, this world!—a body can never have a bit of peace in it!" muttered Mrs. Treadwell, continuing to fan herself, while Kate, at the risk of letting her milk boil over, went to open the door. But Dorothy's next exclamation was in a different tone.

"Eh, Cousin Roger!—come you in now, you and the cookmaid, for I reckon 'tis she you have brought withal. Trust me, but I'm fain to see her. All the flesh 'll be off my bones if I have another day on't."

Roger Cordiner gave an amused glance at the portly form of his cousin.

"I'd have thought, Doll, there was a bit more flesh on thy bones than one day's work would fetch off. Howbeit, here is the cookmaid to deliver thee from that trouble."

"Aye, and time she was come!" said Mrs. Dorothy. "Come thou right in, my maid; thou art as welcome as roses."

Roger Cordiner came in as requested, followed by a woman so muffled in cloak and hood that it was not possible to see what she was like. In a few minutes, however, she had taken off her wrappings, and stood plainly visible to the curious eyes of Dorothy and Kate.

"Eh, Roger!" The exclamation broke from Dorothy.

Roger Cordiner could readily guess what it meant. It had struck his cousin instantly that the girl was very young looking, and very, very beautiful. She was tall, slightly built, and stately in carriage, though so young. Her hair was of a bright, fair shade, with a golden gleam upon it; and her eyes a shining bluish grey. There was little colour in her face; but what struck Kate more than anything else was the look of intense mournfulness in the eyes. It seemed as if the girl might have lost everything she loved in all the world.

"Aye, Doll, here's your cookmaid," said Roger again, discreetly ignoring her exclamation. "I am assured I may trust thee to be a good maid, Nan, and attentive to thy mistress's bidding. I dare reckon, Doll, she's no great learning touching cookery as yet, but with your good training she shall be like to do you credit. And she is willing, that I will say for her."

"Well, we can but do the best we can," said Mrs. Treadwell. "But I would she looked stronger a bit, and older."

"That last 'll mend," said Roger.

The girl was perfectly silent. But when she saw Kate about to lift a heavy pan from the fire, she quickly and quietly did it herself instead.

"Ah, come now, that'll do!" said Dorothy. "I like a maid that has her eyes about her. Now let me see—sit you down, Cousin Roger, pray you!—let me see what thou wist touching cookery. Wouldst—"

"Nay, I thank you, Doll, I must be away," answered Roger. "So I will bid you good even, and leave you to your catechising."

"Eh, but tell me first what so you covenanted with her?"

"Oh, aye,—was I forgetting that? Well, I covenanted with her for three pound by the year, and her victuals and lodging."

Mrs. Treadwell's face said that, considering the youth and inexperience of her new cook, she thought the wages rather high. But she said nothing; and Roger took his leave.

"Well! I trust thou wilt be a good maid," said she. "Now tell me, with what sauce wouldst serve a joint of veal?"

Had Kate been the mistress, she would have shown the girl her sleeping place, and let her make herself comfortable, as the first thing to be done. But that was not Dorothy's way of doing things.

The girl came forward to the table, on which she rested one hand as though she were tired.

"With sauce pevrate, mistress," she said, in a voice so low and sad that it sounded like the wind sweeping over the strings of a harp.

"Good! and a capon?"

"With sauce neger, mistress, an' it liked you."

"And whereof wouldst make sauce neger?"

"Of the liver of the capon, hewn small, with the fat that drippeth in the roasting, verjuice, and vinegar, thickened with bread crumbs, and powdered o'er with ginger and canel."

Canel is the old word for cinnamon.

"I see thou art not so ill off for knowing," observed Dorothy complacently. "And canst make payne ragun?"

"Aye, mistress."

"How dost it?"

"I would boil together honey and sugar, with powder of ginger and powder of pines, till it were thick that it should stand, and not fall out of shape; then I would leche it, and set it around the dish."

To leche meant to cut in strips.

"And with what manner of meat wouldst serve it?"

"Either with fish or roast, as it pleased you, mistress."

The satisfaction in Dorothy's face grew. She was by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table, and the departed Cicely had not known how to make payne ragun, one of her favourite sweetmeats,



and had always required telling what sauce to serve.

"I reckon thou wilt do," said Mrs. Treadwell condescendingly. "Thou wist better than I looked for, Nan—is not thy name Nan?—better than I looked for!"

"Nan, mistress, to serve you," was the quiet answer.

## CHAPTER V.

### HOUSEHOLD ARRANGEMENTS.

WHEN bed-time came, Kate showed the new cook where she was to sleep. There were two bedchambers in Mr. Treadwell's house: one devoted to the master and mistress, and another in which Kate and Lucy slept with the two maids. As to the luckless George, a sack filled with chaff and a blanket, in the shop, was considered quite good enough for him.

The bedroom in which the four girls slept held two beds. They were four-post bedsteads, with camlet curtains, one better than the other. In the blue bed, which was the distinguished one, occupied by Kate and Lucy, the feather bed was uppermost: in the brown bed, wherein the maids slept, the mattress was at the top. In those days people thought a great deal more of what was fitting for their rank than of what was good for their health; to sleep on a mattress was considered a hardship, and only fit for low and common people.

The remaining furniture of the room consisted of fire irons—tongs, shovel, and fire-fork, which last preceded the poker—a chest for clothes, a chair, and two stools. The washstand was nowhere. People were expected to go and wash at the pump in the yard, when they washed at all; but face and hands were quite as much as most persons thought it necessary to have clean.

For those in the Treadwells' rank of life, it was at this time customary to rise by four or five o'clock in the morning. Even earlier than this their ears were greeted with the various London cries, of which the most common were "fine felt hats," spectacles, "stawberries" (strawberries is a corrupt spelling), cherries, pepper, saffron (of which they used great quantities in cooking), hot

sheep's feet, mackerel, green peas, ribs of beef, pies, "white Saint Thomas's onions," "glasses, fine glasses," "marrowbones, maids, marrowbones," "small coal, a penny a peck." Towards evening the watchmen cried, "Hang out your lights!" for gas was a thing unknown; and when winter came on, the cry arose,—

"I have screens at your desire,  
To keep your beauty from the fire."

Breakfast was served about seven o'clock, though some very late people made it eight. Bread and butter was just becoming usual at this meal; until then the common relish had been dripping. English people are said to like their meat much more underdone than others, which probably arose from the old notion that overdone meat affected the tempers of those who ate it. The principal breakfast dish, however, was "buttered eggs," still common in the north of England, though not now confined to any meal in particular. The usual hour for dinner was from ten to eleven in the morning; and for supper, from four to five in the afternoon. Those were late people who were up and about after eight at night.

As the days wore on, Mrs. Treadwell came to the conclusion that she had abundant reason to be satisfied with her new cook. The girl was extremely quiet (she never spoke unless some one spoke to her), perfectly docile, ready to do everything in the way her mistress wished it, and never appearing to have any preferences of her own. She seemed to have no friends nor relatives, and she made no acquaintances. Still more strangely, she never wanted to go out.

All this was highly satisfactory to Mrs. Treadwell, who had at first entertained a fear lest so remarkably handsome a girl should have a large following. But Anne did not seem to have one lover, nor even a female friend. She "kept herself to herself" in the most decided manner; and Mrs. Treadwell noticed no more.

There are as many qualities of the human mind as there are of drapery or earthenware. Mrs. Dorothy Treadwell's mind was of very common quality. She was quite unable to put herself in the place of another person,

or to suppose that any one could entertain motives which would not have influenced her. She gave nobody credit for thinking or feeling anything which she would not have thought or felt herself, had she been in similar circumstances.

Kate's mind was of much finer quality; and she early discovered a very interesting subject of study in the new cook. She noticed some strange peculiarities about the girl, which had never struck Dorothy at all. Kate saw not only the look of intense mournfulness in the lustrous eyes, as though they were heavy with unshed tears; but also a constant appearance of nervous apprehension,

quick frightened glances in the direction of the least noise, sudden pallor when a knock came at the door, trembling of voice and hand if any one spoke suddenly. Of what was the girl afraid?

Her first thought was that the new cook must have committed some crime, and that she was terrified lest it should be discovered. It might be but a small crime, the theft of a shilling perhaps. But a little consideration and watching of the girl banished this idea. Her sleep was too calm, and her prayers too long and fervent, for any such fancy to be maintained. Still, it was evident that the new cook had something to conceal.

(To be continued.)

## Wayside Chimes.

### II. "WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?"

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

[The other day I saw the above words, "What Would Jesus Do?" hanging as an illuminated motto on the walls of an orphanage. I thought them most helpful, and promised the orphans that I would try and turn their favourite watchword into verse for them. Dr. Dyke's tune "St. Bees" suits the hymn.]



WHEN the morning paints the  
skies,  
And the birds their songs  
renew,

Let me from my slumbers rise—  
Saying, "What would Jesus do?"

Countless mercies from above  
Day by day my pathway strew;  
Is it much to bless Thy love?  
Father, "What would Jesus do?"

When I ply my daily task,  
And the round of toil pursue,  
Let me often brightly ask,  
"What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile,  
Whispering thoughts and words untrue,  
Let me to his subtlest wile  
Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

When the clouds of sorrow hide  
Mirth and sunshine from my view,  
Let me, clinging to Thy side,  
Ponder, "What would Jesus do?"

Only let Thy love, O God,  
Fill my spirit through and through,  
Treading where my Saviour trod,  
Breathing, "What would Jesus do?"

### "A Grain of Grace."

◆ **THINK** I have received a grain of grace," said Matthew Henry, when a boy, to his sister, after hearing a sermon on the parable of The Mustard Seed; and the grain of grace proved in his

case the seed of a Commentary on the Scriptures written in after years, which millions have found a treasury of devotional exposition."—From "*Can Nothing be Done?*" (London: "Hand and Heart" Office.)



## Jack and Jack's Wife; or, Off to the Sea.

BY ONE WHO WENT LAST YEAR.

THE Cheap Trip is an essentially English institution. It was born in Leicester in the early days of the railway system, and for our own part we regard its popularity as among the most pleasing signs of our social life.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,"—and if Jack sticks to his business through the dull and dreary days of winter, what can be more fitting than that Jack and Jack's wife, yes, and Jack's children too, should take a trip to Ramsgate in the middle of August for a whole day's pleasure, or even a week's, if Jack can afford it?

"Yes, but that's just the question," says one: "If he can afford it!" How the Jack whom we have in our mind's eye would laugh if he heard this wonderful objection. Afford it? Why he would cheerfully tell us, that he only has to save a trifle here, and drop off a copper there, to do it all! only to exercise an economy which he scarcely feels, when once he begins to practise it! Yes, it is wonderful how the excursion money grows. And when the holiday season comes round, Jack and Jack's wife don't find themselves at all bothered by the question "*whether they shall go?*" No, the great point to settle is, "*where they shall go to!*"

If the truth be known, the settling of this question is almost as keenly relished by Jack as the trip itself. Every night for weeks before the eventful day, Jack and Jack's wife go into the matter across the tea-table to the

great delight of the youngsters. Talk about State questions! Why the Home Office itself could scarcely be called upon to deal with a point more knotty than that which is so ardently discussed by the Prime Minister and Home Secretary of Jack's Parliament! Shall it be right to the heart of the country among the corn-fields and along the shady lanes; or, straight off to the seaside with its miles and miles of lovely beach?

Of course it shall be to the sea! We are a maritime race:—

"Britannia rules the waves,"

and those two boys, thorough Britons as they are, have so strongly exerted themselves to secure mother's vote in favour of the sea, that Jack finds himself insensibly led to declare that there is no inland place which can be compared with a trip to the sea.

Consider too what attractions there are. The romp on the sand-hills, the delightful sail in the penny steamer, or the hiring of a little row boat all to themselves. Then the tea and the shrimps: and the hunting for precious stones and shells: and the gathering of the big bunch of sea-weed which shall tell what sort of weather there will be all the year round. Then the pleasant ride home: and more than all the neighbours' compliments the next day, "Why how very sun-burnt you are!"

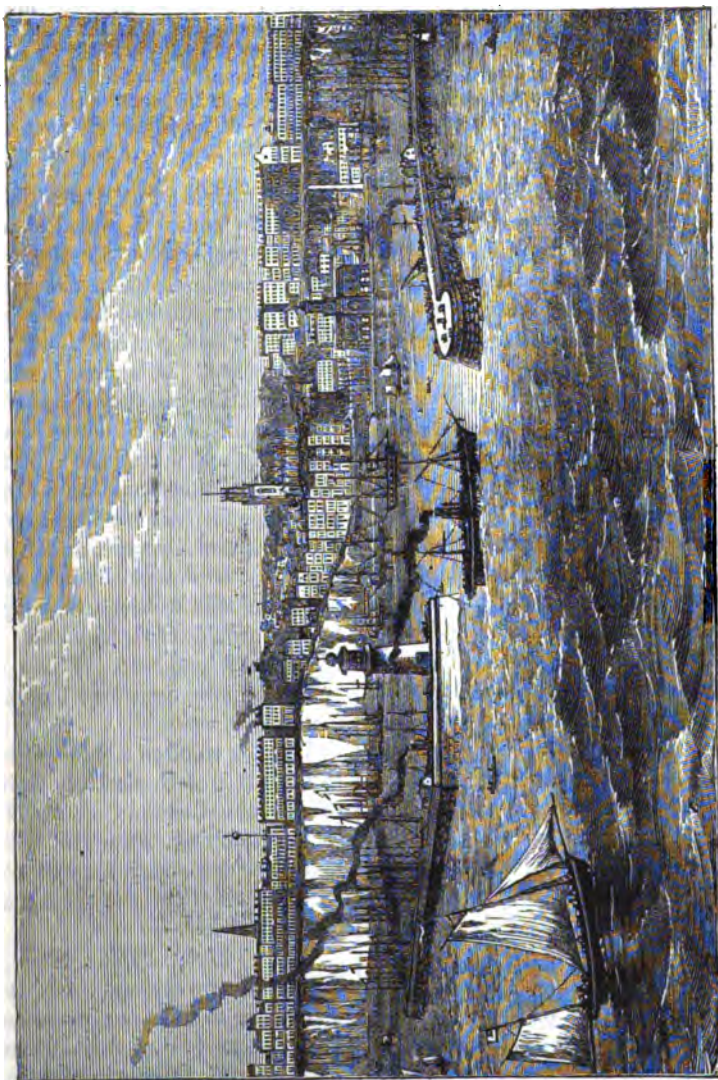
We hope all our readers will take a trip to the sea this year; and it is just possible if they keep their eyes open, they will find themselves in "Jack's" pleasant company before the outing is over.

## The Harbest Lesson.

"God's 'grain' in Christian experience, and in Christian service too, is the secret of man's harvest."—*God's "Grain": a Centenary Lesson.*

"Let us watch awhile the Sowers, let us mark their tiny Grain,  
Scattered oft in doubt and trembling, sown in weakness or in pain;  
Then let Faith, with radiant finger, lift the veil from unseen things,  
Where the golden sheaves are bending, and the Harvest anthem rings."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL



RAMSGATE.

## Frances Ridley Havergal:

### AS A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

[We are indebted to Miss Havergal for the following interesting notes on Sunday-school teaching, which do not appear in the "Memorials" of her sister. They will be especially interesting at the present time, alike to parents, teachers, and scholars. They serve also to fix the mind upon what is so often a partly or wholly forgotten truth: our dependence upon the Divine Spirit for all truly spiritual results of Christian work. Well does the writer remember, as curate of St. Nicholas' Parish, Worcester, about the period referred to, the deep interest "F. R. H." took in the Sunday-school; indeed she was regarded throughout the parish as a sunbeam of brightness wherever she went.—THE EDITOR.]



INTERRUPTIONS to Sunday-school teaching are often trying to diligent teachers. My sister's (F. R. H.'s) advice to her friend Elizabeth may encourage such,—

"I do feel for you in your disappointment that illness prevents your taking your class. But if it was really His work you were doing, you *need* be under no anxiety at the interruption. Perhaps you are like a young gardener hailing the first spring beam, and hastening to plant his seed in the warm, moist soil. But the Master comes, and stays his hand, and beckons him away from his pleasant work, and his heart is sad; for he thinks that all was ready, and now the promised crop will be delayed, and it will be so long ere the sweet flowers gladden his eye; or perhaps the seed will be wasted and evil weeds spring up ere his return; and so he leaves it sorrowfully, even though it be at his Master's call. But see, the Master leads him apart a little while, and bids him eat and drink in His presence and 'rest awhile:' so that he may go forth to his labour with new strength, and bright with the smile of his Master's countenance. And perhaps he will find on his return a soft shower (sent by no mortal hand) has fallen from a cloud of blessing, and his ground shall be filled with fruitfulness from the seed which he may now bring.

"Teachers do not always like taking the

lowest classes; but I am delighted with my little ones. I spend about the same time in preparation for them as I did for my Bible-class. They are mostly six or seven years old, and have no books to read in. So it's all *viva voce*, and I get streams of questions. It is most interesting work.

"When I began they asked no questions; but six or seven Sundays made a difference. To wit, taking the Christmas subject with them, they kept up a running fire of questions for half an hour, *e.g.*, 'How did Joseph know it was an angel that spoke to him?' 'If Joseph hadn't minded what the angel said to him and stopped in Bethlehem, would God have let the soldiers kill Jesus?' etc., etc. When children go on asking you questions I consider it very interesting work!"

What is so often a "forgotten truth" as to the work of God's Holy Spirit was constantly the theme of F. R. H.'s Sunday-school teaching, even in 1858. In the note-book my sister kept of conversations with her class (in the week) are the following entries:—

"May 21st, 1858. Mary Anne and Priscy came, saying, 'Oh, teacher, we want you to talk to us about God.' I helped them to find various texts about the Holy Spirit: Luke xi. 13; Rom. viii. 26; John xiv. 26. The subject I gave them to think about was '*The need of the Holy Spirit.*'"

"May 25th, 1858. Annie and Priscy came. The subject of our reading was,

'The Holy Spirit comforting and teaching.' Then I knelt down and prayed with them that God would give us the Holy Spirit."

"July 17th. Selina and Annie came. Subject, Matt. xxvi. 36-46: the love and watchfulness which Christ's sufferings should awaken in us. Selina has had a severe test, and has stood it. While away at her little friend's house, her father sent

for her three times to go to the races (then going on). At last he came and dragged her home by force. She cried and entreated not to go, remembering papa's (W. H. H.'s) address at Sunday-school and my (F. R. H.'s) advice. The father swore she should go. At last the mother's entreaties saved her, and the father gave up the point, and my little Sunday scholar was faithful and victorious."

### A Word to our Harvesters.

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS," ETC.

(See Illustration, Page 183.)



OT many years ago he would have been considered a bold man who ventured to advocate the general practice of total abstinence in the harvest fields of old England. In many localities the ingathering of the golden grain was frequently the occasion of scenes of dissipation and revelry, the evil effects of which remained as a source of regret long afterwards.

The formation of numerous parochial branches of the Church of England Temperance Society has happily done much towards bringing about an improvement in this respect. Reliable information has been spread on the physical evils resulting from an undue use of stimulating liquors, and many have been led to test for themselves the gain of abstinence. One of the most useful efforts of this nature was the offering of a prize for the best paper on the special subject of "Drink in the Hay and Harvest Field." There were a large number of competitors, and the award was made to Mr. John Bailey, of Grantham. His experience deserves to be pondered by all who are brought into connection with harvest work, whether as employers or labourers. Strong men may not of course feel the ill effects as he felt them; but what so clearly injured him must certainly be anything but beneficial even to the strongest. He writes:—

"When engaged in the harvest field, and accustomed to drink beer, I found that I

was filled with an unnatural heat. My mouth became parched with thirst, and the oftener I drank beer the more frequently I became thirsty; so that in my case beer proved itself to be useless as a quencher of thirst. Then, as to its strength-giving and appetizing properties, I found that it frequently caused a sensation at my stomach like heartburn, with a heavy weight and total loss of relish for food, followed by weakness and trembling in my whole frame."

Like a sensible man, John Bailey, having thus in his own case at least traced the connection of cause and effect, soon came to the conclusion that the best thing would be to test the matter by going without his customary allowance for a few days, and taking oatmeal and water instead. We give the result of the experiment in his own words.

"*First Day.*—I felt somewhat better, and towards night could begin to enjoy my food.

"*Second Day.*—My appetite returned, and my strength began to increase.

"*Third Day.*—I was quite well.

"No more parched palate; for when I had taken a draught of my new drink I could 'go in' (as we termed it) for an hour or more without the least inconvenience. No more trembling limbs now; I swung my scythe from right to left, and the precious golden grain came trembling to the ground.

"The burning feverish heat which had so troubled me by day, disturbed my rest at night, and caused my mouth to be so parched and nauseous in the morning, had entirely



gone. I could now perform my work cheerfully, go home tired certainly, but by no means exhausted. Day by day my strength increased, and when the harvest was ended I was in such trim for work that I was only sorry there was not another harvest ready to begin. Prejudice in favour of drink was entirely routed, and my depraved appetite was no longer allowed to rule and reign over right and common sense. Another pleasing feature was, I had a good harvest and but a very small beer bill to pay, for I bought no more beer after I found out the better plan. My experience clearly proved to me that men in the harvest field need nourishment and support, not intoxicating stimulants."

It would be easy to multiply similar testimonies. The Rev. Thomas Snow, Incumbent of Underbarrow, Milnthorpe, has taken great interest in this question, and collected a number of opinions from working men in various parts of the country, whose united testimony is that hard work in the harvest field has been found much easier to them without the use of intoxicating liquors as a stimulant. It deserves to be mentioned that the men whose testimony is given are practical harvesters, some having mown sixty-three acres of grass, and others having reaped nineteen to twenty acres of corn, without strong drink.

Custom has a great deal to answer for :—

Use, John, Use, John, winks at this abuse, John ;  
And, when you recommend the pledge, will patch  
up some excuse, John :

Many drink because they're cold,

And some because they're hot, John,

Many drink because they're old,

And some because they're not, John ;

Many drink because they're thin,

And some because they're stout, John ;

Many drink because they're in,

And some because they're out, John.

"Nay," John, "Nay," John, whatever they may  
say, John,

Never touch and never taste, but always answer  
"Nay," John.

Our illustration is an engraving of one of the finest pictures in the present exhibition at the Royal Academy.\* The artist, Mr. G. H. Boughton, has achieved a great success and triumph in the exquisite finish of his work. "Evangeline," we may conclude, is bearing a good supply of John Bailey's refreshing and strengthening oatmeal and water to the thirsty harvesters. We hope there will be found an "Evangeline" in every harvest field this year, and that all harvesters will at any rate "just try" for once.

Some of our readers may be glad to possess the following recipe for "a drink for harvesters," given by the eminent Dr. Parkes, in his valuable little book on "The Personal Care of Health."

"When you have any heavy work to do, do not take either beer, cider, or spirits. By far the best drink is thin oatmeal and water, with a little sugar. The proportions are a quarter pound of oatmeal to two or three quarts of water; it should be well boiled, and then one ounce or an ounce and a half of brown sugar added. Shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer, drink this cold; in winter, hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink. If at any time you have to make a very long day, as in harvest, and cannot stop for meals, increase the oatmeal to half a pound, or even three quarters, and the water to three quarts. If you cannot get oatmeal, wheat flour will do, but not quite so well. For quenching thirst few things are better than weak coffee and a little sugar; one ounce of coffee and half an ounce of sugar boiled in two quarts of water, and cooled, is a very thirst-quenching drink. Cold tea has the same effect, but neither are so supporting as oatmeal. Thin cocoa is very refreshing and supporting, but more expensive than oatmeal."

"My doctor's order" is sometimes, we are afraid, unduly pleaded. We hope *this* "order" will be both pleaded and practised in a thousand harvest fields.

\* We are indebted to Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, for this engraving. It is a good specimen of the character of the illustrations in their deservedly popular *Magazine of Art*.



"EVANGELINE."

[See page 181.]

[FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, BY G. H. BOUGHTON, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1880.]

## The Motherless Turkeys.



THE White Turkey was dead! The White Turkey was dead!  
 How the news through the barn-yard went flying!  
 Of a mother bereft, four small turkeys were left,  
 And their case for assistance was crying.  
 E'en the Peacock respectfully folded his tail,  
 As a suitable symbol of sorrow;  
 And his plainer wife said, "Now the old bird is dead,  
 Who will tend her poor chicks on the morrow?  
 And when evening around them comes dreary and chill,  
 Who above them will watchfully hover?"  
 "Two, each night, I will tuck 'neath my wings," said the Duck,  
 "Though I've eight of my own I must cover."  
 "I have *so much* to do! For the slugs and the worms,  
 In the garden, 'tis tiresome pickin';  
 I have nothing to spare—for my own I must care,"  
 Said the Hen with *one* chicken.  
 "How I wish," said the Goose, "I could be of some use,  
 For my heart is with love over-brimming;  
 The next morning that's fine, they shall ~~go~~ with my nine  
 Little yellow-backed goslings, out swimming!"  
 "I will do what I can," the old Dorking put in,  
 "And for help they may call upon me too;  
 Though I've ten of my own that are only half-grown,  
 And a great deal of trouble to see to.  
 But those poor little things, they are all heads and wings,  
 And their bones through their feathers are stickin'!"  
 "Very hard it may be, but, oh, don't come to me!"  
 Said the Hen with *one* chicken.  
 "Half my care, I suppose, there is nobody knows,—  
 I'm the most overburdened of mothers!  
 They must learn, little elves! how to scratch for themselves,  
 And not seek to depend upon others."  
 She went by with a cluck, and the Goose to the Duck  
 Exclaimed in surprise, "Well, I never!"  
 Said the Duck, "I declare, those who have the least care,  
 You will find, are complaining for ever!  
 And when all things appear to look threatening and drear,  
 And when troubles your pathway are thick in:  
 For aid in your woe, oh, beware how you go  
 To a Hen with *one* chicken!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

## William Kennedy, the Blind Mechanic of Tanderagee.



"O'erwhelmed in darkness, and deprived of sight,  
Through all his life 'twas one continued night."

THINK *Home Words* readers will be interested in a record of the powers of a blind Irishman, who, though he had no claim to the genius of poesy, nor ever expatiated in the regions of philosophy, yet by the delicacy of touch arrived at almost unexampled perfection in the execution of various pieces of mechanism, which in other men would require all the aid of sight. The best account of his extraordinary progress in mechanics is to be found in his own simple narrative, given by dictation to a friend.

"I was born near Banbridge, in the county of Down, in the year 1768, and lost my sight at the age of four years. Having no other amusement (being deprived of such as children generally have), my mind turned itself to mechanical pursuits, and I shortly became projector and workman for all the children in the neighbourhood. As I increased in years, my desire for some kind of employment that might render me not burdensome, though blind, induced me to think of music; and, at the age of thirteen, I was sent to Armagh to learn to play the fiddle. My lodging happened to be at the house of a cabinet-maker; this was a happy circumstance for me, as I there got such a knowledge of the tools and manner of working as has been useful to me ever since. Though these things, however, engaged my mind and occupied a great part of my time, yet I made as decent a progress in music as any other of Mr. Moorhead's scholars, except one. After living a year and a quarter there, I returned home, where I made or procured tools so as to enable me to construct household furniture.

"Not being satisfied with the occupation of cabinet-maker, I purchased an old set of Irish bagpipes, but, without instruction, it was with difficulty that I put them into playing order. I soon, however, became so well acquainted with the construction of them,

that instruments were brought to me from every part of the neighbourhood to be repaired. I found so many defects in this instrument, that I began to consider whether there might not be a better form of it than any I had yet met with; and, from my early instruction in music, and continual study of the instrument (for indeed I slept but little), in nine months' time (having my tools to make) I produced the first new set. I then began with clock and watch-making, and soon found out a clock-maker in Banbridge who had a desire to learn to play on the pipes, and we mutually instructed each other. From this time I increased in musical and mechanical knowledge, but made no more pipes, though I repaired many, until the year 1793, when I married, and my necessities induced me to use all my industry for the maintenance of my wife and increasing family. My employment for twelve years was making and repairing wind and stringed instruments of music. I also constructed clocks, both common and musical, and sometimes recurred to my first employment of cabinet-maker. I also made linen-looms, with their different tackling. My principal employment, however, is the construction of the Irish bagpipes, of which I have made thirty sets in the little town I live in, within these eight years past."

Thus ends the simple sketch of the life of William Kennedy, given in his own unadorned style. The modesty of our blind mechanic has prevented him from enlarging on several points, illustrative of his ingenuity as an improver of this instrument. In this respect, indeed, he deserves the character of an inventor, as his additions to the Irish pipes have done away with many of their imperfections. The full particulars of his most ingenious alterations would require terms too technical to be introduced here; it must suffice to say that this blind mechanic was unequalled in the elegance of his workmanship and the perfection of his scale, in our favourite national instrument. Having first

formed his lathe and tools from a rude block of ebony, a fragment of an elephant's tooth, and a piece of silver, he shaped and bored the complicated tubes, graduated the ventage, adapted the keys, and formed an instrument of perfect external finish and beauty, "that produced most eloquent music," capable of expressing the finest movements in melody, and by no means deficient in harmony.

All this he accomplished by the exquisite sensibility of touch, for he was stone blind, and quite incapable of distinguishing the black colour of ebony from the white of ivory. Under poverty and physical privation of the most overwhelming kind, he gradually raised his mechanical powers to this extraordinary degree of excellence.

RETRO.

## Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

### XXVIII. THE SECRET OF A HAPPY HOME.



CAN'T conceive how you manage to give all your family house-room," said a willow-wren to a titmouse. "I haven't half your number, and yet one or other of them is always tumbling out of

the nest."

"Perhaps you didn't make it large enough," said the titmouse.

"That can't be the reason; it's as large as yours."

"Ah!" said the titmouse. "Well, you'll excuse my mentioning it, but I fancy I've heard that your young ones don't agree very well."

"It wouldn't make the nest any larger if they did," said the willow-wren. "I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Pardon me, friend," said the titmouse, "but it makes all the difference in the world. If my twelve didn't do their best to accommodate each other, we couldn't get on at all; but I'm thankful to say they are all of one mind, and that is what makes a peaceable home."

### XXIX. HOW TO GAIN YOUR POINT.

"I CAN'T manage it; I never saw such wood in my life," said the hatchet; "my edge is quite turned with the blows I've struck."

"It's no use trying," said the axe; "I've chopped at it till my head has come off."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the saw, "but I think you both went to work the wrong way. You hit *against the grain*; if you were to try the other way, you would find it easy enough to conquer it."

### XXX. MEDDLING BRINGS ITS OWN REWARD.

"NEBO and Prince are having a fight; let's go and help," said Viper, a small black-and-tan terrier, to his next-door neighbour, Sweep.

"Not I," said Sweep.

"Why not?" said Viper; "it would be great fun, and Prince would be glad of our help."

"Glad of *your* help!" said Sweep, contemptuously; "don't deceive yourself, my boy; take my advice, and keep out of it. Prince is quite able to fight his own battles, and if you don't know it yet, you'll soon find by experience that any one who takes part in a quarrel, at any rate with such a purpose as yours, gets abuse from all and gratitude from none."

### XXXI. A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

"WHY, where have you found all that honey?" said a young bee to an old one, as he watched him returning to the hive laden with golden nectar.

"In that bed of wild thyme close by," said the old bee. "This is the third load I've brought in this morning, and there's plenty left yet."

"Well, I'm sure I've been flying about all over the garden, to look for some," said the young bee, "but I couldn't find any worth speaking of. I met a butterfly, and he advised me to go to the rosary, but there were so many from our hive there

caught there, for some one shut the window down, and I had only just time to escape. Since then I have been roaming about trying one flower and another as I thought they looked promising, but I've got hardly any honey."

"Ah!" said the old bee. "Well, I am not surprised, for, by your own account, you have spent the morning in flying about, instead of working. If you had



A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

before me that I thought it was of no use to stop. Then I tried the pansies, but the gardener had just been watering them. So I went to the mignonette box on the window-sill; but I was very nearly being

kept to one bed, as I did, you would have brought home a load like mine; but I can't stop to talk any longer just now, for I want to take it to the hive."





## “My Confirmation Day.”

FROM ONE OF F. R. H.'s “SEALED PAPERS.”



N July, 1854, Frances Ridley Havergal was confirmed in Worcester Cathedral. Her confirmation was indeed a reality, and is a profitable study for all who are contemplating this act of public decision for God and His service. We give the following extract, found in one of her “Sealed Papers” :—

“In the procession to Worcester Cathedral Ellen Wakeman was my companion. On reaching our seat very near the rails, I sunk on my knees : the thought of ‘whose I am’ burst upon me, and I prayed, ‘My God, oh, my *own* Father, Thou blessed Jesus, my *own* Saviour, Thou Holy Spirit, my *own* Comforter,’ and I stopped. It scarcely seemed right for me to use the language of such strong assurance as this ; but yet I did not retract. While the solemn question was being put by the Bishop, never I think did I feel my own weakness and utter helplessness so much. I hardly dared answer ; but ‘the Lord is my Strength’ was graciously suggested to me, and then the words quickly came from (I trust) my very heart : ‘Lord, I cannot without Thee, but oh, with Thy almighty help—I do.’

“I believe that the solemnity of what had just been uttered, with its exceeding comprehensiveness, was realized by me as far as my mind could grasp it. I thought a good deal of the words ‘Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling’ ; and that was my chief comfort. We were the first to go up, and I was the fourth or fifth on whom the Bishop laid his hands. At first, the thought came as to who was kneeling next to me, but then the next moment I felt alone, unconscious of my fellow-candidates, of the many eyes fixed

upon us, and the many thoughts of and prayers for me, alone with God and His chief minister. My feelings when his hands were placed on my head (and there was a solemnity and earnestness in the very touch and manner) I cannot describe, they were too confused ; but when the words ‘Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom,’ were solemnly pronounced, if ever my heart followed a prayer it did then, if ever it thrilled with earnest longing not unmixed with joy, it did at the words ‘Thine for ever.’ But, as if in *no* feeling I might or could rest satisfied, there was still a longing, ‘Oh that I desired this *yet* more earnestly, that I believed it *yet* more fully.’

“We returned to our seats, and for some time I wept, why I hardly know, it was not grief, nor anxiety, nor exactly joy. About an hour and a quarter elapsed before all the candidates had been up to the rails ; part of the time being spent in meditation on the double transaction which was now sealed, and in thinking that I was now more than ever His ; but I still rather sadly wished that I could *feel* more. Many portions of Scripture passed through my mind, particularly part of Romans viii.”

The paper was not finished, nor can any account of her first Communion be found. In her manuscript book of poems she wrote :—

### “THINE FOR EVER.”

“Oh ! ‘Thine for ever :’ what a blessed thing  
To be for ever His who died for me !  
My Saviour, all my life Thy praise I’ll sing,  
Nor cease my song throughout eternity.”

*In the Cathedral, July 17, 1854.*

She always kept the anniversary of her Confirmation day. When at Celbridge (1875) her juvenile instructor in Hebrew (John H. Shaw) remembers on one of these occasions missing her at their hour for study, and that she spent most of the day in holy retirement. So lately as 1876 and 1877 she seems to have renewed her Confirmation vow, in the following verses :—

**"A COVENANT."**

"Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee,  
I would be wholly Thine;  
As Thou hast given Thyself to me,  
And Thou art wholly mine;  
Oh, take me, seal me as Thine own,  
Thine altogether—Thine alone."

(July, 1876.)

"Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it for ever,  
Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life!  
Pulse of all gladness, and nerve of endeavour,  
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife!"

(July, 1877.)

## England's Church.

### NOTES AND TESTIMONIES.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

#### VI. THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.



**HISTORICALLY** considered, the Thirty-Nine Articles are intensely interesting. They carry us back to that great period in our national history known as "the Reformation:" a period when the Church of this country abandoned the errors of Rome, and went back to the simple, primitive teaching of "the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone." We glory in the Reformation because it meant a free Bible, the right to worship God as conscience requires us, a mighty impulse to learning, science, commerce, and every department of influence—political, literary, religious—under which nations become free, and therefore great; and these Thirty-Nine Articles remind us of the battle which was fought and won by our forefathers three hundred years ago.

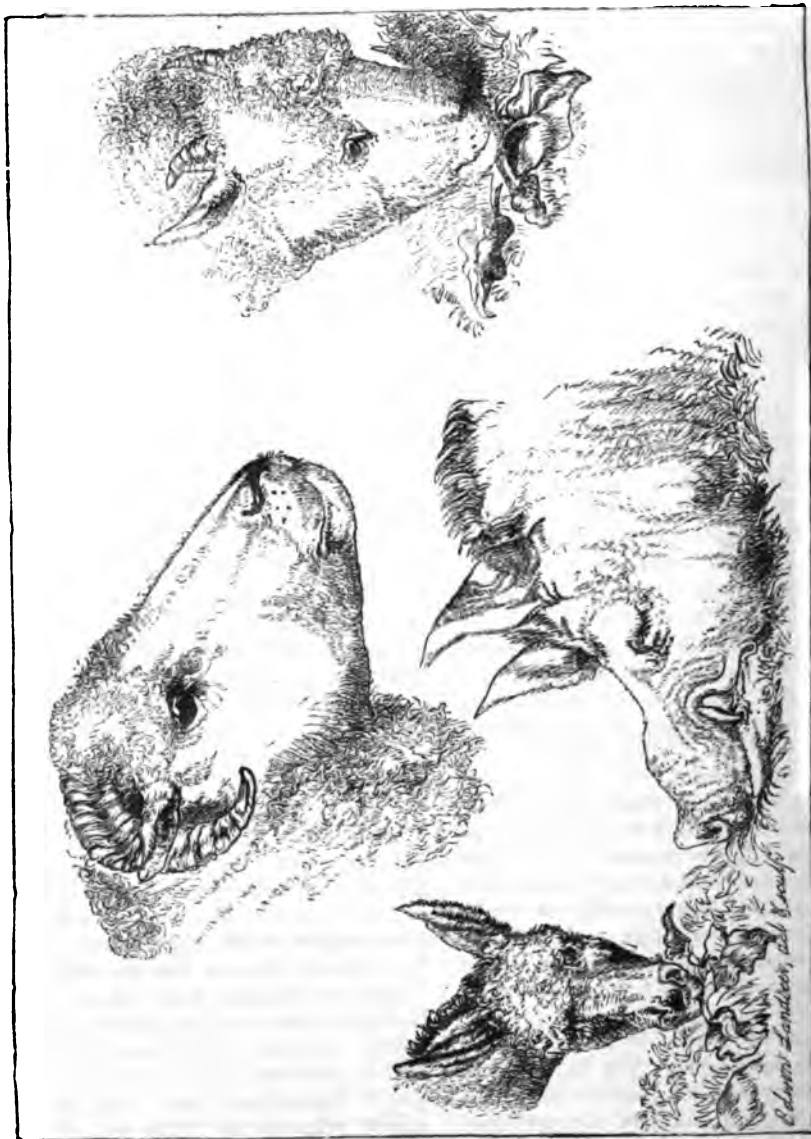
Scripturally considered, these Thirty-Nine Articles are invaluable. We must never forget that they set forth the view which the Church of England takes of the doctrines which accompany salvation, as contained in the Bible. Collectively they form a model of

accuracy, brevity, and arrangement. They are always up to Scripture, never beyond it. A more precious treasury of Christian doctrine than that contained in the Thirty-Nine Articles no Church in Christendom possesses. In the mere matter of style they take their stand by the side of the noble English of our national Bible. They are thoroughly outspoken. The great principle which goes through them is entire fidelity to God's Word, as distinct from all human tradition whatever.

Devotionally considered also, they are worthy of devout regard. They are full of the spirit of the Gospel, which is the spirit of Christ. They never dogmatize beyond the point warranted by Holy Scripture. They are as broad, and comprehensive, and liberal, as Christianity itself. They allow the fullest liberty where God's Word has not decided. Even those who are not members of the Church of England must admit the wide Christian charity which pervades them.

We therefore prize our Thirty-Nine Articles, and we believe it to be a wise and proper arrangement that every clergyman should subscribe to them, and, before he enters upon a ministerial charge, read them in the face of his people.





### HEADS OF BOAR, SHEEP, ETC.

Drawn by Sir Edwin Landseer at the age of eight years, and exhibited at the Royal Academy.  
[See Sketch of the Life of Sir Edwin Landseer, by H. G. Rait, Esq., in *January Home Words*, page 14.]

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXV. WHAT BOYS OUGHT TO KNOW.



PHILOSOPHER has said that the true education for boys is to teach them what they ought to know when they become men. Teach them:—

1. To be true; to be genuine. No education will be worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action, than, being learned in all sciences and in all languages, be at the same time false at heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that—truth is more than riches, more than culture, more than earthly power and position.

2. To be pure in thought, language, and life—pure in mind and in body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with low stories, and impure example, is a moral ulcer, a plague spot, a leper, who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old—banished from society and compelled to cry “unclean,” as a warning to save others from the pestilence.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite. To be just in all their dealings with others. To be generous, noble, and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged, and things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. To be industrious always and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honourable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things: when he has made these ideas a part of his being; he has learned some of the important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.

## XXVI. MY INFLUENCE.

A GENTLEMAN, some time ago, was giving a lecture on “Influence,”—about doing good. There was in the room a poor working man, and he had, in his arms, a little girl. The gentleman said, “That little girl in the poor man’s

arms can do good.” The man said, “That’s true.” After the meeting was over, he came up to the lecturer.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” he said, “for interrupting you: I am afraid it was wrong, but I could not help it. You said what was so true. I will tell you about that little girl in my arms. I was a drunkard. I did not like to go to a public-house by myself, so I took my little girl in my arms with me. She said, ‘Father, don’t go there.’ I said, ‘Hold your tongue.’ We went on a little farther, and again she said, ‘Please, father, don’t go there.’ I said, ‘I tell you, hold your tongue.’ As I walked on, I felt a little hot tear fall on my hand. I thought my little girl was crying. So I did not go to the public-house, and I have never been there since. It was all my little girl’s hot tears that turned me from being a drunkard into (I hope) a Christian man.”

Never let anybody say they cannot do any good. That little girl with her tear turned the poor drunkard into a good Christian father. Let us all try to do all the good we can, in all the ways we can, to all the people we can.

## XXVII. A CONSCIENCE THAT WOULD NOT STRETCH.

DR. ADAM CLARK, the celebrated commentator, was placed in his boyhood with a draper to learn the business. Young Adam had a conscience which refused to stretch for his personal advantage, and what must have been a severe trial at the time opened the way for future success and fame. One day his master set him to measure a piece of cloth for a customer. It was a few inches short of the required measure, and Adam was directed to “stretch the cloth so as to make it long enough.” Adam’s conscience refused to let him do what he regarded as a dishonest thing; and the draper sent his apprentice home with the message that “he would never make a man of business!” What Adam rose to in after life is well known. He laboured assiduously to explain and expound the Word of Life that had led him to Christ as his Saviour, and produced a Commentary on the Bible that has made his name familiar wherever the English language is spoken.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. YHOW does the account of Creation on the second day differ from all the others?
2. When was a prayer for blessing refused by Christ, in order that the one who asked it might be made a blessing to others?
3. How was it that the Jews came to find pity from all their oppressors when they were in captivity?
4. Had Bathsheba any other sons besides Solomon, after she became the wife of David?
5. On what occasions did God show the value which He attaches to the ministry, as a means of grace, by using it when He might have dispensed with it?
6. When did the death of one woman produce great fear, and the resurrection of another woman great faith, amongst the Lord’s people?
7. What great man was permitted to see the glory of God, who was afterwards connected with its manifestation?
8. How may we have all that Solomon asked God for, when he was invited to pray, and everything besides?

9. What did one of the Apostles hear from heaven which he has omitted to mention in relating the circumstances to the Church?

10. What remarkable prayer was answered, as we know that prophecy was fulfilled, upon the day of Pentecost?

11. What incident in the life of Christ shows how close people may be to Him in the means of grace, and yet not receive a blessing?

12. There was a wicked man who sought to evade the force of a prediction by a secret stratagem, but who only accomplished what the Lord said by His prophet. Who was it?

## ANSWERS (See JULY No., page 167).

I. Mark x. 46; John xi. 48. II. Exod. xviii. 21. III. John iv. 39-42. IV. 2 Kings vi. 12. V. Josh. xxiv. 1 and Gen. xxxv. 4. VI. Acts vii. 59, 60; xii. 2; Rev. ii. 13. VII. 1 Cor. ix. 1; xv. 8; see Acts i. 23. VIII. Acts xvii. 33-34. IX. 1 Chron. xxi. 1. X. 1 Tim. ii. 14. XI. Acts xviii. 26; 2 Tim. i. 5. XII. John i. 30; Matt. xxvi. 70.

Sun.—1st day.  
Rises 4.25. Sets 7.45.

AUGUST.

MOON.—New, 6th, m. 3.45.  
Full, 20th, m. 5.15.

LIGHT  
FAITH  
HOPE  
GRACE  
IN  
LIFE

JOY  
PEACE  
LOVE

# THE TITLES OF THE LORD JESUS.

He gave  
Himself for me.

Gal. ii. 20.

|      |                                                |  |
|------|------------------------------------------------|--|
| 1 S  | 10th S. after Trinity. The Christ of God. Luke |  |
| 2 M  | God so loved the world. (ix. 20.)              |  |
| 3 Tu | That He gave His only begotten Son,            |  |
| 4 W  | That whosoever believeth in Him                |  |
| 5 Th | Should not perish,                             |  |
| 6 F  | But have everlasting life. John vi. 12.        |  |
| 7 S  | What think ye of Christ? Matt. xxii. 42.       |  |
| 8 S  | 11th S. after Trinity. A Saviour. Luke ii. 11. |  |

God's  
riches in glory.

Phil. iv. 12.

|       |                                                                        |  |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 9 M   | The Author of eternal salvation. Heb. v. 9.                            |  |
| 10 Tu | Good tidings of great joy. Luke ii. 10.                                |  |
| 11 W  | The glorious Gospel of the blessed God. 1 Tim. i. 11.                  |  |
| 12 Th | Not by works of righteousness,                                         |  |
| 13 F  | But according to His mercy He saved us. Tit. iii. 5.                   |  |
| 14 S  | By grace are ye saved through faith. Eph. ii. 8.                       |  |
| 15 S  | 12th S. after Trinity. The Captain of our Sal-<br>vation. Heb. xi. 10. |  |

## HONOUR THE LORD WITH THE FIRSTFRUITS.

Prov. iii. 9.

Fight  
the good fight.

1 Tim. vi. 12.

|       |                                                      |  |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 16 M  | Put on the whole armour of God. Eph. vi. 11.         |  |
| 17 Tu | The shield of faith. Eph. vi. 16.                    |  |
| 18 W  | The helmet of salvation. Eph. vi. 17.                |  |
| 19 Th | The sword of the Spirit. Eph. vi. 17.                |  |
| 20 F  | Mighty through God. 2 Cor. x. 4.                     |  |
| 21 S  | And the supply of the Spirit of Christ. Phil. i. 19. |  |
| 22 S  | 13th S. after Trinity. Counsellor. Isa. ix. 8.       |  |
| 23 M  | Who of God is made unto us wisdom. 1 Cor. i. 30.     |  |

Wise  
unto salvation.

2 Tim. iii. 12.

|       |                                                           |  |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 24 Tu | St. BARNHOLEMEW. Never man spoke like this Man.           |  |
| 25 W  | Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly. Col. iii. 16. |  |
| 26 Th | If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God. Jas. i. 5.    |  |
| 27 F  | The fear of the Lord is wisdom. Job xxviii. 28.           |  |
| 28 S  | Wisdom is the principal thing. Prov. iv. 7.               |  |
| 29 S  | 14th S. aft. Trin. The Chief Shepherd. 1 Pet. v. 4.       |  |
| 30 M  | I will set up one Shepherd over them. Ezek. xxxv.         |  |
| 31 Tu | That great Shepherd of the sheep. Heb. xiii. 20. [23.]    |  |

CAN we count redemption's treasure,  
Scan the glory of God's love?  
Such shall be the boundless measure  
Of His blessings from above:  
All we ask or think, and more,  
He will give in bounteous store.

One the channel, deep and broad,  
From the Fountain of the Throne—  
Christ the Saviour, Son of God,  
Blessings flow through Him alone,  
Till we reach His home on high,  
"God shall all our need supply."—F. R. H.

God's Commandments.—We may be quite sure of three things,—first, that whatever our Lord commands us, He really means us to do; secondly, that whatever He commands us to do, for our good always; and thirdly, that whatever He commands us, He is able and willing to enable us to do, for "all God's biddings are enableings."

The Scriptures.—Jesus said, "Search the Scriptures." New are we substituting a word of our own, and merely reading them? He did not say, "Read them," but "Search."—F. R. H.







THE LATE REV. C. B. SNEPP, LL.M.

*"Home, going home! Home to my Saviour! Home to dear ones gone before! Home to the presence of MY God! Going home. Blessed thought, glorious prospect!" Another moment's pause, and then the tones of prayer: "Lord, prepare me for going. Perfect in me that which is imperfect." (See Page 196.)*



# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

The late Rev. C. B. Snapp, D.D.:

A RECORD OF LIFE'S CLOSING HOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.



WHEN a life has long spoken for the Master, the attending incidents of closing hours are of little moment to the pilgrim himself. "Death cannot come to him untimely who is fit to die," whose life is truly "hid with Christ in God." But parting testimonies to the sustaining power of Divine grace are deeply impressive to all privileged to hear them, and the record of such testimony has often cheered and stimulated "the followers" of those who now "through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Seldom has a brighter example of the Christian thus triumphing over death been witnessed than in the closing hours of the late Rev. Charles B. Snapp, the widely known editor of "Songs of Grace and Glory." The home-call was unexpected and sudden, but the "faithful servant" was found "watching."

Mr. Snapp had returned home on Saturday, June 12th, from Ryde, where he had been staying for five weeks of greatly needed rest and change. On the following

Sunday he preached twice. One of his texts, "He will keep the feet of His saints," he often quoted for his own comfort through his illness. On Monday and Tuesday he was actively at work, full of plans and arrangements, preparing to begin many things with renewed energy and zeal. On Wednesday he was seized with shivering and pains, and was obliged to give up preaching in the evening. A night of patient suffering followed. In the early morning he asked for a text, and when the promise was given, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," he repeated "perfect peace! Yes! such peace as nothing can describe."

From this time those who ministered to him tell of continual prayer for his own dear ones, and for his people, in some such words as these: "Stir up my curates, stir up my teachers, stir up my scholars; quicken their zeal, and let them all be gathered into Thy everlasting kingdom." On Sunday morning he kindly insisted that the nurse should go to church, and was delighted when she told him of the service and sermon. The night was passed in much suffering, but he spoke often of

great peace. Once he said: "Whenever I sleep I wake with such sweet thoughts, either with some text brought to my mind or else enjoying prayer." He asked many questions about his people, and said, "Tell me everything you can."

Monday was a day of increasing weakness. He said once, "I am brought very, very low, but the Lord can raise me up." And at another time, "I want so much to see the reason for this illness, and the lessons that are to be learned." About ten o'clock on Tuesday evening he sent to ask for something to be played and sung. The hymn 725, by F. R. H., in "Songs of Grace and Glory," was suggested by Mrs. Snepp as one of his favourites; and when he heard the words, "Accepted, perfect, and complete," he emphatically repeated them.

On Wednesday morning, after the doctor's visit, he called him to his bedside. His first question, "Am I better?" was answered tenderly but decidedly in the negative. "Am I worse?" "You are getting weaker." "Am I likely to recover?" The answer in the negative was again received with perfect calmness and composure. Presently he said with much emphasis and deep earnestness: "Thank you! I receive your message with solemn awe. Not with astonishment, for I am not surprised; but it is a solemn truth to be told. I am in the hands of a loving Father, and all will be well. I should like to have been spared a few years longer to my dear ones, a precious wife and a beloved child, and to the work which I have so much loved: but God's will be done." And then, with the courtesy which characterised him in health, he thanked Dr. B—— for all his kindness, and for the candour with which he had answered his inquiries.

"And who," writes one who was present, "who shall now intrude upon the 'solemn awe' with which he confessed his soul was

filled at that moment? He seemed rapt in holy communion with his God. There was a pause of deep and hallowed quiet, and then his soul found utterance, though still apparently only speaking to his God: —'Home, going home! Home to my Saviour! Home to dear ones gone before! Home to the presence of my God!' and then in a voice of rapturous triumph:—'Going home. Blessed thought, glorious prospect!' Another moment's pause, and then the tones of prayer: 'Lord, prepare me for going. Perfect in me that which is imperfect.'

"The weakness was evidently increasing, and at intervals breathing and speech were difficult. Again he spoke to a friend: 'Only going a little while before other dear ones, to see my Saviour and my God'; while his countenance was radiant with joy.

"Shortly after this, Dr. B—— arrived. He waited very quietly till the visit was paid, and then signified his wish to ask some more questions. Having ascertained that both agreed in the opinion that his strength was failing, he said: 'Thank you! Blessed thought! In His presence is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore! But I should like to have been spared a few more years to my dear ones, my beloved wife and child, and to the work I have so much loved, and that I have had such delight in!' He again expressed warmest thanks to Dr. B—— for all his kindness, and for all that he had done for him.

"About half-past two o'clock there seemed to be a change, and those around became conscious that he was fast nearing the haven. 'So near home!' he said. His darling child came then to see him. He fondly clasped her in his arms, and having heard that she had spoken of the comfort she had felt in praying for him, he said: 'I am so glad to hear, darling, that you have been finding comfort in prayer.

It has been your father's comfort for many years—may you know it too.'

"And now we watched with thrilling hearts. Again we pleaded all together in prayer, in an adjoining room, 'Lord, spare his life.' But the messenger was come, and we could only bow our heads and say, 'Even so, Father.' On our return to the room we saw it all. Dear Mrs. Snapp was enabled to give him sweet thoughts from God's Word, which he most evidently intensely enjoyed, and then read to him the sweet hymn from 'Songs of Grace and Glory,' 'I have a home above.' His radiant look of joy throughout the reading of the hymn will never be forgotten. It seemed as if he were already catching some bright rays of the heavenly glory. His dear wife then said, 'I see heaven opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God,' which met with a response in his beaming face, as if indeed he did see it. We then saw he was within sight of the glory, on the very threshold, just stepping in to see the King. 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit' was the prayer of her who was so fondly ministering to him. He took it up, 'Lord Jesus,' . . . but the voice was hushed, and with a loving pressure of the hand he had passed from grace to glory."

"Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.  
  
The pains of death are past;  
Labour and sorrow cease;  
And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.  
  
Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And, while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

Mr. Snapp was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, where he obtained a

first-class in Law in 1846, graduating LL.B. in 1850, and LL.M. in 1861. He was ordained deacon in 1846, and priest in the following year. In 1851 he went to Perry Barr in sole charge, and was presented to the Vicarage in 1854. In 1852 he was married to the elder daughter of the late R. W. Winfield, Esq., of Birmingham, who always took a deep interest in all that was done at Perry Barr. During Mr. Snapp's long residence as Vicar he was the means of achieving many great and important works, amongst which may be mentioned the erection of Christ Church, Birchfield, to meet the wants of the population in that part of the parish. He was always one of the foremost in any schemes for the promotion of the spiritual or social good of his people. The institution of "Hospital Sunday" found in him one of its earliest supporters, a sermon in its aid being preached by him in 1859. He was the first to form in his own parish a Floral and Horticultural Society. He was, in the truest sense of the word, a pastor to his flock.

But perhaps his greatest work, and the one which will be the most permanent, is his splendid collection of 1,094 hymns, entitled "Songs of Grace and Glory."\* In this compilation he was assisted by the late Frances Ridley Havergal. A new musical edition, finished since that lady's death, and brought out in December last, completed the work, which has already had a circulation of over 311,000 copies. It is, we believe, the largest collection of hymns and tunes in the Church of England in one volume. The topical arrangement is most excellent; and the indices are complete. A special feature is the full selection of hymns to "The Holy and Ever-blessed Trinity in Unity." A far larger number are assigned to the Person and work of the Holy Ghost than in any

\* "Songs of Grace and Glory." (London: J. Nisbet & Co.)

other collection. As the result of laborious research, the authors and dates of the hymns are almost all given. "Every doctrine of Holy Scripture, all the seasons of our ecclesiastical year, and all the hopes and conflicts of the individual believer, are carefully represented." No pains were spared to produce and furnish this really standard Hymnal at the lowest possible cost. The compiler's one object was to make what he felt was really a needed contribution to the service of Hymnody, and with all the enthusiasm of his character he gave himself no rest and refused no outlay till it was accomplished. It will always be a memorial of his life, and we have reason to think that it is the great desire of Mrs. Snapp to carry on and as far as possible extend the efforts made

to introduce and so promote the circulation of the work still more widely.

At the funeral the widespread esteem in which Mr. Snapp was held was shown in a very marked manner. The principal Birmingham clergy were among the mourners, and the congregation was largely represented. The coffin, which bore beneath the name on the shield the text "With Christ, which is far better," was carried by eight of the servants of the family. The service was read by his old and valued friend, the Rev. George Lea, of St. George's, Edgbaston, assisted by his senior curate, the Rev. J. T. Meek.

*"Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."*—1 Thess. iv. 14.

*"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."*—Song of Sol. ii. 17.

### Wayside Chimes.

#### III. "OUR RULER AND GUIDE."

"And He led them forth by the right way."—Ps. cvii. 7.



If we could choose our earthly lot,  
How sad our life would be;  
Lord, be my Guide, and let me not

Choose other guide but Thee.

Keep thoughts of heliness in view,

Or bring to mind again;

Write in the happy friendships true,

Blot out the false and vain.

Forgive the ill, most gracious God,  
Thou in my life hast seen;  
Accept the good, cleansed in Thy blood,  
And make me pure within.

O God of Providence and grace,

Be ever by my side;

Within my heart, before my face,

My Ruler and my Guide!

M. B.

#### "An Unworded Dart."

"**I**E will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry." That has comforted me often, more than any promise of answer; it includes answers and a great deal more beside; it tells us what *He* is towards us, and that is

more than what He will *do*. And the "cry" is not long-connected thoughtful prayers; a cry is just an *unworded dart upwards* of the heart, and at *that* "voice" He will be very gracious. What a *smile* there is in these words!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## Mrs. Treadwell's Cook :

## A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EMILY S. HOLT, AUTHOR OF "THE MAIDENS' LODGE," ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

MRS. TREADWELL PREPARES  
FOR A DINNER PARTY.

O thoroughly was Mrs. Dorothy Treadwell pleased with her new cook that she began to think about giving a dinner party.

In those days, when the commonalty were fenced in by laws on every side, which reached down to the cut of their garments and the cooking of their dishes, giving a dinner party was not a very easy business. No commoner was allowed to have more than three dishes at one meal. People who did not keep a conscience ingeniously evaded the law by serving half a dozen meats in one dish; but Mr. Treadwell did keep a conscience, and was scrupulous about such things. This Dorothy knew, and with a sigh resigned the hope of making a show in this direction; for the point of conscience—which he kept, and she did not—was the only one on which she usually allowed her lord and master to have his own way. She contented herself, therefore, with the expressive assertion that if the dishes were only three, they should be dishes!

"Now, Nan, set thy wits to work," said she, "and avise me what dishes I shall have."

"Of a flesh day, mistress?"

"A flesh day, quotha? I should hope so much, verily! Wouldst think I go about to make feast of a fast day?"

"What should you think, mistress, of potage to critone, viand of Cyprus, and pome of orange to crustade?"

Potage meant soup; and potage to critone was made of the liver, heart, gizzard, etc., of fowls. Viand of Cyprus was a made dish, of fowl brawn, almond milk, rice, and spices, with strips of toast set round the dish. Pome of orange of course meant oranges, and a crustade was an open tart.

"Say!" responded Dorothy, pausing with the gridiron in her hand to look at Anne; "why, I should say thou wert as fond o' starving other folk as thyself. Bits o' scraps o' sisses! I want somewhat to eat, woman! Serve me a good lump of beef or a pestle of pork, and leave thy viands o' Cyprus and pomes to crustade for them that have done nought all the morn save to fan their dainty faces. There's none o' them in this house, I'll warrant thee!"

Anne never answered a taunt back again. She went on with the gingerbread she was making, in silence.

"I wouldn't so much care if viand of Cyprus were one," observed Dorothy in a meditative manner; "'tis a gentlefolks' dish, and I love to have folks see I know how gentlefolks live. It seems me, Nan, thou must have served in a right good kitchen afore thou camest hither, for thou wist all manner of dishes meet but for lords and gentry."

Anne made no reply. Kate wondered afterwards whether it was only her fancy that the girl's hand shook as she put her moulds of cake into the oven.

"I'll tell thee what I'll have," pursued Mrs. Treadwell, who was making griddle-bread for supper,—a feat which she alone could accomplish, for it was a Welsh dish, and she had been taught it by a Welsh mother,—"serve me a pestle o' pork, with sauce pevrate, viand of Cyprus, and a bry tart. That'll do, I reckon."

The foundation of sauce pevrate was broth thickened by grated toast; vinegar was then added, and powdered cloves and pepper. Our forefathers dearly loved sharp sauces. A bry tart was made of eggs and cheese, with sugar and spices.

"Aye, that'll do for dinner," said Mrs. Treadwell, complacently. "Now then, what for supper?"

"Humphrey loves garbage, sister Doll," suggested Kate.

"So he doth, Kate; and I too. We'll have it."

Now garbage, as we understand the word, would not be at all a savoury dish for supper; but in 1471 it meant a stew of chicken giblets.

"Should you like a charlet, mistress?"

"Charlet me no charlets!" replied Dorothy, arranging her griddle-bread on the pewter platter. "Light, good-for-nought stuff! Nan, we'll have bukenade to potage, if thou wist how to make it."

"That do I, mistress."

"And—let me see—what of a succade? \* I reckon ——"

"Cold cream, mistress?" suggested Anne, as Dorothy paused to consider.

"I never saw nought like thee!" cried Dorothy, laughing. "Thou art all for dishes that be made o' froth and feathers, and would fill no man's stomach an he ate till the morrow! Nay,—we'll have a good bowl o' caudle."

"Aye, mistress."

"And when, sister?" asked Kate.

"I go about to be ready o' Thursday," said Dorothy. "Cousin Roger comes to the city, I wis, of a Thursday, every week, and if I can give him to wit to-morrow, and he will to bring their Nell, I'll bid Mistress Cheyne o'er the way, and Mistress Hambury and her master, which shall be as many as we can hold. I dare reckon Mistress Cheyne should lend me their Ursula, at the least to dress the supper; and more hands, lighter work. But I must have Cousin Roger."

Cousin Roger, who was duly served with the invitation, accepted it for himself and "their Nell," namely, his wife, Eleanor Cordiner. Mrs. Cheyne was unable to come, but as a compensation she lent Ursula to help with the cooking. Mr. and Mrs. Hambury undertook to be present.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SORROWS BEYOND TEARS.

It was early in the morning, and Dorothy was busy ironing her best table-linen for the occasion, while Joan, who had recovered her

health, was dusting and decorating the little parlour. To have a parlour was rather unusual for a small tradesman; but Dorothy, before she would descend so low as to marry Mr. Treadwell, had made certain conditions, of which this was one. She was very proud of her parlour, only a shade less than she was of her Cordiner nose, and her uncommon Christian name, which was then but just beginning to come into popular use. A hundred years later, it was among the commonest names in England.

Kate and Anne were alone in the kitchen, for Ursula was only to arrive in time to help with the supper. Kate was compounding the bry tart, and Anne was getting forward with such parts of the "bukenade to potage" as could be done beforehand. I give the receipt for this dish as a specimen of the way in which our forefathers "dressed their meat." There are five points specially noticeable in old cookery. First, only noblemen had the privilege of having joints served whole; commoners were obliged to cut them in pieces. Secondly, all old receipts are delightfully uncertain with regard to proportions. They simply desire you to "take chickens," "take onions," or "take vinegar," and put it in; they never give the least idea how much to take of each thing. Thirdly, the great quantities of vinegar, verjuice, wine, and hot spices, used in nearly every dish and often all at once, give an impression that our fathers liked strong tastes, and were not much troubled with indigestion. Fourthly, they never used salt in cooking; they always added it at the table. And, lastly, they ate many things which we do not touch, and they mixed many things which we should never think of putting together. Conger eels, porpoises, swans, cranes, curlews, herons, are all to be found in their cookery books; they made salads of nearly every green thing that grew; and they mixed wine and vinegar, cheese and honey, fish and raisins, currants and ginger, in a style which it sets one's teeth on edge to think about. Onions, wine, vinegar, and saffron went into nearly every dish. Great use was made of raisins, currants, almonds, sage and parsley, ginger.

\* Sweet dish.



cinnamon, cloves, and mace. Rice was expensive and scarce, and therefore very little used. Honey was the usual sweetener, for sugar cost too much; fifty years after this, sevenpence-halfpenny was the price of a pound of sugar,—a price, considering the difference in the value of money, equal to about seventeen shillings in our time.

The following is the receipt for "bakenade to potage."

"Take hens, or conynges [rabbits], or veal, and hew it on gobbets [small pieces], and seethe [stew] it in a pot. And take almonds, and grind them, and temper [mix] it with the broth, and put in the pot. And do thereto [put with it] raisins of Oorance [currants], and sugar, and powder of ginger, and of canell [cinnamon], and cloves, and maces; and colour it with saunders [shavings of sandal-wood, which give a fine red], and ally it up [thicken it] with amyden [flour which had been steeped in water, strained, and dried; it was thought finer and more nourishing than common flour]; and if thou wilt, take onions, and mince them, and fry them in grease; and hew small parsley, sage, hyssop, and savory, and do it thereto. And let it boil; and if it be too thin, take flour of rice, and do thereto; and dress it forth [serve it up]. And flourish [garnish] the dishes with drage [a kind of spice]."

Anne was busy preparing this, pounding the almonds, chopping the herbs, and so on. In an interval of beating eggs, Kate said rather suddenly:—

"Nan, be thy father and mother alive?"

The first answer was one of those frightened glances usual with Anne when any one spoke unexpectedly. But in a moment she said, in her ordinary quiet tone:—

"Mistress, my father hath not been dead a year."

"Is it that causeth thee to look so sorrowful, Nan?"

"Partly so, my mistress."

But the look that came over the girl's face told Kate that the hidden half of the burden was the heavier to bear.

"Thy ways are not those of a young maid, Nan," said Kate, thoughtfully. "Most should weep well for a day or twain, and then in a while be a-laughing and making merry again."

The pestle and mortar were standing still, and Anne was looking out of the window with eyes that saw nothing.

"Ah, my mistress," she answered, "there be sorrows beyond tears."

"I never knew one," said Kate thoughtfully; "and I am older than thou, Nan, by seven or eight years, I guess."

"Mistress," answered the girl earnestly, "in all things but years, you are not so old as I,—not by the half!"

"I can tell by thy face thou hast known much sorrow, my maid."

"If my face told you the sorrow that I have known," said Anne, almost passionately, "you would marvel how it could have been crushed into seventeen years!"

The calm surface was broken at last, and the girl's face worked and burned with feeling. Under the ice there was fire.

"And it alway seems me, Nan, as though thou wert afeard of somewhat further to come."

"Afeard!" The girl caught her breath, and glanced round apprehensively, as she said the word. "Mistress, they may thank God whose worst is behind them."

"Yet God is good, my maid."

"If I had not believed that," said Anne huskily, "methinks I had not lived to see this day."

Kate was too considerate to make closer inquiries. Dorothy, had she cared to put them at all, would have prosecuted them relentlessly. But Kate saw that Anne had no wish to enter into details, and she forbore from asking any. Anne went on with her pounding in a hurried, nervous manner, as if the conversation had agitated her.

"Dear heart! no further yet?" said Dorothy, marching into the kitchen. "Set your wits o' the grindstone, my maids. I've every stitch o' yon napery ready ironed and pressed, and the parlour is all a-ready saving flowers. Nan, my good maid, I would fain have thee run to Master Grisacre's, and buy me a bunch o' roses and a good parcel o' green stuff for to dress the parlour. Here's a tester for thee, but a groat's worth 'll be plenty."

A tester was sixpence, and a groat fourpence.

"May I go, sister?" asked Kate, rising

quickly. She had caught the look in Anne's eyes—that glimpse of terror at the proposal, as if she thought something would happen to her if she ventured outside the door.

"Aye, so do, if it should like thee," said Dorothy; and Kate took the tester and went out for the flowers, followed by a grateful glance from Anne.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DINNER PARTY.

THE party was a success. Everybody was in a good temper, the cooking was well done, and the decorations were greatly admired. It is true that everybody was not of the same politics, but as they all kept their ideas to themselves, no harm was done by that. Mr. Hambury was a decided Lancastrian; but greater than his wish to befriend the House of Lancaster was his desire to keep his own head safe upon his shoulders, and the only way to do that in 1471 was to keep his tongue quiet in his mouth.

Conversation was rather restricted in those days, when it had to be carefully kept off any subject that could possibly awake the jealousy of the ruling powers, and when nearly everything was regulated by law. It would not do to lament high prices, when they were fixed by royal proclamations; nor to discuss the fashions, when they were kept within due limits by sumptuary laws. Men who complain of want of freedom in the present easy times can have little notion how very much less freedom was granted to their forefathers. If a yeoman wore his sleeves slashed, or trimmed with lace; if a tradesman allowed the points of his shoes to be above two inches long; if a gentleman wore a cloak shorter than a certain measure; if a lady, not of title, put a strip of ermine on her dress; if any woman whose husband was not worth ten pounds a year (equal to about

£150 now) wore a frontlet, or forehead band, made of velvet or silk: a heavy fine was exacted in every case. How should we like such times as these to return? What an outcry there would be against tyranny and oppression! Perhaps, if we were to feel a little more thankful for the liberty we have, and to make a little less noise about the rights and liberties we have not, it might not do much harm, either to ourselves or other people!

Mrs. Treadwell and her friends, therefore, took care to keep their conversation to such subjects as they considered safe. No mischief could well be made by talking over Mrs. Cheyne's rheumatism, which had prevented her coming; the roses might be admired to any extent; and Roger Cordiner amused the party by telling them of a tailor, recently set up in his neighbourhood, who had made him a doublet, or waistcoat, which he could not possibly get on. The women compared receipts in cookery, or asked of one another where this dress was bought or what had been the cost of that handkerchief. After supper it was then usual to have some singing, and at times a little playing on the harp, flute, or fiddle. The English of that day were a very musical people, and a person who could not sing was looked on almost as a curiosity. Mr. Treadwell brought down his violin and gave them an air. Roger Cordiner, who had a fine voice, sang a ballad, and Mr. Hambury a hunting song; while Kate and Nell finished the evening with a two-part glee. Then the Hamburys took their leave, and Roger and Nell went home shortly afterwards.

Before Roger left, Kate noticed that he drew Anne for a few minutes into the passage, and a short, rapid, whispered conversation followed. Anne came back with an expression of distress in her eyes which had not been there before.

(To be continued.)

## "Trust Begets Truth."



SON nearing manhood once said to his mother about some bygone failing, "Do you remember?" "No, indeed." "Just like you, mother. How you have helped me all my life by for-

getting all that has been bad in me!" "Perhaps you have made me forget by so many dear things in you." How expressive was the quiet kiss that rested for a moment on her forehead.—FROM "THE FRASIDE."

## Harvest Lessons.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

## I. GOD'S FAITHFULNESS.



GOD is the great Landowner. He is the universal Proprietor. He "openeth His hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness;" "He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the Harvest."

Men are prone to forget God in Providence—God preserving and governing all things. They regard themselves as proprietors rather than tenants—tenants absolutely at the will of another. They are prone, too, to blind themselves to the immediate agency of God—the direct part He takes in human affairs and interests. They cannot but mark the mysterious processes which are ever working out their appointed ends—the mysterious processes, for instance, which result in the Harvest; but they are apt to talk of the "laws of nature" rather than to see the great Law-giver directing and controlling the operation of those laws. They forget

"Nature is but a name for an effect  
Whose Cause is God."—*Cowper*.

Rightly regarded, Harvest blessings remind us of *God's Faithfulness*.

The atheism of fallen human nature, as I have said, sets aside the direct agency of God in Providence. The true source of that atheism is sin—sin in the heart prompting man to wish there were no God, although he dare not assert there is no God. The cure, the alone cure of this atheism is the knowledge of God as the God of *Grace*—grace providing an Atonement for sin, grace bringing guilty man nigh to God by the blood of Christ. It is when we see God to be the God of Grace—and *only* when we see Him thus—that we are enabled to recognise His

faithfulness as the God of Providence. Providence, in fact, becomes to us a minister of Grace. The same God who gave His Son, gives us also all things richly to enjoy.

It is then as our Covenant God we see His "Faithfulness" in the Harvest field, even as each day's bread throughout our lives reminds us of the faithfulness of "our Father in Heaven." Our Harvest blessings are the fruit of the Divine faithfulness. We have them in consequence of His faithfulness to His Covenant promise—the promise that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and Harvest, summer and winter, day and night, should not cease."

There is a remarkable passage in Hosea, in which this truth is enforced in a very striking manner:—"And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord; I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel." In other words, we ask for the corn and the wine; we cry to the earth by which they can be produced; the earth calls to the heavens, by whose genial influence alone she can yield them; the heavens look up to God; and God hears the heavens; and then the earth receives, and the earth gives us the corn and the wine and the oil. And thus we *really* receive them from the open Hand of a Faithful God.

Truly this Faithfulness of God should call forth Harvest-praise. We are receiving again the bounties of Providence. But how easily God might put His hand upon the machine of nature which He constructed, and stay its operations in a moment! How speedily might desolating flood or withering blight destroy the fruits

of the field! Instead of this we are anticipating a glorious season—forestalling as it were “the appointed weeks of the Harvest.” Oh, let our *earlier* songs of praise prove that we are ready, *without*

the voice of Fatherly discipline to remind us of a forgotten or half-forgotten truth, to recognise with thankful hearts the faithfulness of Fatherly bounty in Harvest gifts!

## II. OUR DEPENDENCE.

As a second Harvest thought let me suggest:—Harvest blessings should impress upon us *our absolute and entire dependence upon God.*

This thought is akin to the former. Those who realize God's Covenant Faithfulness, will not fail to feel their own dependence. Those who mistake nature for God, may and do pervert the faithfulness, the regularity of nature, into a ground of independence. But the believer sees God moving nature, and therefore feels his absolute dependence upon God. Nature thus studied will constrain man to confess that he “hangs upon God,” for life and breath and all things. It is true man possesses, in a sense, a power over nature; but that power he holds from God, and he only exercises it as God wills it should be exercised. Independent power he has none; and he is compelled to admit it. All the science and ingenuity of mankind united together could not produce one drop of water or a single ear of corn. Man can only study God's laws in nature and bring them to bear in order to certain results; but the results are clearly with God. He

may sow the seed; but as he cannot create the seed, so also is he dependent upon God to quicken it to vegetable life, and to nurture it to vegetable development. “First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.”

Let us, then, seek to feel more and more our absolute and entire *dependence*. Let those who are apt to think they have “much goods laid up for many years,” remember that their day's bread is equally God's free gift to them as it will be His free gift to the very poorest. And let none suppose that this reflection will rob their daily bread of its sweetness. No; it will bring down the blessing of the Giver with the gift, the blessing which alone “maketh rich”—truly rich—“and addeth no sorrow thereto.” Rich and poor, we are pensioners on the bounty of our God; and he will be the happiest who daily waits at his Father's board, “poor in spirit,” the prayer of absolute dependence on his lips: “Give me this day my daily bread.”

He who thus prays will never forget to praise; his Harvest thanksgiving will every day be new.

(To be continued.)

## The Blessed Home.



H, blest the house, whate'er befall,  
Where Jesus Christ is All in All;  
Yea, if He were not dwelling  
there,

How poor and dark and void it were!

Oh, blest that house where faith ye find,  
And all within have set their mind  
To trust their God and serve Him still,  
And do in all His holy will.

Blest such a house—it prospers well;  
In peace and joy the parents dwell,  
And in their children's lot is shown  
How richly God can bless His own.

Then here will I and mine to-day  
A solemn covenant make, and say,  
Though all the world forsake Thy Word,  
“I and my house will serve the Lord.”

C. C. L. von Pfeil, 1735.

## The Barley-Mower's Song.

BY MARY HOWITT.



BARLEY-MOWERS here we  
stand,  
One, two, three, a steady band;  
True of heart and strong of  
limb,

Ready in our harvest-trim;  
All a-row with spirits blithe,  
Now we whet the bended scythe.

Side by side now, bending low,  
Down the swathes of barley go;  
Stroke by stroke, as true as chime  
Of the bells, we keep in time:  
Then we whet the ringing scythe,  
Standing 'mid the barley lithe.

Barley-mowers must be true,  
Keeping still the end in view;

One with all, and all with one,  
Working on till set of sun;  
Bending all with spirits blithe,  
Whetting all at once the scythe.

Day and night, and night and day,  
Time, the mower, will not stay:  
We may hear him in our path  
By the falling barley-swathe;  
While we sing with spirits blithe,  
We may hear his ringing scythe.

Time, the mower, cuts down all,  
High and low, and great and small:  
Fear him not, for we will grow  
Ready like the field we mow;  
Like the bending barley lithe,  
Ready for Time's whetted scythe.

## A Bishop on Hard Work.



T a "supper" recently given to cab-  
men and others, the Bishop of  
Gloucester, who was present,  
said:

"No doubt all of them had plenty to do all day long, from early morning till late in the evening, and there was a pressure upon them for earning daily bread and doing daily duties. The pressure of work was a very serious pressure indeed; and he could speak feelingly on that subject, because, though it had pleased God so to order it that he had not to work for his daily bread, yet he had to work almost incessantly. He arose sometimes before the day opened, and when night closed upon him it found him as tired out a man as any one of them;

and so he could speak feelingly of hard work.

"But hard work was very good in many ways. It kept them engaged in what they were about; and it kept them from many evil and bad things. There was a great blessing in real hard work: but he was afraid it did not always leave them time wherewith to look upward.

"He believed it was the object of the meeting that night to encourage them to look upward. Whether it was the work of hands looking after horses or the work of the drivers, it could be better done if there were an upward look to Him who has said that man must labour by the sweat of his brow."

## A WISE WOMAN.

A WOMAN who has tried the experiment says: "When a man finds a place that is pleasanter to him than his own home his wife should put two extra lumps of sugar in his coffee, and double the quantity of sunshine in the front room."

## A POLITE MAN.

THE Duo de Morny's definition of a polite man is the hardest to realize of any ever given. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

## The Sunday School Centenary.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

### I. AT LAMBETH PALACE.



THE Sunday School Centenary meetings and celebrations in London and all over the country have been far too numerous for us to give any details of them in *Home Words*, but we must make an exception of the Lambeth Palace gathering.

This gathering, in response to the Archbishop of Canterbury's kind invitation, will certainly never be forgotten by those who were there. The morning hours were spent in hope and fear, for although the sun now and then shone splendidly, the clouds floated ominously and the threatening showers descended. Just when the schools were gathering a downpour seemed likely to envelope the whole of the proceedings in a conclusive wet blanket. With true British determination, however, the youngsters kept their ranks, what umbrellas there were becoming common property in the attempt to cover as many as possible.

Just when the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in State appeared, to the delight of everybody a gleam of returning sunshine welcomed the brilliant cavalcade. In driving round the Palace grounds the Lord Mayor was received with enthusiastic shouts, but the attending civic officials "arrayed in gorgeous robes" evidently made the chief impression upon the wondering scholars. A touch of the ludicrous excited their risible faculties when these exalted personages, passing under the boughs of a tree which hung over the drive, were constrained to make a very undignified "dip" to escape the loss of their remarkable and striking head-gear.

The reaction, after the dread of total failure, helped wonderfully to inspirit everybody, and the programme duly commenced with the united singing of the grand "Old Hundredth," accompanied by the Band of the Grenadier Guards. The spectacle was certainly one never to be forgotten. Twenty thousand children, representing 320 schools, are not

often seen together; and the circumstances and associations of this gathering were so exceptional that the very thought of Raikes' "grain of mustard seed" was enough to tune every mind and heart to praise and thankfulness.

An address from the Church of England Sunday School Institute, and a Gold Medal—with an open Bible and the words "Feed My lambs" engraved on it—were presented to the Archbishop by the Rev. J. F. Kitto (Rector of Whitechapel), and his Grace then proceeded, with the Bishop of Rochester, the Bishop of London, Lord Hatherley, and many others, to inspect the assembled schools. The Archbishop's fatherly glance of interest in them all was perhaps more effective than any lengthened speech could have been, even supposing it had been possible for the voice to reach the dense multitude.

Presently the shouts of the children, the hoisting of the Royal Standard, and the strains of the National Anthem, announced the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of Greece, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales. After the Royal party had been welcomed, the Prince of Wales was presented with flowers for his button-hole, and the Princess with a bouquet, by the Sunday-school scholars, who also presented to the young Princes and Princesses Bibles and Prayer-Books bought with their penny subscriptions.

After another hymn came the march-past of all the schools. The procession was preceded by several school bands. The fifes and drums were especially admired, and the young players received a warm tribute of applause. One of the marches played by the Grenadiers was "Onward, Christian soldiers," and this hymn was sung with an effect indescribably striking, the Prince of Wales beating time with his hand. Several presentations were made by the Archbishop. Amongst others thus honoured, were the Rev. J. F. Kitto, the Chairman of the Insti-



MODEL OF THE PROPOSED MARBLE STATUE OF  
ROBERT RAIKES, AT GLOUCESTER.



tute; Mr. John Palmer, the secretary; Mr. A. R. Pennefather, who, with Mr. C. J. Glass, organized and directed the gathering; Cap-M Hardy, R.E., who laid out the ground; and the Rev. Randall Davidson, who completed the work of arrangement.

The Royal party soon after then left the grounds; and as each carriage drove away, the hearty cheers of the scholars afforded a good pledge of English loyalty as one of the lessons effectually taught in our Sunday-schools.

## II. STATUES OF ROBERT RAIKES.

Two statues of Robert Raikes will commemorate the Centenary, one in London, the other in Gloucester.

The London bronze statue stands on the Victoria Thames Embankment. It is the work of Mr. Brock, a pupil of Mr. Foley. It represents Raikes in the costume of his own day, standing erect, and teaching from a book—the Bible—which he holds in one hand, while with the other he emphasises the lesson. The cost of the work, £1700, has been raised by about 400 Sunday-schools.

The model of the Gloucester statue, which is to be of marble, was unveiled in the Shire Hall by the Earl of Shaftesbury, in the presence of the Bishop of Gloucester and the Mayor and Corporation. The model, of which we give an engraving, consists of two figures—Robert Raikes, eight feet four inches in height, and a little girl who is nestling close to his side, and over whom he has thrown his right arm with an air of protecting kind-

ness. The attitude of Raikes is very striking. He is standing on the left leg with the right advanced; with his left hand he holds "The Book" closely pressed to his heart. The face is open and beaming with the love and kindness which was so eminently characteristic of the man. The whole design is a very happy one, and peculiarly adapted to the character of Raikes. The sculptors are Messrs. W. and T. Wills, of London. The marble statue is to be placed in the Cathedral near the western entrance.

Mr. Henry Jeffs, of Gloucester, who originated and carried through the monument and statue to the martyred Bishop Hooper twenty years ago, is the secretary of the Statue Fund, towards which he has himself subscribed £50. The entire cost is to be £1000; and we may add that Mr. Jeffs will be very glad to receive any sums that our readers, young or old, may be disposed to send him. Don't forget that pence make pounds.

## Condors at Rest.

(See Illustration, Page 209.)



THE Condor is peculiar to the New World, but it approaches very closely to the vultures of the old Continent. The immense mountain-chain of the Andes, which runs down the continent of South America, is the native stronghold where these birds dwell securely. There, in the regions of perpetual snow, and of terrific storms, 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, on some isolated pinnacle or crag, the Condor rears its brood, and looks down on the plains beneath, yet far away, for food. Though here these birds find their home, they build no nest, but deposit their eggs

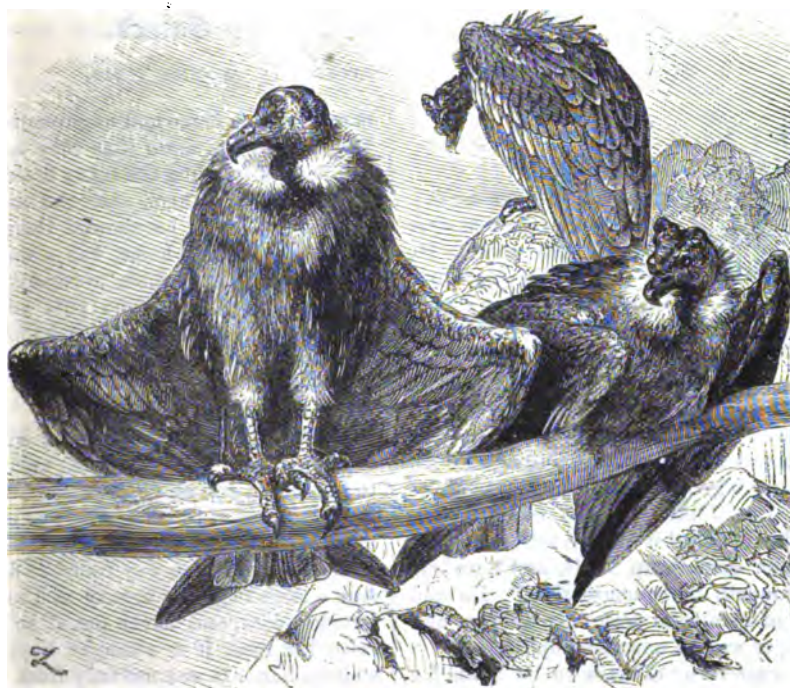
on the naked rocks, without surrounding them either with straw or leaves.

Of all birds the Condor mounts highest into the atmosphere. Humboldt describes the flight of it in the Andes to be at least 20,000 feet above the level of the sea. He says it is a remarkable circumstance that this bird, which continues to fly about in regions where the air is so rarefied, descends all at once to the edge of the sea, and thus in a few minutes passes through all the variations of climate.

When driven by hunger, the Condor descends into the plains, but leaves them as soon as its appetite is satisfied. Like the rest of its species, it subsists on carrion, and

often gorges itself so as to become incapable of flight. The Indians, who are well acquainted with this effect of voracity, turn it to account in the chase. For this purpose they expose the dead body of a horse or a cow. Some of the Condors, which are generally hovering in the air in search of food, are speedily attracted. As soon as they have glutted themselves on the carcase, the Indians

my party told me that, seeing the Condors hovering in the air, and knowing that several of them would be gorged, he had also ridden up to the dead horse, and that as one of these enormous birds flew about fifty yards off, and was unable to go any farther, he rode up to him, and then jumping off his horse, seized him by the neck. The contest was extraordinary, and the encounter unex-



CONDORS AT REST.

make their appearance, armed with the lasso: and the Condors being unable to escape by flight, are pursued and caught by this singular weapon.

Sir Francis Head says: "In riding along the plain, I passed a dead horse, about which were forty or fifty Condors. Many were gorged and unable to fly; several were standing on the ground, devouring the carcase, the rest hovering about it. Later on one of

pected. No two adversaries can well be imagined less likely to meet than a Cornish miner and a Condor, and few could have calculated a year ago, when the one was hovering high above the snowy pinnacles of the Cordillera, and the other was many fathoms beneath the surface of the ground in Cornwall, that they would ever meet to wrestle and "hug" upon the wide desert plain of Villa Vicencia.

My companion said he had never had such a battle in his life; that he put his knee upon the bird's breast, and tried with all his strength to twist his neck; but that the Condor, objecting to this, struggled violently. Several others were flying over his head, and he expected they would also attack him. At last, he said, he succeeded in killing his antagonist, and with great pride showed me the large feathers from his wings; but, when

the third horseman came in, he told us he had found the Condor in the path, but not quite dead."

As to the precise size of the bird there have been contradictory accounts. Humboldt, however, met with none that went beyond nine feet, and was assured by many credible inhabitants of Quito, they had never shot any that measured more than eleven.

F. S.

## Jonas Colter; or, the Victory Gained.

BY A. L. O. E., AUTHOR OF "PRECEPTS IN PRACTICE," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

ALIE AND JOHNNY.



ONAS COLTER was as gallant an old seaman as ever sailed on salt water. He was kind and generous also, and would have shared his last shilling or his last crust with any poor creature

who required it. Jonas loved his Bible and loved his church, and might have been seen regularly every Sunday morning with his book under his arm stumping along with his wooden leg, on his way to the house of prayer. But Jonas had one sad failing—rather should I call it one great sin, for "an angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression." He had no sort of command over his temper, and that temper was an uncommonly bad one.

"There are many excuses to be made for him," his sister, Mrs. Morris, would often say. "Just think what a rough life he has led, and how much he has had to suffer. If his temper rises sometimes like a gale of wind, like a gale of wind it is soon over!"

"But, like a gale of wind, it leaves its effects behind it!" observed a neighbour, when this remark was repeated to him. "I shan't care to call often at Mrs. Morris's house while her bear of a brother makes it his den!"

There were perhaps none on earth whom Jonas loved better than Johnny and Alie, the children of his sister; and yet none suffered

more from his fierce and ungoverned temper. They feared him more than they loved him; and notwithstanding the many little presents which he made them, and the many little kindnesses which he showed them, his absence, when he left home, was always felt as a relief. It is impossible to regard with the greatest affection one who puts you in perpetual fear, or to feel quite happy with a companion whose smile may in a moment be changed to a frown, whose pleasant talk to a passionate burst.

Johnny, though considered a courageous boy, was afraid of rousing his uncle; and if to him Jonas was an object of fear, to Alie he was an object of terror. Alie was one of the most timid little creatures in the village. She would go a long way round to avoid passing a large dog, was uneasy at the sight of a turkey-cock, and never dared so much as raise her eyes if a stranger happened to address her. It was not only from the temper of her uncle that poor little Alie now suffered; Johnny, while himself annoyed at the roughness of Jonas, with the imitative disposition of youth, began in a certain degree to copy it. He knew that the old sailor was thought generous and brave, and therefore wished to be like him; but made the very common mistake of imitators,—followed him rather in his defects than in those things which were worthy of admiration. Perhaps Johnny also tried to hide from himself and others how much he was cowed by his uncle, by assuming a blustering manner himself. This is so often unconsciously done, that when

ever I see a bully I am inclined to suspect that I am looking at a coward.

Alie was fond of listening to her uncle's sea-stories,—“long yarns,” as he called them,—but only if she could listen unobserved. Her favourite place was the window-seat, where she could draw the curtain before her to screen her from observation. To be suddenly addressed by her uncle was enough to make the timid child start.

Jonas had many curiosities from foreign parts, which it amused the children to see,—dried sea-weed, reptiles in bottles, odd specimens of work done in straw by savages in some distant islands with unpronounceable names. These treasures were never kept under lock and key; it was quite enough that they belonged to the terrible Jonas; no one was likely to meddle much with his goods, lest he should “give ‘em a bit of his mind.”

“Alie,” cried Johnny one morning, when the children happened to be alone in their uncle's little room, “where on earth have you put my ‘Robinson Crusoe’?”

“I?” said the little girl, looking up innocently from her work; “I have not so much as seen it.”

“Look for it then!” cried the boy, in the loud coarse tone which he had too faithfully copied from his uncle.

Little Alie was plying her needle diligently, and her brother had nothing to do; but she was much too timid to remonstrate. She set down her work, and moved quietly about the room, glancing behind this thing and under that; while Johnny, stretched at full length on the floor, amused himself with chucking up marbles.

“There it is!” cried Alie at last, glancing upwards at a high shelf, on which were ranged divers of Jonas's bottles.

“Get it down!” said the boy, who, to judge by his tone, thought himself equal to an admiral at the least.

“I don't think that I can,” replied Alie; “I can't reach the shelf, and there's another book and heavy bottle too on the top of ‘Robinson Crusoe.’”

“Goose! can't you get a chair?” was the only reply vouchsafed.

Alie slowly dragged a heavy chair to the spot, while Johnny commenced singing—

“Britons never, never shall be slaves!”

considering of course as exceptions to the rule all gentle, helpless, little British girls, who happened to have strong, tyrannical brothers.

“There!—mind!—take care what you're about!” he cried, as he watched Alie's efforts to accomplish the task for which she had hardly sufficient strength or height. Scarcely were the words uttered when down with a crash came the bottle and the books, almost upsetting poor Alie herself!

Johnny jumped up from the ground in an instant.

“What is to be done!” he exclaimed, looking with dismay at the broken bottle, whose green contents, escaping in all directions, was staining the floor and also the book, which was one of Jonas's greatest treasures.

“Oh, what is to be done!” repeated poor Alie, in real distress.

Johnny felt so angry with himself, that he was much inclined, after his usual fashion, to vent his anger upon his sister. Seeing, however, that they were both in the same trouble, and that it had been occasioned by his laziness in making the little girl do what he ought to have done himself, he repressed his indignation, and turned his mind to the means of remedying the evil.

“My uncle will be in a downright temper!” he exclaimed; “what say you to a good long walk right off to the farm, to get out of the way of his fury?”

“It would be just as bad when we came back!” said Alie dolefully, stooping to pick up the injured book.

“Don't touch it!” cried Johnny authoritatively; “don't get the stain on your dress as well as on everything else. I have hit on a famous plan. We'll shut up the cat in the room, then go on our walk, and no one on earth will guess that she did not do the mischief.”

“Oh, but, Johnny, would it be right?”

“Right! fiddlestick!” cried the boy. “Put on your bonnet and be quick, while I look for Tabby in the kitchen.”

Alie had great doubts whether she ought to obey, but she was frightened and confused, and accustomed to submit to the orders of her brother; and, after all, her uncle was so

fond of the cat, that it was likely to suffer much less from his anger than any other creature would have done.

Tabby was soon caught, and placed on the floor near the broken bottle. Johnny dipped one of her paws in the fluid, to serve as further evidence against her, and then came out of the little room.

"I must get out my work—I left it there," said Alie.

"Go in quickly, and get it then," replied Johnny.

Alie went in, and returned with the work, but stood hesitating before she quitted the room, looking back with her hand on the lock.

"Oh, Johnny! Tabby is licking it up!"

"So much the better!" cried he; "her whiskers will tell tales of her then!"

"But, Johnny——"

"Come quickly! I can't stand waiting for you all the day!" exclaimed the boy; "uncle may be back before we get off!"

These words quickened the movements of Alie: and she closed the door with a sigh.

Very grave and silent was the child during the whole of that long walk; very grave and silent during her visit to the farm. Johnny first laughed at her nonsense, as he called it, and then grew irritable and rude, after the example of his uncle. The walk home was a very unpleasant one to Alie.

But more unpleasant was the arrival at home. The first sight which met the children's eyes, on their return, was poor Tabby stretched out lifeless on the floor of the kitchen, and their uncle bending over her with a flushed face and knitted brow; while their mother, who stood beside him, was vainly endeavouring to calm him.

"Accidents will occur, dear brother——"

"There has been gross carelessness somewhere," growled the sailor; and turning suddenly round towards the children, whom he now first perceived, he thundered out to Johnny, "Was it you, sir, who shut the cat into my room?"

"No," answered Johnny very promptly;

then he added, "Alie and I have been out a long time; we have been all the way to the farm."

"I may have shut the door myself," said the mother, "without knowing of the cat being in the place." And, to turn the sailor's mind from his loss, she continued, "I'm going up to the village, Jonas, and I've a very large basket to carry; Johnny's just come off a long walk, or——"

"I'm your man!" cried the sailor; "I'll help you with your load. Just wait a few minutes till I've buried this poor thing in the garden. I shouldn't like the dogs to get at her,—though she's past feeling now, poor Tabby!" And as the stern, rough man stooped, raised his dead favourite, and carried it away, Alie thought that she saw something like moisture trembling in his eye.

"Alie," said her mother, "go into that room, and carefully collect the broken pieces of the bottle which poor Tabby managed to knock off the shelf; and wash that part of the floor which is stained by the liquid: be attentive not to leave a drop of it anywhere; for the contents of the bottle was deadly poison, and I cannot be too thankful that the cat was the only sufferer."

Alie obeyed with a very heavy heart. She was grieved at the death of Tabby, grieved at the vexation of her uncle,—most grieved of all at the thought that she had not acted openly and conscientiously herself.

When she returned to the kitchen, she found Johnny its only occupant, her mother and uncle having set off for the village.

"I say, Alie," cried Johnny, "wasn't it lucky that uncle asked me instead of you about shutting the cat in? 'Twas you that closed the door, you know."

"Oh, Johnny!" said his sister, "I feel so unhappy about it! I wish that I had told mother everything,—I don't think that I could have spoken to uncle. It seems just as if I were deceiving them both!"

"Nonsense!" cried Johnny, in a very loud tone; "you ought to be too happy that the storm has blown over!"

(To be continued.)







## JOY IN HARVEST.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. MON-SELL.

**E**ARTH below is teeming,  
 ing,  
 Heaven is bright  
 above ;

Every brow is beaming  
 In the light of love ;  
 Every eye rejoices,  
 Every thought is praise ;  
 Happy hearts and voices  
 Gladden nights and days.

Every youth and maiden,  
 On the harvest plain,  
 Round the waggons laden  
 With their golden grain,  
 Swell the happy chorus,  
 On the evening air,  
 Unto Him who o'er us  
 Bends with constant care.

For the sun and showers,  
 For the rain and dew,  
 For the nurturing hours  
 Spring and summer knew ;  
 For the golden autumn,  
 And its precious stores,  
 Praise we Him who brought  
 them

Teeming to our doors.

Earth's broad harvest whitenens

In a brighter sun ;  
 Thou the orb that lightens  
 All we tread upon ;  
 Send out labourers, Father !  
 Where fields ripening  
 wave ;

All the nations gather—  
 Gather in and save.

"THEY JOY BEFORE THEE, ACCORDING TO THE JOY IN HARVEST."

## Temperance Facts, Anecdotes, and Figures.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.



### XXIII. THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

BANKLIN, the well-known philosopher and author of "Poor Richard's Almanac," worked for some years as a journeyman printer in London. In his autobiography he says:—

"From my example a great many of the workmen left off their muddling breakfast of beer and bread and cheese, finding they could, like myself, be supplied from a neighbouring house with a large porringer of hot-water gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer; viz., three-halfpence. This was a more comfortable as well as a cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer."

### XXIV. WHY DR. GUTHRIE BECAME AN ABSTAINER.

SPEAKING at the annual meeting of the Irish Temperance League in Belfast, in 1862, Dr. Guthrie said:—

"I was first led to form a high opinion of the cause of Temperance by the bearing of an Irishman. It is now some twenty-two years ago. I had left Omagh on a bitter, biting, blasting day, with lashing rain, and had to travel across a cold country to Cookstown. Well, by the time we got over half the road, we reached a small inn, into which we went, as sailors in stress of weather run into the first haven. By this time we were soaking with water outside, and as these were the days not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy.

"We thought that what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander'—but the car-driver was not such a gander as we, like

geese, took him for. *He would not taste it.* 'Why?' we asked; 'what objection have you?' Said he, 'Plaze your riv'rence, I am a teetotalter, and I won't taste a drop of it.'

Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart, and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. There was a humble, uncultivated, uneducated carman; and I said, if that man can deny himself this indulgence why should not I, a Christian minister? I remembered that; and I have ever remembered it to the honour of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by that poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotalter."

### XXV. A NOBLEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

THE late Earl Stanhope, who was a total abstainer for many years, once said:—

"My father was a weakly child. He was taken early to Geneva, when a celebrated medical professor, who had formerly been a pupil of the great Boerhaave, was consulted on his case. He advised that he should use much exertion, and *drink nothing but water*. He adhered strictly to that advice: and when, in after years, his habits became more sedentary, he still used only water. He became clear and vigorous in his various energies of body and mind, and exerted his faculties almost to the last moments of his life. My grandfather was also a water-drinker, and even at the age of seventy-two devoted several hours a day to abstruse mathematical studies. My grandmother drank only water, and enjoyed the use of all her ordinary faculties until near her dissolution, which took place when she was ninety-two years of age."





## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXVIII. THE THRESHER.



His limbs are strong as boughs of oak,  
And his thighs like links of mail;  
How his quick breath streams whirround  
him gleams  
With a whirl his mighty flail!

For it's thump, thump, thump, with right good will,  
From morn till set of sun;  
And his arm and flail will never fail  
Till his daily task be done.

With the first glad birds that hail the morn  
He is up at work amain,  
Till the old barn floor is covered o'er  
With the sweet and pearly grain.

Oh! his heart is light as hearts will be  
With a purpose good and strong,  
And his strokes keep time to catch the chime  
Of his blithely carolled song.

For it's thump, thump, thump, with right good will,  
From morn till set of sun;  
And his arm and flail will never fail  
Till his daily task be done.

While the boys that 'mid the corn-stacks hide  
Echo back his gleesome lay,  
As they toss the chaff, and shout and laugh  
In the golden noon of day.

But a lesson they may read and learn,  
And the Thresher makes it plain:  
For the chaff he finds he gives to the winds,  
But he garners up the grain.

Then it's work, work, work, with a right good will,  
And store the sheaves of truth;  
For the precious seed strike husk and weed,  
In the Harvest time of Youth. G. BENNETT.

## XXIX. THE HEART MELTED.

A *swell*, stubborn girl, who had resisted both reproofs and correction, and who refused to ask forgiveness of her mother, was melted by Mr. Baikes' saying to her:—

"Well, if you have no regard for yourself, I have much for you; you will be ruined and lost if you do not become a good girl; and if you will not humble yourself, I must humble myself, and make a beginning for you." He then, with much solemnity, entreated the mother to forgive her. This overcame the girl's pride; she burst into tears, and on her knees begged forgiveness, and never gave any trouble afterwards.

## XXX. OUR NEIGHBOUR.

Do you know what the word "kind" means? Take the word "kin." The meaning of that is a *relation*. Put the "d" to it, it means "kind," then you are to be kind to everybody because everybody is related to you. Everybody is your brother and sister. In all the world, we are brothers and sisters, all of us. Therefore all men are "your kin;" you must be kind to all; be like a *kinsman* to all. "Kind" means "kin;" and everybody almost is "your neighbour," because you can get near to almost everybody. If you like, you may say, everybody is your kin. Therefore you must be kind to your neighbour; kind to everybody.

In a street of a town there was standing on the top of a hill that went down the street, a wagon, and there were four fine strong horses harnessed to it. In the front of the wagon a board ran across from axle to axle, and on this board was sitting a little boy. The driver of the wagon went away for something, and there was nothing left on this large board but this poor little boy.

While he was sitting there, something frightened the horses, and they set off full gallop down the hill. There was a terrible cry: the poor little boy cried, and everybody was alarmed and frightened. But there was a woman there, and this woman cried out, "Stop the wagon! stop the wagon!"

Some men ran after it, and tried to stop it: but there was an old man there, a cold-hearted old man, like an icicle—a cold, old icicle—and this cold old man said to the woman, "What are you making such a fuss about it for? Is he your child?" "No," said the woman, "but he's somebody's child—that's the same thing." That woman had "love to her neighbour."

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. *YYOW* is it alone that we can see the things of heaven?  
A A and who was permitted to have a practical realization of the truth?
2. Did people imagine at the time that Nebuchadnezzar would ever be able to capture Jerusalem?
3. What remarkable references have we in prophecy to the feast of Jesus?
4. What kind of treatment did Joseph experience in prison at the hand of God and at the hand of man?
5. Who showed his faith by looking upon disease as being simply God's servant?
6. What are the sacrifices which we are called to offer in the Christian Church, and in which the Lord delights?
7. Had St. John any special object in writing the Gospel which bears his name? and in what way is his first Epistle supplemental to it?
8. There were two men of the same name, who by the presence and work of Christ, were led, the one to question

his own character, the other the character of the Lord—who were they?

9. Who is the least perfect kind of character to deal with?

10. When shall the salvation of the believer be fully completed?

11. What was done on the return from the Captivity to make the people thoroughly acquainted with the word of God?

12. When did a look from the Lord give strength? and when did it give repentance?

ANSWERS (See *Avenue* No., page 191).

- I. It is not said that God saw that it was good. II. Mark v. 19. III. Ps. cvi. 46. IV. 1 Chron. iii. 5. V. Acts viii. 28; ix. 11; x. 32. VI. Acts v. 11; ix. 42. VII. Exod. xxxiii. 18; Luke ix. 30, 31. VIII. 1 Cor. i. 30, 31; iii. 21-33. IX. Luke ix. 36; see 2 Pet. i. 17. X. 1 Kings viii. 41-43; Acts ii. 10. XI. Luke viii. 45. XII. 1 Kings xxii. 30, 32.

SUN.—1st day. Rises 5.14. Sets 6.44. SEPTEMBER. MOON.—New, 4th, A. 4.22. Full, 18th, A. 3.29.

THE TITLES OF THE LORD JESUS.

GRACE  
LIFE  
IN

JOY  
PEACE  
LOVE

**Green pastures . . . still waters.**  
Ps. xxiii. 2.

|   |    |                                                    |
|---|----|----------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | W  | I will deliver My flock. Ezek. xxxiv. 10.          |
| 2 | Th | My sheep hear My voice. John x. 27.                |
| 3 | F  | And a stranger will they not follow. John x. 5.    |
| 4 | S  | I give unto them eternal life. John x. 28.         |
| 5 | S  | 15th S. after Trinity. Thy Redeemer. Isa. lx. 16.  |
| 6 | M  | He gave Himself a Ransom for all. 1 Tim. ii. 6.    |
| 7 | Tu | Now is come salvation. Rev. xii. 10. [i. 18, 19.   |
| 8 | W  | Redeemed—with the precious blood of Christ. 1 Pet. |

**As having nothing.**  
2 Cor. vi. 10.

|    |    |                                                    |
|----|----|----------------------------------------------------|
| 9  | Th | Ye are not your own. 1 Cor. vi. 19.                |
| 10 | F  | Present your bodies a living sacrifice.            |
| 11 | S  | Which is your reasonable service. Rom. xii. 1.     |
| 12 | S  | 16th S. after Trinity. The Deliverer. Rom. xi.     |
| 13 | M  | Deliver us from evil. Matt. vi. 13. [26.           |
| 14 | Tu | Sin shall not have dominion over you. Rom. vi. 14. |
| 15 | W  | Let the oppressed go free. Isa. lvi. 6.            |
| 16 | Th | I have found a Ransom. Job xxxviii. 24.            |

TEACH  
US  
TO PRAY.

**Salvation . . . unto the Lamb.**  
Rev. vii. 10.

|    |    |                                                              |
|----|----|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| 17 | F  | The Lord delivered me. 2 Tim. iii. 11. [iv. 6.               |
| 18 | S  | The glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ. 2 Cor.         |
| 19 | S  | 17th S. after Trinity. A Governor. Matt. ii. 6.              |
| 20 | M  | The government shall be upon His shoulder. Isa. [ix. 6.      |
| 21 | Tu | St. MATTHEW. A King shall reign and prosper. Jer. [xxiii. 6. |
| 22 | W  | All power is given unto Me. Matt. xxviii. 18.                |

**Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?**  
Acts ix. 6.

|    |    |                                                          |
|----|----|----------------------------------------------------------|
| 23 | Th | King of kings, and Lord of lords. Rev. xix. 16.          |
| 24 | F  | Thy will be done. Matt. vi. 10.                          |
| 25 | S  | He shall reign for ever and ever. Rev. xi. 15.           |
| 26 | S  | 18th S. after Trinity. A Prophet. John iv. 19.           |
| 27 | M  | Teach Thou me. Job xxxiv. 32.                            |
| 28 | Tu | This is My Beloved Son, hear Him. Luke ix. 35.           |
| 29 | W  | MICHAELMAS DAY. In whom are hid all the treasures of     |
| 30 | Th | Lord, teach us to pray. Luke xi. 1. [wisdom. Col. ii. 3. |

Is thy life-summer passing?  
Think not thy joys are o'er!  
Thou hast not seen what autumn  
For thee may have in store.  
Calmer than breezy April,  
Cooler than August blase,

The fairest time of all may be  
September's golden days.  
Press on, though summer wane,  
And falter not, nor fear,  
For God can make the autumn  
The glory of the year.—F. R. H.

Trusting and Staying.—Both the trusting and staying may be at first in the dark, but they will not be always in the dark. He that believeth on Him shall not abide in darkness. Unto him "there ariseth light in the darkness."  
Marvellously helped.—Thank God if He keeps us realizing, amidst the busiest work and the pleasantest success, that we have no power at all of ourselves to help ourselves! Then there will be nothing to hinder His "continual help." The whole day will be one sweet story of marvellous help.—F. R. H.

"THE DAY OF DAYS," Id. "HAND AND HEART," Id. "THE FIRESIDE," 6d.  
"HOME WORDS" OFFICE, 1, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.





**THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A.,**  
**VICAR OF ST. MARK'S, WOLVERHAMPTON.**

*Engraved from a Photograph.]*



# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.



**The Rev. George Everard, M.A.,**

VICAR OF ST. MARK'S, WOLVERHAMPTON.



THE Rev. George Everard is widely known as a mission preacher, and still more widely as an author. He is also highly esteemed as a hard working and zealous pastor in the parish of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton, where he has laboured for about twelve years.

His early education was received at the Manchester Grammar School. After leaving the school he was for about two years engaged in commercial pursuits. At this time, in the year 1846, he received religious impressions which proved the turning point in his life. His plans and prospects were changed, and in 1847 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he obtained a scholarship which he held during the four years of residence; and in the Mathematical Tripos of January, 1851, his name appeared as the Sixth Senior Optime.

In 1852 he was ordained to the curacy of Christ Church, Ramsgate, where he enjoyed the privilege of labouring with the Rev. Canon Hoare, now Vicar of Holy Trinity Parish, Tunbridge Wells. Soon after he became chaplain of the Isle of

Thanet Union. In 1854 he took the curacy of Trinity Church, Marylebone, thus gaining the experience of a working clergyman in the Metropolis. His last curacy was at St. Mary's, Hastings, with the well-known devoted and highly gifted Vicar, the Rev. Thomas Vores.

In 1858 he was appointed to the vicarage of Framdsen in Suffolk. This post he held for ten years, at the end of which period he was nominated to St. Mark's, Wolverhampton. The church in this parish is a good, modern building, and will seat about 1,400 persons. The various agencies of parochial machinery are in active operation, and those who wish to see what the Church of England can do when her system is fairly and faithfully worked should pay a visit to St. Mark's. A large Mission Room has been erected, in connection with which there is a band of devoted workers who every Sunday night gather in a large number of those who seldom are found within the walls of a church; and, as indicating the life and growth of the congregation, we believe the communicants number about three hundred and fifty.

We have said that Mr Everard is widely known as a mission preacher. As a rule,

it is no doubt best for each pastor to abide continually with his own flock; but without going so far as the Wesleyan plan of constant periodic change of the scene of ministry, we believe a measure of change is desirable and profitable both for preachers and hearers. Some, however, are manifestly specially gifted "for the work of an evangelist," and Mr. Everard is one of these. His persuasive and winning influence, "speaking the truth in love," gains him a ready welcome; and the recollections of his visits are treasured memories in many parishes. Moreover, the members of the home congregation are, we believe, not only not losers by the occasional absence of their pastor, but gainers. He returns to them with increased experience, enlarged sympathy, and enriched with the prayers of those who have profited by his distant ministrations. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

In 1873 a heavy affliction fell upon the family of Mr. Everard; and three children were in quick succession taken from the home circle. Since then, in May, 1879, another treasure was taken home. "The shaft flew thrice, and once again," but the Hand that drew the bow knew how to bind up the wounded spirit; and with new strength, new power, and new tenderness the work of the ministry has been carried on.

We have yet to refer to Mr. Everard's writings. The readers of *Home Words* have for many years been indebted to him as a constant and leading contributor to its pages. Several of his most popular works have been thus first introduced to public notice. Distinctly evangelical in doctrine, his books are all characterized by simplicity, earnestness, and illustrative incident aptly introduced to seal and fix the lessons drawn. He is thoroughly experimental and sympathetic. He is one of those teachers described by Bunyan when

he tells us, "the King had commanded His servants to make a good passage over the *Slough of Despond*." He knows how to meet the painful doubts, and how to remove the distressing fears which will from time to time assail especially young pilgrims who are convinced of sin, and are just setting out as pilgrims.

His first book, "Day by Day," was published in 1865. It brings Christian truth to bear upon the details of everyday life: and presents the Gospel as the true and Divine light which alone can direct our steps in safety in seasons of danger, temptation, and difficulty. "Not Your Own" is a most valuable book for Confirmation candidates. Too often tracts only are given at this important season. Good as they may be, they are soon read and frequently soon lost; but a suitable book, with a kindly word of interest inscribed by the pastor, is sure to be treasured for many a year. The laity would do well at Confirmation seasons to see that their clergy are supplied with funds to enable them thus to present useful books as memorials of the service. "The Holy Table," a small but comprehensive manual for Holy Communion, is equally suitable for this purpose. "Safe and Happy" is another book also intended for the young. It is addressed to young women, and is especially suitable as a gift to a servant. "None but Jesus" is a cheap, evangelistic book, and is adapted to carry on the work of a mission, by giving suitable counsels to inquirers and young beginners, pointing out both the path of peace and also that of Christian holiness. "Steps Across" anticipates the principal hindrances in the youthful pilgrim's course, and shows how they may be "stepped across." "Little Foxes" deals with secret faults and lesser sins which are so numerous and dangerous. "Beneath the Cross" supplies meditations, counsels, and prayers for communicants, and guards against error by the simplicity

of truth. A more recent volume, "Eddie's Letter," is a most suitable gift for the young, presenting religion in its winning aspect,—“ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.” “My Spectacles, and What I Saw with Them,” has just been published. It is full of illustrations taken from everyday life, and may reach some who would not read a more distinctly religious book.

As a cheering token of the wide religious influence of the printing press, it is gratifying to know that the above works have many of them reached a very large circulation. “Not Your Own” has reached 30,000; “Day by Day” and “Safe and Happy” upwards of 20,000 each. Altogether about 100,000 of the larger books, and about 250,000 of the smaller books and publications have been sold.\*

As a tract writer Mr. Everard might almost stand by the side of the new Bishop of Liverpool. The titles of his tracts are always good. Without being “sensational” they are pointed and not easily forgotten; and the substance within is as good as the title without. About eighty are on the list of the Religious Tract Society. We cannot enumerate them; but we advise our readers to obtain “Only Trust Him,” and “I. O. U.,” as specimens of the rest.

Numerous instances of the usefulness of Mr. Everard's works have attested their

value, both at home and abroad. In one case a copy of “Not Your Own,” translated into Tamul, sold at Penang to a young Hindu, led him to Christ, and sent him back to his native village in Tinnevely to help the Christian pastor there. In another case a young man in Glasgow read “Day by Day”; it proved a blessing to him, and he sent a copy of it to each of his eight brothers in different parts of the world.

A copy of “The Four Alls,” given away in Wolverhampton, was brought back by the receiver—after being lent about from one to another for a twelvemonth, and having been the means of conversion to one young person—with a request for another copy, as it was too worn to be lent further.

But it is needless to give instances. “God's Word,” read, spoken, or written, never returns to Him void. We can indeed only now and then trace the growth of the scattered seed; but we know the Lord of the harvest never withholds His blessing: and therefore truly spiritual labour can never be “in vain in the Lord.” If in the spirit of humble dependence we “plant” and “water” the seed, God will not fail to “give the increase.” “He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

THE EDITOR.

### The Sinner's Plea.

**T**HOUGH I mourn with downcast face,  
Thou canst save me by Thy grace:  
Though my life is stained with blots,  
Thou canst change the leopard's  
spots:  
Though my soul is dark as night,  
Thou canst wash the Æthiop white:

Though the leper's curse I bear,  
Thou canst make me fresh and fair:  
Though my sins the Saviour killed,  
I may bathe in blood I spilled:  
Guilt and wretchedness are mine,  
But they're lost in grace Divine!

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

\* We wish the clergy generally would thus aim to utilize the press—at least in their own parishes. Many would thus be reached who never enter the church itself. *Home Words* Local Covers are of the greatest service in this way; and we would suggest that every cover should contain at least a page of “brevities” from the pastor's sermons.



## Wayside Chimes.

### IV. THE SAVIOUR'S PRESENCE.

BY THE REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, PADDINGTON.



ORD, I hear Thy gentle call !  
Follies, sins, I leave them all ;  
I am strong to break their  
thrall,

Lord, if Thou wilt go with me.

I would gird me with Thy might ;  
Shield of faith and breastplate bright  
Thou hast given them for the fight :  
Oh, my Saviour, go with me.

Flame and sword may bar my way,  
Taunt and sneer may bid me stay ;  
I would brave them while I pray,  
Oh, my Saviour, go with me.

Pleasures strew my pathway o'er,  
But Thy love to me is more  
Than all this world's richest store  
Oh, my Saviour, go with me.

Thou wilt watch with loving care,  
Thou wilt keep through fight and snare,  
Thou wilt bring me safe to where  
I shall ever be with Thee.

## Mrs. Treadwell's Cook :

### A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EMILY S. HOLT, AUTHOR OF "THE MAIDENS' LODGE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### WHAT KEPT KATE AWAKE.



OW long Kate had been asleep she did not know, when she suddenly woke to the knowledge that there was a low, soft sound in the room. Joan was fast asleep and snoring ; but Anne, who had been in bed before either of them, was now not only up but dressed. Kate watched her quietly, without giving any sign that she was awake. There was no need of light, for the June moonlight was flooding the chamber. To Kate's surprise, she saw Anne tie an outdoor hood over her head, open the door, and softly closing it behind her, creep away. Kate lay and listened. The bolt of the outer door was removed, almost noiselessly, and, apparently some one came in. Low voices

could be heard below, for some five minutes ; at the end of which the outer door was opened again. Kate sprang out of bed and went to the window, which commanded a view of the street. She saw clearly by the moonlight a tall female figure which she recognised as Anne's, and with her a man who struck her as being about the height and build of Roger Cordiner. At the corner of the street, Kate saw them joined by another man ; and then the three turned the corner and passed out of her sight.

There was no more sleep for Kate Treadwell. By the appearance of the moon she guessed it to be about eleven o'clock, a time which to her was the middle of the night. All manner of guesses and fancies surged through Kate's brain. Was Anne running away, never to be heard of again ? Ought she to have stopped her ? Should she rise now, and call her brother and sister-in-law, or wait to see if Anne returned ? And what should she do, if the girl did come back ?

For about two hours Kate lay still and thought. But her thoughts had not taken any determined shape when there came a rush of air under the door,—our forefathers' houses were always very draughty,—and Kate felt sure that Anne was coming back. More low-toned voices for a minute, then the shutting of the outer door, the noiseless opening of the door of the chamber, and Anne came in, with the slow step of one very tired and perhaps very much disheartened. She glanced hurriedly at her two companions. Joan, who usually made one nap of her night's rest, was still in a state of serene unconsciousness; and Kate shut her eyes the instant that Anne glanced in her direction. The latter evidently felt reassured. She undressed quickly and quietly; but once Kate saw her pause a moment, and look upwards out of the window, clasping her hands as though in deep anguish or fervent prayer. Then she lay down softly, and all was still.

Kate had never found a resolution so difficult to frame as on that night. It might be the greatest kindness to Anne, or it might be the greatest cruelty, for one word to be breathed to Dorothy. If Kate could have formed any idea of the reason for such mysterious conduct, her own course would have been more easy. But she found it impossible to guess. Only one fancy kept haunting her imagination, which her reason dismissed as absurd, that the first man whom she had seen with Anne was Roger Cordiner. Kate scolded herself for thinking such a thing. She whispered to her own mind the most excellent reasons to the contrary. Roger was a thoroughly respectable man, the father of a family, one who made a high profession of religion; the last man, as Kate felt, whom one would expect to see helping a girl of seventeen to commit a foolish or improper action. Yet, over and over again, something seemed to whisper back to her, "Ah, but it was Roger Cordiner, for all that."

Love and politics were the only explanations of the mystery which occurred to Kate; and who would expect to find a conspirator in Mrs. Treadwell's cook?

Kate was still, as John Bunyan puts it, very much "tumbled up and down in her mind," when the subject of her reflections

gradually became rather confused, and the confusion ended in a blank. The next thing of which she was conscious was a hand grasping her by the shoulder, and Dorothy's voice with:—

"Gramercy, Kate! dost mean to sleep till next Sunday?"

## CHAPTER X.

### WE'RE A PRISONER.

SLOWLY Kate awoke, in all senses, to her circumstances. She dressed and came down with only one distinct idea in her head, namely, that whatever was to be done must be done that day. Lucy was expected home in the evening, and Lucy was a lively damsel of thirteen years, whose eyes and ears were everywhere. Kate found all the feminine part of the family in the kitchen. Dorothy was in a caustic and fault-finding mood, not promising for such a revelation as Kate had to make. Anne went about her work in a quiet, methodical way, as if her hands were in it but her head and heart elsewhere.

At last Joan went off to wash, and Dorothy asserted that no earthly power should keep her any longer in the kitchen in that heat, and she departed to take a nap in the parlour. Kate was still undecided how to act, and the words which came suddenly from her seemed to come without any will on her part:—

"Nan, doth it like thee better to take walks abroad in the night than in the day?"

The wooden spoon which was in Anne's hand dropped upon the brick floor. Every trace of blood fled away from her lips and cheeks. The large shining blue-grey eyes seemed to grow as she looked, till Kate wondered what size they would reach at last.

"My maid," said Kate very kindly, "it is easier to be undone than to amend it."

The blood came back to the girl's face with a sudden rush.

"Mistress Kate!" she said, and then suddenly went on in a hurry with her work. "Did you think *that* of me?"

Kate felt the tone of indignant innocence in a moment.

"Nay, my maid, but what could I think?" she said.

"Anything but that!" was Anne's answer.

It seemed to Kate now that the mystery must have some other interpretation. It was not possible to look into those clear, honest eyes, which met hers fully, and believe Anne otherwise than respectable.

"My maid, I was right unwilling, trust me, to think any such thing; but what else is there? Thou art very fair, and very young; and such are oft easily led astray."

Kato was going on, but Anne stopped her with a gesture.

"Are they so?" she said. "I trow not, when such have seen all that they loved laid under ten feet of earth below the church tower! Mistress, when a maid's heart is dead within her, you need give you no pain lest she should go astray in *that* fashion!"

"Then what must I think, Nan?"

"Must you think, Mistress Kate?" was the demure answer.

Kate replied by a little laugh, and—"I cannot help it, Nan. Am I to count thee a conspirator against the peace of our lord the King? or what so?"

Anne laid down the spoon, and came up close to Kate, with great earnestness in her eyes.

"Mistress Kato," she said, "could you not trust me, and no more? The day may come when you will be sorry if you did not."

The two girls looked silently into each other's eyes for a moment.

"Nan," said Kate, "how if thou wert to trust me?"

Anne's shake of the head was a decided negative.

"Wherefore?"

"Mistress Kate, you would not thank me."

"But could I not help thee?"

Anne shook her head again. "Only One can do that," she said.

"And doth He not help thee, Nan?"

"How do I know, Mistress Kate? That may be help, in God's purposes, which seems none in mine eyes. I can but leave all to Him. Yet this much will I tell you, mistress, that you may not think worsen of me than is true. I went this last night to speak with my sister. Yet why the matter need be kept thus secret, or with whom I went, or

whither—I do but beseech you to trust me, for I cannot tell you. I would if I could."

And Anne's face seconded her words.

"Well, Nan, I will trust thee," said Kate, after a moment's consideration. "Only one thing tell me: the man that came hither to fetch thee, was it Master Cordiner?"

A quick flush rose to Anne's cheek, but she hesitated.

"Nay, surely, Nan, thou mayest trust me," urged Kate. "I would none harm at all to my sister's cousin."

"Trust for trust," said Anne in a low voice. "Aye, Mistress Kate; it was Master Cordiner."

Kate sat for a few moments lost in thought, while Anne returned to her work.

"Nan," she said at last, "if it be as thou sayest, might I not help thee, knowing more of thy matters?"

Anne shook her head again with a smile which had in it both sadness and pity.

"Nay, Mistress Kate; you could only harm yourself, and that right quickly."

"I cannot understand thee," said Kate, looking at her.

"Do not wish to understand me," was Anne's earnest answer. "Oh, do not wish it!"

When Dorothy bustled into the kitchen, the next minute, she only saw that Anne was chopping parsley and that Kate was beating eggs. And as Dorothy's eyes were not given to searching below the surface of anything, nothing occurred to her mind beyond eggs and parsley.

The evening brought Lucy, and Lucy brought a birdcage, which held a hapless young linnet. The bird was a recent gift from one of her cousins, who had limed the poor little thing; and Lucy was determined that everybody should express admiration of it. Kate, however, being very tender hearted, and more given to thinking what others would like than most people, while she admired the linnet, demurred to the caging of it.

"It should be a deal happier to be let fly, Lucy."

"Oh, well! but I should not," returned selfish Lucy.

"But if it should not live, my maid?"

"Oh, it must take its chance," was the careless answer.

"Poor heart!" said Kate, looking compassionately at the linnet.

At that moment Anne came in, and Lucy called her to come and admire the bird. Much to Lucy's astonishment, Anne covered her eyes with her hands.

"Oh no, no!" she said. "I shall love it, mistress. And whatever I love will die."

Lucy, who was not particularly addicted to loving anybody but herself, gazed at Anne with an expression of great surprise.

"I would fain have Lucy to let the poor bird fly," said Kate. "What thinkest, Nan?"

"Gramercy, Aunt Kate!" exclaimed Lucy. "I am not such a goose!"

"Ah, Mistress Lucy, you were ne'er a prisoner!" said Anne, in that low sorrowful tone of hers.

"Why should I? I ne'er did aught wrong," was Lucy's self-satisfied reply.

"Innocent folk may get into prison, my mistress," answered Anne, in the same tone.

And Kate, looking into her eyes, felt sure that Anne had, at some past time, been in that position,—or, if not, had very dearly loved some one who was in it.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MAN IN THE CLOAK.

AFTER the midnight adventure which had cost Kate so much thought, matters seemed to sink down into their usual quietness. She was not again disturbed by any similar event. Nothing, for some time, was seen of Roger Cordiner. Breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed followed each other in regular order, and no worse calamity happened to disturb the Treadwell peace than a customer difficult to please, or a little sharpness of tongue on the part of Dorothy.

Lucy was at once interested in Anne, and used her eyes and ears with a diligence which would have been praiseworthy if she had exerted it on a useful object. She had not Kate's delicacy of feeling, and she had more than Kate's inquisitiveness. She put as many direct questions to Anne as would have

filled a catechism. But, without appearing to do so, Anne quietly baffled her at nearly every point. The only information she succeeded in obtaining was that Anne had a mother, and a married sister, both living at a distance; that her father had been a soldier, and her brother-in-law followed the same calling. Every closer question was parried in a style which seemed at the time to answer it completely, and yet gave no real information.

Mrs. Treadwell was hardly so well satisfied with her cook as she had been at first. It was not from any fault on Anne's part, but was due to two discoveries on that of Dorothy. The first was a growing conviction that Anne had the more refined nature of the two; and the second was that the girl was able to read. Mrs. Treadwell, who, like most tradesmen's wives of her day, could not read a word, took this discovery almost as a personal insult. What business had her servant to be better educated than herself? After finding out this affront, Dorothy, who had little generosity in her disposition, was perpetually throwing out taunts concerning it. If Anne recommended a particular mode of dressing a dish, she was pretty sure to be told that her mistress had never seen such a thing done, but of course she must knock under to a fine madam that knew how to read. If she suggested that cinnamon would be a better flavouring than cloves for some compound, she was asked in which of her great learned books she had found that. Kate looked on in perplexity, unable to read the meaning of Dorothy's conduct; Lucy enjoyed the sparring, and helped it on when she could. Anne took it meekly, as something beneath her notice.

Some weeks had passed, when one night, not feeling very well, Kate went up to bed half an hour earlier than usual. She looked out of the window, and by the light of the harvest moon discerned a man, wrapped in a long cloak, and slowly pacing up and down the opposite side of the street. He made very short turns, as if he wished to keep close to one spot; and at that moment Kate heard some one go to the door to hang up the lantern. There were then no street lamps lit at the public expense, but every house-

holder was required to hang out a lantern at his door when dark had set in. As soon as the lantern bearer appeared, the man in the cloak suddenly darted across the narrow street appeared to slip something into her hand, and then departed at once, walking westwards with hasty strides. Kate felt no doubt at all that Anne had been the bearer of the lantern, and that the man had been on the look-out for an opportunity to communicate with her. She thought too that Anne must have expected him, for it was not her wont to hang out the lantern. Joan made her appearance upstairs so quickly as to show that she had not been the actor in this scene. Lucy followed, full of chatter, as she generally was. Some minutes more elapsed before Anne came. When she did come, she was very silent; but that was nothing unusual,

and Lucy made up by extra talk for the silence of anybody else. She was one of those persons so fond of the sound of their own dear voices that they never notice whether the individual to whom they speak says anything or not.

Lucy and Joan were soon asleep. Joan was a girl of industrious hands and heavy head, whom no slight noise was at all likely to arouse. But now and then the sound of a faint sob from the other bed struck on Kate's ear, and she felt sure that Anne was quietly crying. Kate Treadwell had grown much attached to the fair, silent, mysterious girl, and she was inclined to be very angry with Anne's sister, whom in her heart she credited with the girl's troubles. If Anne would only speak out, and let Kate know things, and help her!

(To be continued.)



## The Chinese and Chinese Stories.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR E. MOULE, B.D., C.M.S., NINGPO AND HANGCHOW.\*

WE have received a Chinese "Story-book" containing specimens of stories translated by the Rev. Arthur E. Moule, from the original work published in China

and very popular there.

Before giving the stories (a few of which we hope to insert in a second paper next month) Mr. Moule has something to say about Chinese habits and customs, which we are sure will interest our readers.

He tell us there are two hundred millions and more of Chinese boys and girls, eight or ten times the population of England and Wales. Some of them have very curious names.

"Here comes Master 'Long-lived King,' and Master 'Glorious Light Summer.' Here is Miss 'Beautiful Gem Place,' and Miss 'Beautiful Phoenix Bell.' Then there are nicknames, and pet names, and the babies have what the Chinese call 'milk names,' like our 'Tiny,' 'Dot,' and so on. But the super-

stitious Chinese, being afraid of the evil eye, and of calamity following if they choose too high sounding names, often call their children by some mean title, in order to avoid the envy of evil spirits. So one is called 'Little Dog,' and another 'Hill Dog,' 'Old Cow,' and so on. These milk names and nicknames sometimes cling to them through life. A tailor in Ningpo was called 'Dog the Tailor.'

"But a mother's love and pride often overcome these foolish fears, and 'The Precious One' is a common name for a little girl or boy; or 'Threefold Happiness,' meaning 'much joy, many sons, much money'—the Chinese ideal of threefold or perfect bliss. Sometimes convenience guides the selection of names, and the child is called simply 'Number One,' 'Number Five,' and so on. Then, when the boys go to school, (there are no schools for girls except mission schools in China) they have a *book-name* selected by the master, and written on the class-books and copy-slips, such as 'Perfect Talent,' 'Per-vading Excellence,' etc."

\* "Chinese Stories," Edited and Translated by Arthur E. Moule, B.D. (London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.)



**A CHINESE SCHOOL.**

*From the Original Drawing.*

Chinese food is on the whole very good, only in bad seasons they are not prepared as we are with imported food from other countries, and hence dreadful famines now and then devastate the land. Seven millions of people are said to have died during the last famine. In addition to rice, which is so nourishing, they have excellent vegetables and fruits. The boiled *bamboo* shoots are much eaten by them. The bamboo is a most beautiful and valuable tree. It grows very rapidly. Shoots come up from the roots of the old bamboos early in April; and pushing through the soft earth like great asparagus (only much thicker, and hard and firm instead of soft), they reach their full height—that is to say, from twenty to thirty feet—by July; and year after year they grow no taller, but the hollow stem hardens its rind. This hard stem is turned to every imaginable use. The masts, and sails, and ropes, and poles, and tilts of ships and boats are made of bamboo. Chairs and tables, and chop-sticks (the Chinaman's knife and fork), and cups and bowls, all come from this wonderful tree; as well as the young shoots which they eat as food.

Mr. Moule gives the following piece of verse, written by Major Arthur T. Bingham Wright, which admirably describes the uses of the bamboo-tree, and also illustrates the peculiarities of the strange jargon called Pidgin-English—a language invented in China as a means of communication between English and Americans and the natives. Some of the words we can hardly make out; perhaps our readers can do it better than we can.

#### JOHN CHINAMAN'S BAMBOO TREE.

One piece thing that my have got,  
Maskee that thing my no can do,  
You talky you no sabey what?  
Bamboo.

That chow chow all too muchee sweet  
My likee; what no likee you?  
You makee try, you makee eat  
Bamboo.

That olo house too muchee small,  
My have got chilo, wanchee new;  
My makee one big piecee, all  
Bamboo.

Top-side that house my wanchee thatch,  
And bottom-side that matting too;  
My makee both if my can catch  
Bamboo.

That sun he makee too much hot,  
My makee hat (my talkee true)  
And coat for rain; if my have got  
Bamboo.

That Pilog too much robbery  
He makee; on his back one, two,  
He catchee for his bobbey  
Bamboo.

No wanchee walk that China pig,  
You foreigner no walkee you,  
My carry both upon a big  
Bamboo.

What makee Sampan go so fast?  
That time the wind so strong he blew,  
What makee sail and rope and mast?  
Bamboo.

My catchee every thing in life  
From number one of trees that grew,  
So muchee good I give my wife  
Bamboo.

And now Man-man, my talkee done,  
And so my say chin-chin to you;  
My hope you think this number one  
Bamboo.

Other dishes, however, are eaten in China. There is an old story of an English gentleman who was invited to a dinner-party in a Chinese gentleman's house. He could not speak Chinese well; so being doubtful as to a dish which was set before him, he pointed to the dish, and then turned to his host, and asked, "Quack, quack?" which plainly meant, "Is this duck?" The host shook his head, and using the same language, replied, "Bow-wow!"—plainly meaning, "No, it is dog." The notice, "Black cat always ready," may be seen, Mr. Moule tells us, in a butcher's shop at Canton.

Another curious dish which is sometimes prepared for honoured guests is "ducks' tongues." But we must remember that very curious things are eaten in England sometimes. Many a rabbit-pie is suspected of having mewed when alive.

The schools in China are, as we have said, only for boys. Girls are not thought to be of much value. The Chinese call *good* girls



"Fine bamboo-shoots springing up *outside* the fence," that is, bringing good outside the old home, and to another family. When a son is born there are very loud and joyful congratulations. When a girl comes the best thing friends can say is, "Well, girls also are of some use." In certain districts of China, and especially when famine or war prevails, the poor people, in their heathen blindness, destroy their little girls as soon as they are born. This is not so common a crime, at least now, as is often supposed; but that it is still committed is clear, because Mr. Moule tells us, "In Ningpo there is a Society formed by the heathen gentry to suppress this crime."

Our illustration is a Chinese drawing of a schoolroom. What is generally called the three R's in England, is reduced to two in Chinese schools—namely, reading and writing alone; and they learn everything by heart, getting accustomed to the shape and sound of their strange written and printed words, and not learning the *meaning* of what they are taught till they are thirteen or fourteen

years old. There is no *alphabet* in Chinese, but every word has a sign or picture to itself; and the right spelling of the word is the right number and position of the strokes and dots which compose it. So that school life is rather dull for the little boys when they begin. They do not learn arithmetic, or geography, or the history of any other country except China, and not much about China even.

But the chief thing lacking in Chinese schools, as well as in the homes of the people everywhere, is the knowledge and love of God. There are missionaries in China now, but they are very few in number, and, for the most part, the people hear nothing about the glad tidings of the Gospel: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill to men." They have idols many; they even worship their ancestors; and they have many superstitious customs about death and the grave. They need the Gospel to tell them that "God is love," and that Jesus came to "bring life and immortality to light."

(To be continued.)

## Harvest Lessons.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

### III. THE DIVINE FORBEARANCE AND BENEFICENCE.



NE other Harvest thought I have yet to mention:—Harvest blessings are *preachers of Divine Forbearance and Beneficence.*

Are there not many, even in Christian England, in whose ears a voice might have sounded during the by-gone month—a voice from the Divine presence—as they gazed upon the corn-fields, where God had "made the place of His feet glorious"? Might not that voice have pleaded:—

"Look, O sinner, continuing in thy sins, unrepentant, unbelieving—look upon the Harvest field and the waving corn inviting the reapers to gather it into the garners!

There has been no prayer on thy lips, no praise in thy heart. Thou hast been unthankful; feeding at a Heavenly Father's board, but yielding Him no life service of filial love. Oh! read you not the mystery of grace in Harvest blessings? Are you not constrained to say,—'Verily, He hath not dealt with me after my sins'?

"And see you not the Divine purpose in this forbearance and bounty of Divine love? Fatal, inexcusable must be the ignorance of those who 'know not that the goodness of God,'—His abounding and forbearing mercy, both in providence and grace,—'leadeth to repentance.' Let it not be so with you. Every fresh act of His beneficence, every stream of love that flows from His heart, every ray of light

that falls upon our world, bespeaks 'the riches of His grace;' and that grace He waits to extend to you."

Yes; the "weeks of the Harvest," do indeed show that God has not left Himself without witness; but that He is ever calling upon us, not only by the messages of His Word and the invitations of His Gospel, but by the very bread which Harvest places in every hand! "Take it," God would seem to say, even to the unthankful and the evil; "take it from My open Hand, and let it bear this message of forbearing mercy and tenderest love—'My son, My daughter, give Me thine heart;' give it to Me, that I may bless it with 'all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus.'"

Such thoughts of the Divine forbearance and beneficence may well plead with those who have hitherto failed to see God in His gifts. Happy they who yield to the constraining influence which thus "beseeches" from the Harvest field, and responding to the Voice which pleads, form the hallowed resolve, "My God, my Father, I will give Thee my heart."

But verily the admonition of the Divine forbearance and beneficence speaks not alone to those who have yet to learn "how good and joyful a thing it is to be thankful." The lesson is needed by us all. Indeed it will be felt to be needed most by those whose gratitude has been the most deeply stirred by the sense of Harvest blessings; for gratitude, like every grace of the Spirit, sees not itself, but rather sees its own deficiency.

Let the admonition, then, suggest to us the fitting answer to the question of Harvest thankfulness ready from so many

lips: "What shall I render to the Lord for all His gifts to me?"

The Psalmist's heart was a grateful heart when he proposed to himself that question; but he was so deeply impressed with the Divine forbearance and grace and goodness to him, that his very gratitude seemed to lead him to a still deeper consciousness of his need, his dependence, and his indebtedness to the God of Grace,—forbearing, Covenant Grace. Hence the paradox which presents itself in his remarkable reply to his own question—"I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord." The question he had asked was, "What shall I render?" The reply is, "I will take."

So let it be with ourselves. Let our gratitude for Harvest blessings, and for all blessings, prompt us to *take more*. God is able to give us more, able to supply "all our need,"—our need, not as we imperfectly know it, but as it is fully known to Him,—our need temporally and our need spiritually. Let us "take," then, "the cup of salvation," and "call upon the Name of the Lord."

Thus "taking" we shall never fail to be ready to "give,"—ready each day to give our hearts to Him who gave His Son for us—and ready too (because constrained by "Love Divine, all love excelling,") to give the offering of service and ministry and sacrifice for others as the heart's acknowledgment that "we are not our own, but have been bought with a price," and are therefore bound by the infinite debt of grace to make it our life's aim to "glorify God in our bodies and our spirits, which are His." The best Harvest thanksgiving is *thanks-living*.

### Gold from the Mine.



HUNGRY man will be sure to find time for a meal, and a lively Christian will find time for devotion."

"How sweet is it to have our dependence on a God who comes to meet us, in order to solicit us to come to Him!"

## Modern Hymn Writers:

## "SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.\*

V. BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S  
HYMNS.

OUR next set of "Specimen - Glasses" shall contain Hymns by Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, Hymns which reflect the heart of a joyful saint, together with a frequent touch of poetic glow, and a beauty of form and language worthy of the famous name he bears.

No characteristic of Bishop Wordsworth's Hymns is more striking than their fulness of Scriptural teaching. They are rich in typical suggestion, and some are as a brilliant picture-gallery of Old Testament story, on which one concentrated ray of New Testament sunlight is made to fall. Take for instance one of his Easter Hymns, and mark how much historical and doctrinal teaching is compressed into its eight verses, while the mastery over a difficult metre adds to the sense of masculine power which we feel in this condensed commentary.

## RESURRECTION TEACHING.

In Thy glorious Resurrection,  
Lord, we see a world's erection,  
Man in Thee is glorified.  
Bliss, for which the patriarchs panted,  
Joys, by holy psalmists chanted,  
Now in Thee are verified!

Oracles of former ages,  
Veiled in dim prophetic pages,  
Now lie open to the sight;  
Now the types, which glimmered darkling  
In the twilight gloom, are sparkling  
In the blaze of noonday light.

Isaac from the wood is risen;  
Joseph issues from the prison;  
See the Paschal Lamb which saves;

Israel through the sea is landed,  
Pharaoh and his hosts are stranded,  
And o'erwhelmèd in the waves.

See the cloudy pillar leading,  
Rock refreshing, manna feeding;  
Joshua fights and Moses prays;  
See the lifted wave-sheaf, cheering  
Pledge of harvest-fruits appearing,  
Joyful dawn of happy days.

Samson see at night uptearing  
Gaza's brazen gates, and bearing  
To the top of Hebron's hill;  
Jonah comes from stormy surges,  
From his three-days' grave emerges,  
Bids beware of coming ill.

So Thy Resurrection's glory  
Sheds a light on ancient story;  
And it casts a forward ray,  
Beacon light of solemn warning,  
To the dawn of that great Morning  
Ushering in the Judgment day.

Ever since Thy death and rising  
Thou the nations art baptizing  
In Thy death's similitude;  
Dead to sin, and ever dying,  
And our members mortifying,  
May we walk with life renewed!

Forth from Thy first Easter going,  
Sundays are for ever flowing  
Onward to a boundless sea;  
Lord, may they for Thee prepare us,  
On a holy river bear us  
To a calm eternity!

Another of Bishop Wordsworth's Easter Hymns appeals rather to spiritual than intellectual sympathy, and its teaching, not less full, will be more widely and deeply felt. In this we are led on by a loving and fervent hand into an inner and more glorious temple: the glow of personal faith and love breathes around; the Risen Lord Himself is "the Light thereof;" and we are led to recognise

\* Our readers will be glad to hear that "*My Bible Study: for the Sundays of the Year*;" a series of fifty-two Post Cards lithographed in *fac-simile* from the original, by Frances Ridley Havergal, is now ready, price 8s. 6d. (London: Hand and Heart Office.)

and rejoice in the mystery and glory of "the power of His Resurrection," in which we, too, have part; for "Christ is risen, *we* are risen!" Those who have not had the privilege of joining in this Hymn on an Easter morning can have little idea of its stirring and elevating power. Old associations are very strong in touching and arousing the heart, but truths of God, deep and grand and full, and clothed in such verse, are stronger; and with all our love for the old strains familiar from childhood, we cannot help feeling that in some cases "the new wine" is better than the old.

**"CHRIST IS RISEN: WE ARE RISEN."**

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hearts to heaven and voices raise!

Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise!

He who on the Cross a victim for the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead.

Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life, and life immortal, on this holy Easter morn:

Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by His mighty enterprise,  
We with Him to life eternal by His resurrection rise.

Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits of the holy harvest-field,  
Which will all its full abundance at His second coming yield;  
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen; we are risen! Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy face,  
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven, here on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered, and be ever safe with Thee.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory be to God on high!  
Hallelujah! to the Saviour, who has gained the victory;  
Hallelujah! to the Spirit, Fount of Love and Sanctity;  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to the Triune Majesty!

(To be continued.)

## Jonas Colter; or, the Victory Gained.

BY A. L. O. E., AUTHOR OF "PRECEPTS IN PRACTICE," ETC.

(Continued from page 212.)

### CHAPTER II.

#### A BRAVE CONSCIENCE.



UT the conscience of Alie would make itself heard, notwithstanding her brother's voice of scorn. She had been accustomed from the time when she could first talk to speak the simple truth, and the

whole truth. She knew that there may be falsehood even in *silence*, when that silence tends to deceive. She felt that she had wronged her uncle, by destroying his property, and, however unintentionally, causing the death of his pet: and instead of frankly confessing the wrong, and asking pardon, she

was concealing the matter. Alie went slowly up to her own little room, took down from its shelf her well-used Bible,—that would be a safer counsellor than her brother! She opened it, and the first verse upon which her eyes rested was this, "The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." Alie closed her book, and resting her head upon her hand, sat and thought:—

"Mother has often told me that the language of heaven is truth, and that whosoever *loveth or maketh a lie* shall never be admitted to that happy place! But why should my mind be so troubled?—I have not said a single word that is not true. But I have concealed the truth. And why?—because of the *fear of man*, which the Bible tells me *bringeth a snare*.

What then would be my straight course of duty? to confess that I threw down the poison? Would not that bring my brother into trouble? No; for it was I who climbed on the chair, I who knocked over the bottle, I who last shut the door,—all the mischief was done by me, though it was not done for my own pleasure. I know what will be my best plan," said Alie, with a sigh of relief at coming to anything like a decision: "I'll confess all to mother when she comes back from the village; and she will choose a good time, when my uncle is in a pleasant temper and I am out of the way, and tell him that I killed poor Tabby, but am exceedingly sorry that I did it."

So Alie returned to the kitchen, and put on the water to boil for tea, and sat down to her unfinished work, awaiting her mother's return. Her heart beat faster than usual when she heard the clump, clump of her uncle's wooden leg, but still more when he entered the house alone.

"Where's mother?" said Johnny.

"She's gone to the vicarage," replied Jonas. "She met a messenger to tell her that the lady there is taken very ill, and wants some one to nurse her; so she sheered off straight for Brampton, and desired me to come back and tell you."

"When will she return?" asked Alie with anxiety.

"That's when the lady gets better, I s'pose. I suspect that she's cast anchor for a good while, from what I hear," replied the sailor. "But pluck up a good heart, little lass, and don't look as though you were about to set the water-works going; I've brought you something to cheer you up a bit;" and slowly unfolding his red pocket-handkerchief, Jonas displayed a large cake of ginger-bread. "Here's for you," he said, holding it out to his niece.

"Oh, Uncle!" cried Alie, without attempting to touch it.

"Take it, will you?" said he sharply; "what are you hanging back for?" Alie took the cake, and thanked her uncle in a faltering voice. Jonas stooped down, lighted his pipe, and as he glanced at the warm corner which used to be his favourite's chosen place, and missed her well-known purr, the old

sailor gave an unconscious sigh, and "Poor Tabby!" escaped from his lips.

The sound of the sigh, and the words, gave pain to the heart of little Alie. "Here am I receiving kindness from my uncle," thought she, "and knowing how little I deserve it; and yet I have not courage to confess the truth! I am sure that fear is a *snare* to me. Oh that I had a braver heart! so that I should dread nothing but doing wrong! Johnny is a bold as a lion, yet I am sure that even he would be afraid to tell the truth to my uncle;"

"What's the matter with the lass?" cried Jonas with blunt kindness, taking the pipe from his lips, and looking steadily at the child. "Ye're vexed at your mother biding away?"

"It is not that," replied Alie, very softly.

"Ye're fretting about the cat?"

"Partly," murmured the child.

"Kind little soul!" exclaimed the sailor, heartily: "I'll get a white kitten, or a tortoiseshell for ye, if one's to be had for love or money! But maybe ye're like the Jack-tar, and don't think new friends like the old!" and the rough hard hand of the seaman was laid caressingly on the little girl's shoulder.

"Uncle, you quite mistake me, you—you—would not be so kind if you knew all!" said Alie rapidly. The first difficult step was taken, but poor Alie's cheek was crimson, and she would have felt it at that moment impossible to have raised her eyes from the floor.

"What's all this?" exclaimed Jonas roughly, while Johnny, afraid that the whole truth was coming out, made a hasty retreat from the kitchen.

"What's all this?" repeated the bluff sailor. Alie had now gone so far that she had not power to retreat. Her little hands pressed tightly together, her voice tremulous and indistinct with fear, she stammered forth, "It was I who knocked down the bottle—and—and shut poor Tabby into your room—and——"

"Shut her in on purpose!" thundered Jonas, starting up from his seat. Alie bent her head as her only reply.

"Shut in the cat that the blame might be laid upon her!—took a long walk that the

mean trick might be successful!" At each sentence his voice rose louder and louder, so that Johnny could hear it at the other side of the road, while poor Alie bent like a reed beneath the storm.

"And was your brother with you, girl?" continued the angry sailor, after a short but terrible pause.

Poor Alie was dreadfully perplexed; she squeezed her hands together tighter than ever; she could not speak, but her silence spoke enough.

"Mean coward!" exclaimed Jonas, striking the table with his clenched fist till it rang again; "and he has set all sail, and made off, and left this little pinnacle to brave the storm alone!" Alie burst into tears; and whether it was the sight of these tears, or whether his own words reminded the sailor that Alie at least had now acted an honest, straightforward part, his anger towards her was gone in a moment, and he drew her kindly to his knee.

"Dry these eyes, and think no more about it," said he; "you never guessed that the liquid was poison, and accidents, as they say, will happen even in the best regulated families. But why did not you and your sneak of a brother tell me honestly about breaking the bottle, instead of playing such a cowardly

trick as that of shutting up the poor cat in the room?"

"Oh, Uncle," murmured Alie, at length finding her voice, "we knew that you would be so dreadfully angry."

"Humph!" said the sailor thoughtfully. "So the fear of me was a snare to you. Well, you may go after your brother, if he's not run away so far that you cannot find him, and tell him that he may sneak back as soon as he can muster enough of courage, for not a word, good or bad, shall he hear from me about the bottle or the cat. And mind you, my honest little lass," continued Jonas, "I'll not forget the white kitten for you;—for though you've not a stout heart, you've a brave conscience, and dare speak the truth even to a crabbed old sailor, who you knew would be 'so dreadfully angry.'"

Alie flew off like a bird, her heart lightened of its load and rejoicing in the consciousness that a painful duty had been performed. And whenever in future life she felt tempted to take a crooked course from the dread of some peril in the straight one, the timid girl found courage in remembering the verse which had struck her so much on that day,—*"The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."*

## Sweet Clover.

BY LOUISA J. KIRKWOOD.



'M only a common plant,  
A little wayside weed,  
From the dusty soil I spring,  
Up from a tiny seed.

I have no glowing hues  
To vie with sparkling gems,  
Only a sprinkle of white  
Along my tender stems.

And but few would pause to look  
At my modest little spray,  
Which I hold to sun and wind,  
Close to the broad highway.

Why I was made so plain  
I wondered for many a day,

And e'en began to complain  
That beauty I could not display.

But ah, one day, on the wind,  
A song was wafted to me,  
And sweet was the story I heard  
From my dear lover, the bee:

"I pass you, beautiful flower,  
I may not be lover to thee;  
For a scanty fare of sweets  
You offer the busy bee.

"There is one that is sweeter far,  
Though only a wayside weed,  
And I would be lover to her,  
For she will be dear indeed.

## OUR DOGS.



FROM LANDSEER.

[See Sketch of the Life of Sir Edwin Landseer, January "Home Words," page 14.]



"She's sweet as my honeyed cell,  
And fresh as the morning dew;  
Her fragrance scents the breeze,  
And she's modest, pure, and true

"Ah, mine is the small white flower,  
She surely was made for me;  
For her cups with honey are full,  
Stored for her lover, the bee."

And this was the story I heard,  
The tale of the bee's sweet hum;  
He woos me all the day long,  
Then bears his sweet burden home.

No more for beauty I pine,  
Since thus I am useful, you see,  
To fill up my cups with sweets  
For my gay lover, the bee.

## A Friendly Letter to Wives.

BY MISS SKINNER.



HAPPY thought has occurred to a lady, Miss Skinner, who resides at Sweffling Rectory, Saxmundham. She has written twelve "letters" to different classes of the community, all of which are now printed. We sincerely hope they will be widely circulated, for they well deserve it.\*

As the best way in which we can further this end we give the eleventh letter of the series. We are sure our readers will agree that the writer knows how to say much in very little space. This letter is addressed to "wives." Perhaps this will induce the "husbands" to read it. We hope it will; for it will do both wives and husbands good.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Did you ever hear the saying, 'A man is what a woman makes him'? Now, if this is true, how very anxious you should be—as a wife and mother, to be a really good woman, since the making of the men of your family—your sons, and even your husband—so much depends upon yourself! Suffer me then, with God's help, to say a few words,

which, if acted upon, will help you to make that home of yours, however poor, a little earthly paradise, so that those dwelling in it may truly be able to say—

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, roam through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

There's no place like home!"

"Will you, therefore, put up a little prayer as you read this letter, and say:—  
'Lord Jesus, Thou hast given Thyself for me; make me truly Thine own; and help me to be a blessing to all those dear ones whom Thou hast given to me; that we may all dwell together in Thy glorious home in heaven by-and-by.' Of course, there are many things in the lot of every one of us which we should all like to have altered. But would it not be much better, like a sensible woman as you are, to make the best and most of things as they are, instead of grumbling and complaining about what can't be helped?

"First, then, as to your husband.

"Be lovers still. If a man's affection is worth the trouble you took to win it, surely it must be worth the trouble of keeping. Now, if he comes home at night weary and tired with a long day's work,

\* Copies may be had at 1d. each, or 3s. 6d. per 100, assorted, by writing to Miss Skinner, Sweffling Rectory. The series embraces letters to almost all classes. Two capital ones to "Boys having the care of Goats and Donkeys," and "Bath or Wheel-chair Men," are very useful for holiday distribution.

and finds his wife a slattern or a scold, and the children dirty, and crying about, when they ought to have been in bed long ago, and no supper prepared, no smile of welcome, can we wonder if John takes himself off to the nearest public-house? It was very different when you and he went courting. Then your hair was always neat, your face always smiling, and you dressed in what you thought was the most becoming way; and more than once you asked yourself, 'What would John like me to wear?' Can't you do so now?

"But don't get into debt. 'Pay as you go,' is a wise maxim for women; and another one too, *i.e.*, 'She that goes borrowing, goes sorrowing.' In all country places there are men who will soon persuade women to get into debt unknown to their husbands, if they will dress above their position. Don't have 'trust,' but try with a little ready money to get what you require. Try too, and save for a rainy day. God tells us to 'Consider the ways of the ant and be wise,' because the ant stores up food in summer for winter. In every town there is a Post-office bank where they will take as low as 1s. deposit; and in many villages there are penny banks in connection with the Church. There is an old proverb, 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.' How many a poor man's family would be benefited if he would buy a pig instead of beer, and spend his leisure time in a small garden of his own instead of in a public-house! A shilling a week saved is £2 12s. a year; and in six years this would amount to £15 12s. without interest. 'A penny saved is a penny gained.'

"Second. As to your home.

"Some women say it is through luck that their neighbours' homes are more tidy than their own. But the real secret is, that their neighbours believe in the old proverb, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' 'My clean little home,' said a labourer, 'and

clean children, are better to me than the tap-room at the inn.'

"There is a story told by a missionary of a woman who had the character for being dirty, that one day she gave all the children such a good wash. The clean faces made her think that her rooms wanted washing; and when they were done, she looked into a glass, and thought how much better she would look for a wash herself. The husband came home, and seeing his house so clean, and children and wife clean too, he felt dirty directly, and thoroughly washed himself. They had now tasted the luxury of clean water, and continued their cleanly habits until their good example was caught by all who lived in the same lane, and the place became noted for cleanliness. No dustbins were allowed to remain full. No dirty water was allowed to gather in the lane. The consequence was, that while their neighbours outside the lane had fever, they were free, by the use of pure water.

"But how can a woman's home be clean, if she goes out to work and leaves her little ones in charge of an elder child? Therefore, don't go if you can possibly help it. A mother's place is her home; and so surely as she leaves her home work to others, she will lose more than she gains. Seek to have Jesus in your home. Bring out the old Bible that your mother used to read. Ask your husband to read a portion, and pray that the blessing of the Lord may rest upon your dwelling.

"Third. As to your children.

"Teach them the value of prayer, and direct them to the Saviour who died for you and for them, and whose blood can cleanse all your guilt away. Teach them to thank God for their food, so that your dear children may never be able to say, when your heads are laid low in the churchyard, 'Mother nor father never taught me to pray.' Do not let your boys and girls be huddled together in the same sleeping-

room, but teach them self-respect; and guard your girls against the love of finery, for many a one has thus fallen, and become a mother while yet only a child. Do not neglect the house of God; and send your children to the Sunday-school, so that while they are young they may learn more of Jesus, and the way to that land where there is a rest for the people of God. Love your children, and never scold at them or threaten them unnecessarily, but try to make your little home a place that your boys and girls will think of with pleasure, and love to return to when away from you at service.

"Lastly, remember that all true happiness must come from God: 'They who

honour me,' says God, 'I will honour.' Be industrious, honest, sober, independent. Owe no man anything but love. Seek no help from any man while you have the power to help yourself. Walk in the fear of God; be faithful to Him; and then you will be faithful to those around you. 'A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates' (Prov. xxxi. 30, 31). Such was the account given by a pious king of his own mother. Pray that it may also be true of you.

"Believe me, your faithful friend,

"V. M. S."



### Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

#### XXXII. WORK FOR ALL.

WONDER what use I am in the world," murmured a pink-edged daisy, as she opened wide her snowy petals to the morning sun. "I'm afraid I am too small to do any one any good."

"Quite a mistake, friend, I assure you," said a dewdrop that was trembling on a blade of grass close by. "If it hadn't been for the shadow that you threw over me, the heat of the sun would have dried me up, and the blade of grass I am resting on would have withered for want of its proper nourishment."

"Thank you, friend," whispered the daisy, and her pink-edged petals took a rosier hue as she bent her little head in grateful acknowledgment.

#### XXXIII. METTLE NOT EVERYTHING.

"I WONDER Grey Star didn't fetch more!" said a worn-out cab horse to a neighbour on the same stand.

"I don't," said the other.

"Don't you? Well, I'm surprised," said

the first; "he's the fastest goer I know; he'd beat you in a canter, old fellow, I'm sure."

"Very likely," said the other, as he thrust his nose into the bottom of his dinner bag, and to his great regret found it empty: "but you seem to forget, friend, that he can't see! He may have plenty of spirit: I dare say he has; but have you never heard that mettle is dangerous in a blind horse?"

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXXI. WINDOW FLOWERS.



O garden have we, not an inch,  
No trees, or grassy field,  
To shelter singing thrush or finch,  
Or rosy apples yield.  
But our cottage is in "Pleasant Row,"  
And the sunny side is ours;  
So God be praised that His love we know,  
And He sends us Window Flowers.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

## XXXII. "GO ON, SIR! GO ON, SIR!"

THERE was a great mathematician and astronomer who once discovered a new planet. When he was young, studying mathematics, he got very much discouraged, and almost determined to give it all up, because he thought he should never succeed. In his text or note book, his eye one day fell upon some words on the inside paper covering of the book. He could not read the words through the outer paper. I do not know why he wanted to, but he thought he should like to see what the words were. So he got some hot water, and took off the cover. Then he saw inside the cover, on a little bit of paper, part of a letter from a master to another student; but the only words he could decipher were these: "Go on, sir! go on, sir!" "There is a message to me," he said.

I think it would make a good message to many of us when we get discouraged to read, "Go on, sir." I would wish to say to every school-boy, every school-girl, when they get discouraged, "Go on, sir! go on." It means just what the Bible tells us, "Be not weary in well doing."

## XXXIII. "SUCCOURING PARENTS."

ONE day Frederick the Great, the king of Prussia, who lived about a hundred years ago, rang his bell. Nobody answered. The king went into the next room, the ante-room, and there he saw the boy, his page, who ought to have answered the bell, asleep. The king looked at him,

and saw hanging out of his pocket a little bit of paper, which he examined. I do not know whether the king did quite right: I do not think he ought to have done so, though he was king. What was it about? It was a letter from his mother, and it ran something like this: "My dear boy,—I am very much obliged to you for the money you have sent me. God will bless you for it."

The king did not wake the page, but went back to his own room, and took out a rouleau of ducats of gold, and put it into the page's pocket while he slept. He then went back to his room, and rang the bell very violently indeed. The page came in rubbing his eyes, and looking very frightened. The king said, "You have been asleep!" The boy fumbled in his pockets, because he got so nervous, and then he felt the roll of ducats. He burst out crying. The king said, "What is the matter?" The page replied, "O please your majesty, I have got an enemy. Somebody has been putting money into my pocket. I never put it there."

Then the king said, "Take it, my boy," and he used a German proverb—"God gives to people in their sleep." I must just tell you that in the 137th Psalm, where we have it translated, "So He giveth His beloved sleep," in the original it reads, "God gives to His beloved while they are sleeping." "Take the money," said the king: "keep part of it yourself, and send the rest to your mother, and tell her I will always be your friend and her's." That is what the boy got for succouring his mother.

Succour your father and mother. Help them. It is a nice thing to make presents to them. Save up a little money and give them something on their birthdays; when they are sick, give them something nice. That is one reason why we should save our money, to have some to give to our father and mother when they want it.

REV. J. VAUGHAN.

## XXXIV. WHAT THE LARK TEACHES.

DON'T forget the lesson the lark teaches—it is a very good one: The lowest boulder makes the highest flyer, and the sweetest singer.

What honour hath humility!

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT illustration have we from the lives of the Old Testament saints, that we know not what we should pray for as we ought?
2. Why is the conversion of a sinner the highest act of love?
3. What is the difference in God's dealing with the mind and the flesh in the believer?
4. How does God anticipate every excuse for our not listening to the wisdom in the Book of Proverbs?
5. Does God still write the commandments for men with His finger? and in what way?
6. Did the rest of the twelve suspect Judas Iscariot of being the traitor?
7. What was ordained by God to be the way of life before creation?
8. Were the Jews right in saying that, Out of Galilee ariseth no prophet?

9. When was the zeal of natural affection made use of by the devil in leading one of our Lord's immediate followers into sin?

10. Who brought trouble on his family by asking God to have his life prolonged?

11. What part of the Scriptures was read in the synagogue by our blessed Lord, when all the worshippers were led to look at Him with fixed attention?

12. In what three particulars was Samson such a remarkable type of the Lord Jesus?

ANSWERS (See SCRIPTURES No., page 215).

- I. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10; see Rev. iv. 2. II. Lam. iv. 12. III. Ps. viii. 6; Zech. xiv. 4. IV. Gen. xxxix. 21; Ps. cv. 18. V. Matt. viii. 8, 9. VI. Rom. xii. 1; 1 Pet. ii. 5; Heb. xiii. 16. VII. John xx. 3; and 1 John v. 13. VIII. Luke v. 8; vii. 39. IX. Prov. xxvi. 12. X. Heb. ix. 28; 1 Pet. i. 5, 9. XI. Neh. viii. 7, 8. XII. Judg. vi. 14; Luke xxii. 61.





Sun.—1st day.  
Rises 6.3. Sets 5.53.

OCTOBER.

Moon.—New, 4th, M. 4.43.  
Full, 15th, M. 4.50.



# THE TITLES OF THE LORD JESUS.



Never man  
spoke like this Man.

John vii. 46.

OUR FATHER'S

Redemption  
through His blood.

Eph. i. 7.

|   |    |                                                                       |
|---|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | F  | Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth. Ps. cxli. 3.                    |
| 2 | S  | Receive with meekness the engrafted Word, Jas. i. 21.                 |
| 3 | S  | 19th S. aft. Trinity. <i>A Horn of Salvation.</i> Lu. i. 69.          |
| 4 | M  | Wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus. [2 Tim. iii. 15.] |
| 5 | Tu | Let him take hold of My strength. Isa. xxvii. 5.                      |
| 6 | W  | Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. vii. 12.                     |
| 7 | Th | With my song will I praise Him. Ps. xxviii. 7.                        |

|    |    |                                                            |
|----|----|------------------------------------------------------------|
| 8  | F  | Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation. Luke ii. 30.            |
| 9  | S  | Salvation to our God, and unto the Lamb. Rev. vii. 10.     |
| 10 | S  | 20th S. after Trinity. <i>The Lamb slain.</i> Rev. xii. 8. |
| 11 | M  | He laid down His life for us. 1 John iii. 16. [19.]        |
| 12 | Tu | The love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Eph. iii.      |
| 13 | W  | He offered up Himself. Heb. vii. 27.                       |
| 14 | Th | We have redemption through His blood. Eph. i. 7.           |
| 15 | F  | Jesus only. Matt. xvii. 8.                                 |

## ENTER INTO HIS GATES WITH THANKS- GIVING.

Thou hast  
received gifts for men.

Ps. lxxviii. 18.

Ps. c. 4

Kings and  
priests unto God.

Rev. i. 6.

|    |    |                                                             |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| 16 | S  | They crucified the Lord of Glory. 1 Cor. ii. 8.             |
| 17 | S  | 21st S. after Trinity. <i>The Mediator.</i> Heb. ix. 15.    |
| 18 | M  | St. LUKE. <i>There is one Mediator between God and men,</i> |
| 19 | Tu | <i>The Man Christ Jesus.</i> 1 Tim. ii. 5.                  |
| 20 | W  | Who gave Himself a ransom for all. 1 Tim. ii. 6.            |
| 21 | Th | He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb.          |
| 22 | F  | God was in Christ, [vi. 25.]                                |
| 23 | S  | Reconciling the world unto Himself. 2 Cor. v. 19.           |

|    |    |                                                             |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| 24 | S  | 22nd S. after Trinity. <i>A Ransom.</i> Matt. xx. 28.       |
| 25 | M  | The foundation of the Apostles. Eph. ii. 20.                |
| 26 | Tu | Ye are bought with a price. 1 Cor. vi. 20. [Eph. v. 25.]    |
| 27 | W  | Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.           |
| 28 | Th | St. SIMON AND ST. JUDE. <i>Your life is hid with Christ</i> |
| 29 | F  | Be ye holy. 1 Pet. i. 16. [in God. Col. iii. 3.]            |
| 30 | S  | Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Heb. xii.       |
| 31 | S  | 23rd S. after Trinity. <i>King of saints.</i> Rev. xv. 3.   |

**D**ISTRUST thyself, but trust His grace;  
It is enough for thee!  
In every trial thou shalt trace  
Its all-sufficiency.  
Distrust thyself, but trust His strength;  
In Him thou shalt be strong!

His weakest ones may learn at length  
A daily triumph-song.  
Distrust thyself, but trust His love;  
Rest in its changeless glow;  
And life or death shall only prove  
Its everlasting flow.—F. R. H.

**The Look of Recall.**—The might of a look of the Lord is enough for anything. One who, after denial of the faith, had felt the might of that look, said to a lad who stood awed by the many tears, "Ah, Willie, it's forgiven sin that breaks a man's heart!" How many a wanderer has been called back even by the record that "the Lord turned and looked upon Peter!"

**Christ our King.**—If we are saying, "Rule Thou over us," it is a sure proof that we may add, "Thou hast delivered us," for it is His people who are willing in the day of His power.—F. R. H.

"THE DAY OF DAYS," Id.

"HAND AND HEART," Id.

"THE FIRESIDE," 6d.

"HOME WORDS" OFFICE, 1, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

1





ONCE MORE—"YES" OR "NO."





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

“Once more—‘Yes’ or ‘No.’”

BY THE REV. S. B. JAMES, M.A., VICAR OF NORTHMARSTON,  
AUTHOR OF “PITHY PROVERBS POINTED,” ETC.



He has asked her two or three times before, and she has coquetted with his question, trifled with his affection, slighted his strong and earnest love, till at last he has consulted his mother (not too big or too old for that, my friend!), and his mother has told him that if she were he she would not be “played with”—those are her very words—“any longer.”

But she was *not* he: and only remembered how, some eight-and-twenty years before, she had, like the straightforward girl she then was, told his father—Ben’s father—by modest word and modest look, that he had not sought her affections in vain.

The young damsel in the picture is different from Ben’s mother, as Ben finds to his cost. Ben of the dark locks and anxious face is easily teased, and Phoebe knows very well that she may put him off as long as she likes without any danger of his leaving her at last. Phoebe Barton “would not like *that*, anyhow,” she says to herself, for she is not really so hard-hearted as coquetry and seeming caprice make her seem to be.

Last Michaelmas fair was the first time Ben Dyke had made advances to young and comely Phoebe of the Grange Cottage, and this is now a year ago or more. Well, Ben

thought he might do worse than take his mother’s advice, and so he started out with the idea of asking Phoebe for “positively the last time” whether she would give him an answer to that great question that he had been asking for so long in every conceivable way. But as he passed the old Grange and neared the Grange Cottage, at which lived Phoebe’s father, the head gardener at the Grange, Ben’s stout resolutions began to ooze out at his finger-ends.

That long speech he had prepared, almost Ciceronian, and quite manly and grand, full of his new-made resolution to have an answer of some kind, some decisive “will you or nil you” kind from Phoebe, melted into air as he heard in the distance Phoebe’s sweet and simple voice, not a bit coquettish or artificial, singing such a simple song as village maidens may. And by the time big Ben got to the door—more and more when he found Phoebe all alone—his heart sank, and so did his voice, showing to that shrewd interpreter of his every action and tone of voice that he had come with a purpose, and that his purpose was failing.

However, he did speak at last, after wishing himself he knew not where or what, unless it were one of the apples handled so tenderly and almost caressingly by Phoebe in her all-engrossing occupation. His voice faltered, as books say voices do always falter on such

occasions, and he turned rather pale, and his lip quivered a little, and he did not look like the big Ben that could beat all the village at cricket and football.

"Poor fellow," said his mother to his father, "he's gone to have a word with that tiresome Phoebe of his, and much I wish she'd say yea or say nay to him for good and all. He's bin' long enough hanging on over there, and my belief is he'll never settle to anything till he's had his answer."

"Phoebe-mad—that's what our Ben is," rejoined the father. "Why can't he show a little sperrit and ha' done with it, I say?"

"Well, John, *you* didn't show 'a little sperrit' eight-and-twenty years ago, and Ben may take after you, mayn't he?"

"I, Mary! no, I don't know that there


was much need. If Phoebe was as kind to our Ben as Ben's mother was to me, all would be well. But there, I don't suppose Ben cares quite as much for Phoebe as I was foolish enough to care for—. Well, well, how time flies!"

"*Foolish* enough, John?"

Ah, John was only joking, devoted husband—that he was, and Mary knew it too.

But it is about Ben and Phoebe, and not about John and Mary, that we are surmising. What will Phoebe say to him? I think I know. I hope the reader knows too. Ben will, perhaps, go home happier after his visit to-night, and perhaps Phoebe will take a turn in the garden with him first, and tell him that if his happiness does *really* depend on —. Well, well!

### The Old Man's Counsel; or, A Main Thing.

 H, I'm a poor unhappy wight  
As ever there was born, sir:  
There's nothing in my house  
that's right,

'Tis lonely and forlorn, sir;  
I've cash enough, and pay it well,  
To keep my house in order,  
But ne'er can get a decent meal,  
Though plentiful my larder;  
'Tis overdone or underdone,  
Perhaps not done at all, sir;  
No man had ever such a home  
In all this dreary world, sir.

"My coat is at the elbows out,  
I ne'er can get it mended;  
My shirts are scorched in ironing,  
My vest to ribbons rended!  
My stockings down unto the ground,  
I ne'er can keep a garter;  
And if they e'er get washed at all,  
It's sure in dirty water. [done,  
There's nothing done that should be  
And if it's done at all, sir,  
It better never had been done,  
Than done so very ill, sir."

"Go, get a wife,"—the old man said.

"Nor sit ye here complaining;  
Of wedlock never be afraid,  
A prudent wife's a main thing:  
She'll keep your house, she'll mend your  
clothes,  
And chat and sing the while, sir;  
And when at eve you hasten home,  
She'll meet you with a smile, sir.  
And all that's done will be well done,  
And done without complaining;  
If e'er you'd have a pleasant home,  
A wife—a wife's a main thing."

Jack quickly took the sage advice,  
And woo'd a farmer's daughter,  
And never did he rue the day  
When home a bride he brought her.  
His clothes are always clean and neat,  
His house is like a palace;  
His cooking that a king might eat,  
And do it with a relish.  
And now he is a happy man,  
He never goes complaining;  
But with a joyous smile declares  
"A wife—a wife's a main thing."

N. STONE.

TO OUR READERS.

**"Carols and Chimes: 'Home Words'  
for Christmas."**



OUR *Christmas Supplemental Number* last year met with a hearty welcome. The circulation was far in excess of anything we anticipated, and even exceeded that of "HOME WORDS."

The difficulty of meeting the demand when Christmas approaches, from the pressure of work involved in printers' holiday arrangements, has induced us to issue our special *Christmas Number* with the November "*Home Words*."

The Number, containing twenty-four pages the size of "*Home Words*," gives with other Christmas reading two complete original Tales:—

I. *Lost and Found: a Story for the Christmas Fireside.* By E. Garnett, Author of "Little Rainbow," etc.

II. *Crusts and Crumpets: How all came right at Christmas.* By Mrs. Marshall.

The price, with the November Magazine, is *twopence*: but further single copies, price *one penny* each, can be ordered from the Booksellers.

We do not suppose that any of our readers will wish *not* to have the *Christmas Number*, and therefore, to save disappointment in the supply, the Publishers have arranged to send with the November Magazines a proportionate number, both to the Clergy who localize "*Home Words*," and also to the Trade. Copies unsold, if any, will of course not be charged.

The Christmas Number would be a suitable "Christmas box" for the guests at Parish Gatherings, Robin Dinners, etc., and we should much like to send copies again this year to the thousands of Hospital patients in London on Christmas morning. If any of our friends are disposed to lend a helping hand towards the latter object, we shall be glad to hear from them as early as possible. Address: The Editor of "*Home Words*," Blackheath, London, S.E.

Those who cannot assist in this way might order *a dozen copies* for distribution, and so contribute to the common joy of Christmas-tide which we desire to promote.

**Fear Not!**



HE winds blow fierce, the waves run high,  
They roar and rave with mighty shock;  
Yet fear thou not, the Lord is nigh—  
He is thy Rock!

'Tis night and darkness, dread and drear,  
No star above shines calm and bright;  
Yet fear thou not, for God is near,—  
He is thy Light!

With feeble strength and trembling knee,  
Beneath thy cross, a weary load;  
Yet fear thou not, for God shall be  
Thy Staff and Rod!

ALEX.

## Mrs. Treadwell's Cook :

### A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EMILY S. HOLT, AUTHOR OF "THE MAIDENS' LODGE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XII.

ROGER IS MEASURED FOR A  
TABARD.



BEFORE Kate Treadwell could find any opportunity for a quiet talk with Anne, one afternoon Roger Cordiner made his appearance, bringing with him a tall, good-looking man, whom he introduced as an old fellow servant in the Earl of Warwick's household, by name Philip Strangeways. Kate noticed, as soon as Roger came in, a little silent telegraphing between him and Anne,—a manifest question on the girl's face, and a barely perceptible nod of Roger's head. She thought that it deepened the look of pain and perplexity in Anne's face.

Another fancy had taken possession of Kate's mind, and dwelt there persistently, for which she could give no reason. It was that Philip Strangeways had been the man who had met Anne and Roger Cordiner at the street corner, and also the one who had slipped the note—if it were a note—into Anne's hand a few nights before. Kate perceived that Philip was still in the service of the house of Warwick, for he wore their livery, and had the Earl's badge (the bear and ragged staff) fastened to his left sleeve.

"And what news abroad, my masters?" Mr. Treadwell wished to know, when he came in to greet the guests.

"Why, the main news," said Roger Cordiner good-humouredly, "is to know if you have a good cloth of mustredevilers that you can sell me for a tabard, and at what cost."

"That have I, my worthy master," said Mr. Treadwell, with a lively professional air; "of common cloth at three shillings and eightpence the yard, and thence up to the best at five shillings; than which I could

sell the King's Grace himself no better. What colour should like you?"

Two explanations have been given of this singular name for a kind of cloth: according to one of which it was a corruption of the name of the French town where it was originally manufactured; while the other represents it as meaning half velvet, from the French words *moitié de velours*. A tabard was a loose short coat with short wide sleeves, then much worn. It is still the proper state costume for the royal heralds-at-arms.

"Why, I think a good tawny should serve me as well as any," answered Roger; and they were presently deep in shades and prices.

Business, in Mr. Treadwell's eyes, was of more consequence than anything else; and so long as there was any doubt whether Roger's tabard should be reddish-brown or yellowish-brown, or whether he would choose the mustredevilers at three and eightpence the yard, or that at four and twopence, it was quite impossible for Humphrey to be interested in any other question. But when these important matters were decided, and the measure came out of his pocket, he was able to feel as much interest in public affairs as he usually did feel. That, after all, was not very much.

"And of public news is there any, my master?" inquired Mr. Treadwell, as he proceeded to take his cousin's measure. "Things be now all established, I count?"

They could hardly be expected otherwise just then, when every claimant to the throne had been killed but two, and one of those was safely banished across the sea.

"Things be well settled," said Roger, "and all now peaceable, thank the Lord. And the King's Highness of France hath ransomed the Queen sometime so called,—Margaret; and I do hear my Lord Prince groweth apace, and is a right goodly child."

"Of what years is my Lord Prince now,

master?" asked Humphrey Treadwell, whose notions were exceedingly vague on that and many other points.

"Years!" answered Roger, with a little laugh, in which Philip joined. "Nay, good my cousin, my Lord Prince counteth his life as yet but by months. Mind you not, he was born this last All Hallows' Day?"

"Oh, aye!" responded Humphrey, blushing like a girl to find himself caught in a blunder. "And, pray you, good master and my worthy cousin, is yet any news come touching my Lady Princess, I mean the Lady Anne—I would say, Mistress Anne Neville—how call you her?"

Poor Humphrey! In his anxiety not to commit high treason, he was ready to style the Princess of Wales anything that might be acceptable to the person addressed.

Both Roger and Philip smiled.

"The Lady Anne, Master Treadwell, an't it like you; an earl's daughter can scantily fall below that. Why, nothing at all is heard of her."

"'Tis not known whither she is become?"

"Not known unto any man."

"Eh, poor young lady!" said Humphrey sympathisingly. "The sleeve no longer than to here, my master? Well, well! But to think, now! The saints grant she is fallen in good hands! Twelve inches around, think you?"

"Aye, that shall be well, good my cousin. Maybe my young lady is fallen into good hands," answered Roger, gravely.

"I know, Master Cordiner, you should be right sorry any ill befall her."

"Aye, that would I!" said Roger sadly. "An' 'tis like enough it shall."

"Take me with you, my master," replied Humphrey, by which curious phrase he meant, "Explain to me what you mean."

"Why, know you not that my Lord's Grace of Gloucester pursueth sore my young lady, and would have her to wed with him, whether she will or no? 'Tis no secret, that."

"And she no will?"

"Her heart, my master, or I mistake, lieth buried ten feet deep, under the tower of Tewkesbury Abbey."

"With my Lord Prince that was, trow? Ah!"

"Then wist my Lord of Gloucester nought of her dwelling-place?" put in Dorothy.

"The good Lord keep him from finding it!" said Roger. "But beside that, think you, she is under the attainder of Queen Margaret."

It was too true. The poor young Princess had been made an outlaw; and if any man chose to injure or even murder her, the law would take no vengeance upon him. It was a pitiful position for a fatherless girl, not yet twenty years of age.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### "THE WORSE SORROW."

THESE details deeply interested Kate Treadwell. Her intense pity had been aroused by the sad story of the Princess, a girl younger than herself, orphaned and widowed; and she instinctively looked across at Anne, as being the one other person in the room whom she expected to feel with her. She could hardly have told why she thought so, but it was really because she felt that Anne's brain and heart were of finer quality than those of Dorothy, Lucy, or Joan. But Anne's face was not to be seen. It was too early to prepare supper, and she was busy with needlework, which seemed just then to require her to pin it to her knee, and to bend her head close down to it. So Kate was disappointed.

Roger Cordiner and his friend declined to stay for supper, though Dorothy pressed them cordially to do so. Humphrey saw them out of the shop door, washing his hands in invisible soap, and earnestly assuring them that the tabard should be ready for his good cousin and worthy master that day week.

"Nan, my maid, how dost thou sigh!" said Kate that afternoon, when she and Anne were alone in the kitchen.

"Is that a new thing, Mistress Kate, think you?" was Anne's response.

"Nay,—I would it were," replied Kate. "But folks say, Nan, it shorteneth life."

"I hope so much," said Anne quietly.

"Nay, good my maid! Would'st die afore thy time?"

"My time!" repeated Anne, her under lip quivering slightly. "That went by some weeks gone, Mistress Kate; if you mean thereby, the time I would have been fain to die. But God's time, may-be, is another thing."

"Well! God is wise and merciful."

"'Tis easy for them that be happy to say that," was Anne's reply, which rather startled Kate. "Let them await till they have seen the grave close over half them they best loved, and somewhat worsen than the grave await themselves and the rest,—and then see if it will be as glib on their tongues as aforetime."

"Nan!" exclaimed Kate, wonderingly.

"Mistress Kate, knew you ever a much worsen sorrow than the losing of a pomander, or the spoiling of a new gown?"

The pomander was a ball made of pierced metal, and filled with sweet scented drugs, which gave out a pleasant smell when it was carried in the warm hand. Women usually wore them hung by chains from their girdles.

Kate searched her memory to think what was her worst sorrow. Her parents had both died before she was old enough to retain any recollection of them, and she had no beloved dead. Try as she would, she could not recal anything worse than a circumstance which had painfully affected her in childhood, the burning of a favourite doll by a teasing cousin. She said as much to Anne.

"Your eyes told me that, Mistress Kate," said Anne. "And that trouble—though I make not light of a child's sorrow; it was a trouble when it happened you—yet that trouble was without its worsen side. You loved the toy, and wept to lose it. But it loved not you; it was no sorrow nor suffering to it that it should be cast on the fire."

"Nay," Kate thoughtfully allowed, "none."

"Mistress Kate, 'tis vastly lesser sorrow to lose that which you love only, than that which likewise loveth you."

"I would think so much, indeed, Nan. But where gattest thou thus much philosophy?" asked Kate, smiling.

"I learned it by open graves, mistress," said the girl. "I learned it in prison cells, where no pain lay in the locked door, but in that there was no good unlocking it; that nought stood without to which I cared to go forth, nought was within reach of me that was worth reaching forth to win. God's great world lay around me, full of His riches; but they were not for me. And the one thing for which I would most gladly have given the world with all its riches, lay far out of reach of my longing arms, and I could only stretch forth vain hands across the darkness, and find nought touch them; nought but that which was to me as a toad or a snake should be to you, if you chanced to lay hand on one in the dark."

And Anne turned away with a shudder of disgust.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### "MY FATHER NEVER DIETH."

"TOADS and snakes!" said a cheery-sounding voice, which startled both the girls no little. "Who talks here touching toads and snakes?"

"Grandmother!" cried Kate, running to meet the speaker. "Eh, but I am fain to behold you! Have you seen Doll?"

"I've seen everybody but thee, my maid," answered the bright, lively little old woman addressed; "and this other maid that dropeth toads and snakes out of her mouth, who's she, belike?"

And old Mrs. Treadwell sat down in the great carved chair, while Kate piled cushions round and behind her, in a way which said that to make her grandmother comfortable was one of the essential matters in life.

"I am Mistress Treadwell her cookmaid, an' it like you, mistress," was Anne's explanation, with a smile.

It was scarcely possible to look at old Alice Treadwell, and not smile. She was very much given to smiling, not only with her lips, but with her eyes and her whole face. She seemed to look on the world as just the place for her, and on every circumstance that happened to her as the very thing she wanted. Yet Kate could remember

hearing a story of long ago, when Alice Treadwell had seen four coffins carried out of her house in one month, and had afterwards been so ill herself that it was a marvel to every one about her that she had recovered at all. But that must be so long since, thought Kate, that perhaps she had forgotten it!

Alice Treadwell now set her head a little on one side, and looked at Anne with very much the air of a lively robin redbreast.

"I marvel if thou art!" said she. "Thou lookest rare like a cookmaid, thou dost! Did folk never call thee aught else?"

Anne flushed up to the roots of her hair, but she made no other answer.

"Well, well!" said the old woman. "Keep thy tongue between thy teeth, child, if it list thee. 'Tis the safest place for most folks' tongues, it is. But what was this I heard touching toads and such like pleasant talk?"

Kate explained.

"Aye, aye, aye!" said old Alice. "Some folks think, childer, that 'tis great marvel the Lord doth not crush evil men with His great power. But for me, I have been so long time amazed how He can bear with the best of us, that I have given over to wonder how He stands the worst."

"You think it wicked, my mistress, to say such things?" gently inquired Anne.

"Child," said the old woman, "I mind me I once had need to take a long journey afoot, when this maid's father was a little lad a-running at my side. It was o'er a right rough and weary road, and the sharp stones cut our feet ere we had made an end, they did; and my little Ned was right well tired, he was; and he fell a-whimpering and a-blubbering, he did. Well, I was middling done myself; but I took the little lad up, and I carried him a bit. I wasn't angry with him, my maid, that he fell a-crying. But when I took him up, he wouldn't give o'er; and he went on a-whimpering. So I essayed to cheer him up a bit, I did; but that wouldn't do. And I told him a fairy tale, to beguile the way; but that wouldn't do neither. So then I sat me down of a green bank, and I sang him a bit of a song. But nothing would serve. He

blubbered and he roared while you might have heard him a furlong off. So at last says I,—'Ned, this isn't weariness; 'tis naughtiness. I'll put thee down again.' So I did."

Old Alice's head went on one side again, and she looked at Anne.

"Pray you, Grandmother, for the interpretation of your parable," said Kate, laughing a little.

"Why, child, art no wiser than to want it?" replied old Alice. "We are all going to heaven alongside of our Father, we that be of Christ, my maids; none else: aye, and the road's sore rough, it is; and it cuts our feet, it doth; and we get rare weary at times, and we fall a-whimpering. I don't think, childer, that our Father's angry when we fall a-whimpering. The stones were sharp for Him too, when He came along the road with bare feet like us. He'll oftener a deal take us up and carry us a bit, than He'll give us a shake and bid us have done with our noise. And 'tis easy going along the road when we're carried. But if we won't take the ease, and won't listen to the cheer, and the tale, and the song, but keep on a-roaring out of fair temper and naughtiness,—well, then, we get put down sometimes, aye and shaken too. I don't say that's thy way, my maid; I only know 'tis mine, aye, a deal too often, it is! So, if the cap'll not fit thee, don't thee put it on; 'tis like enough my cap'll not serve thee. But if it doth, why then wear it a bit for old Al'ce her sake."

"Mothinks, mistress," said Anne, quietly enough, "that cap shall scarce serve me."

"Very like not," responded old Alice, "very like not! But, child, there's another cap 'll fit thee. The Lord knoweth thy troubles."

"I reckon He doth," said Anne. "Yet how shall that lighten them, mistress?"

"Dost know what thou hast told me, by that last word?" asked old Alice, gravely.

"No," replied Anne, looking up.

"Child, I am sore afeared thou hast no Father!"

"Nay. My father died this last spring-time."

"My Father never dieth!" was the solemn answer of Alice. "When trouble taketh me,



I go and tell my Father; and I know He shall see about it, and amend it, when good is. He alway keepeth my secrets; and He ne'er forgetteth so much as one of them."

"When good is!" repeated Anne, fastening on the qualifying term in the sentence. "That may be a vast while first, mistress."

"Well, wouldst like it better when it were bad?" demanded the old woman briskly. "That's my Father's business, child. His clock's as true as the sun: mine's for ever a-getting out of gear. If I go by that, I shall be a-going to bed as the dawn breaketh, and rising up when the sun setteth. And that 'll not do, child. Nay, nay! I'd liever my Father fixed the hours than me. Things

are like to turn out a sight better in the end."

"Aye, but in the meantime?" said Anne, significantly.

"Eh, maid, if things have come right when thou art doffing thy raiment for bed, never thou mind what they looked like when thou wert dishing dinner."

"My mistress," said Anne, with a rather troubled smile, "I have but reached the dinner hour as yet."

"Now that's more than I could tell thee," returned old Alice, putting on her robin-redbreast air. "Our Father waits not alway till night come to put us abed. Maybe thou art to go to bed afore old Al'ce, child."

(To be continued.)

## Modern Hymn Writers:

### "SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



#### V. BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S HYMNS (continued).

THE characteristics of Bishop Wordsworth's two Easter Hymns already quoted are grandly combined in an unparalleled Ascension Hymn, beyond question the finest Hymn in our language for that great Festival.

#### THE ASCENSION.

See the Conqueror mounts in triumph, see the King in royal state,  
Riding on the clouds His chariot, to His heavenly palace gate;

Hark, the quires of angel voices joyful Hallelujahs sing,

And the portals high are lifted, to receive their heavenly King.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?

Lord of battles, God of armies, He has gained the victory;

He who on the Cross did suffer, He who from the grave arose,

He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends;

While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends;

He who walked with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,

He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters, with His blood, within the veil;

Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail!

Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place;

Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

Thou hast raised our human nature in the clouds to God's right hand,

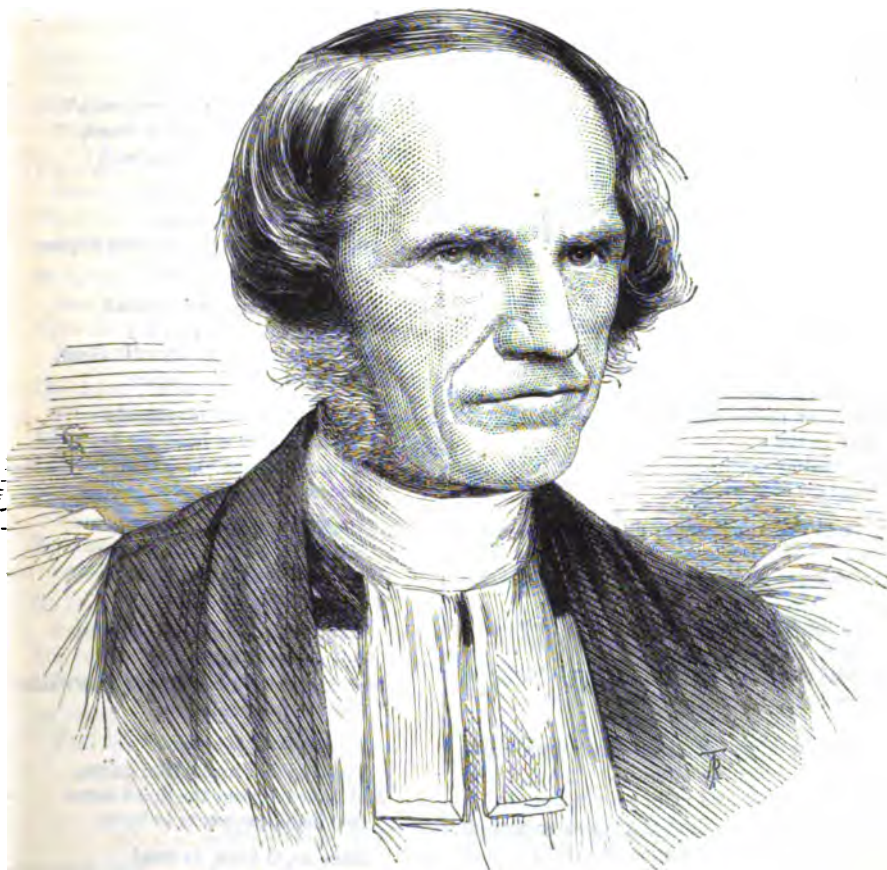
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand;

Jesus reigns, adored by angels; man with God is on the throne;

Mighty Lord, in Thine Ascension we by faith behold our own!

Holy Ghost, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes;

Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see, beyond the skies,



**THE RIGHT REVEREND C. WORDSWORTH, D.D.**  
**LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN.**

*[drawn by T. C. Scott, from a Photograph.]*

## Ramblings in Churchyards and Cemeteries.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "EDIE'S LETTER," ETC.

(Continued from page 132.)



### CHAPTER II.

SOMETIMES we come upon a tomb where an epitaph is expressive of the most entire and undivided reliance upon the Saviour. I remember often walking to a little village in the Isle of Thanet, and always staying to look at one such, which not seldom cheered me in seasons of doubt and depression.

"Jesus, my God, to Thee I fly,  
Thou art a Refuge ever nigh,  
When heart shall fail, when life is past,  
Thou wilt receive my soul at last."

Another may interest many readers. It refers to one whose name is familiar to us through her most helpful and experimental writings. I saw it in Southport Cemetery. The words on the stone were very few and yet very impressive.

"Hetty Bowman,  
Died"—  
"Mighty to Save."

Another I would set by the side of this. I found the inscription in Haverill churchyard, Essex.

"His trembling hand the heavenly Hope embraced!  
His feeble foot upon the Rock he placed:  
That Rock was Christ: the spirit's trust and stay,  
When earth shall melt and heaven shall pass away."

Or this one which a friend once gave me from a tomb in Leicester,

Bold infidelity, turn pale and die,  
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie;  
Say, are they lost or saved?

If death's by sin, they sinned, for they are here;  
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear:  
Reason, ah, how depraved!  
Revere the Bible's sacred page, the knot's untied,  
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died."

Another I might add from a village in North Wales. It is upon the tomb of a young lady who had many dark hours and who seemed for a while unable to find peace; but a few lines were written to her and a tract enclosed, "Only trust Him;" light arose in the darkness, and by her desire these lines are engraven over her remains:

"When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies:  
E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived and died for me."

A beautiful spirit of faith is expressed in the following:

"The Eye that marks a sparrow's fall  
Beheld my spirit pass away:  
Jesus who died for me, for all,  
I humbly trust  
Will raise my dust,  
And not forget me in His mercy's day."

Sometimes we find an inscription as an epitaph with very poor grammar but very much heart. I always respect one placed over a father's grave in a Suffolk village by three orphan daughters who tended him with wonderful affection during a long illness. Never have I seen more filial love than in that home.

Parents that twine around the heart,  
Experience best can tell,  
How hard, how very hard to part,  
And bid a long farewell.

(To be continued.)





THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, IN 1666.

## Wayside Chimes.

### V. GOD'S CARE.

"As for me, I am poor and needy, but the Lord careth for me."—Ps. xl. 20 (P.-B. Vers.)



OT a brooklet floweth  
Onward to the sea,  
Not a sunbeam gloweth  
On its bosom free:

Not a seed unfoldeth  
To the glorious air,  
But our Father holdeth  
It within His care.

Not a floweret fadeth,  
Not a star grows dim,  
Not a cloud o'ershadoweth,  
But 'tis marked by Him.  
Dream not that thy gladness  
God doth fail to see;  
Think not in thy sadness  
He forgetteth thee.

Not a tie is broken,  
Not a hope laid low,  
Not a farewell spoken,  
But our God doth know.  
Every hair is numbered,  
Every tear is weighed  
In the changeless balance  
Wisest love has made.

Power eternal resteth  
In His changeless hand;  
Love immortal hasteth  
Swift at His command.  
Faith can firmly trust Him  
In the darkest hour,  
For the key she holdeth  
• To His love and power.

A. C. J.

## The Great Fire of London.

(See Illustration, Page 255.)



(The following account of this lamentable Fire is taken from the *London Gazette*, published by Authority, Whitehall, Sept. 8, 1666.)

HIS dismal fire broke out at a baker's shop in Pudding Lane, by Fish Street, in the lower part of the City, near Thames Street (among wooden houses ready to take fire and full of combustible goods), in Billingsgate ward, which ward in a few hours was laid in ashes. As it began in the dead of the night, when every one was asleep, the darkness greatly increased the horror of the calamity.

It rapidly rushed down the hill to the bridge, crossed Thames Street to St. Magnus' Church at the foot of the bridge; but having scaled and captured its fort, shot large volumes of flames into every place about it. The fire drifted back to the City again, and roared with great violence through Thames Street, aided by the combustible matter

deposited there, with such a fierce wind at its back as to strike with horror its beholders.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" doth resound in every street, some starting out of their sleep and peeping through the windows half-dressed. Some in night-dresses, rushing wildly about the streets, crying piteously, and praying to God for assistance; women carrying children in their arms, and the men looking quite bewildered. Many cripples were also seen hobbling about, not knowing which way to go to get free from the flames, which were raging all round them. No man that had the sense of human miseries could unconcernedly behold the frightful destruction made in one of the noblest cities in the world.

What a confusion! The Lord Mayor of the City came with his officers; and London, so famous for its wisdom, can find neither hands nor brains to prevent its utter ruin. London



must fall to the ground in ashes, and who can prevent it? The fire gained mastery, and burnt dreadfully. By the fierce easterly wind it spread quickly in all directions, overturning all so furiously that the whole City is brought into a desolation. That night most of the citizens had taken their last sleep; and when they went to sleep, they little thought that when their ears were unlocked that such an enemy had invaded their city, and that they should see him with such fury break through their doors, and enter their rooms with such threatening countenance.

It commenced on the Lord's Day morning; never was there the like Sabbath in London. Many churches were in flames that day. God seemed to come down and preach Himself in them, as He did in Sinai when the mount burnt with fire. Such warm preaching those churches never had before, and in other churches ministers had preached their farewell sermons.

Goods were moved hastily from the lower part of the City to the upper part, and some hopes were retained on Sunday that the fire would not reach them; they could scarcely imagine that a fire half a mile off could reach their houses. All means to stop it proved ineffectual. The wind blew so hard that flakes of flame and burning matter were carried across the streets and spread the fire in all directions; and when the evening came on the fire was more visible and more dreadful, and instead of the dark curtains of night, which used to spread over the City, the curtains had changed to yellow, and at a distance the whole City appeared to be on fire. Little sleep was taken that night; men busy in all directions pulling down and blowing up houses to stop its progress; but all to no purpose, for it made the most furious onset, and drove back all opposers. Many were upon their knees in the night pouring out tears before the Lord, interceding for poor London in the day of its calamity; but all in vain.

Sunday night the fire had got into *Cannon Street*, and levelled it with the ground. On Monday *Gracechurch Street* was all in flames, and *Lombard Street* and *Fenchurch Street*. The burning was in the shape of a bow, and a fearful bow it was!

Then the flames broke in on *Cornhill*, that large and spacious street, and rapidly crossed the way by the train of wood that laid in the streets untaken away, which had been pulled from the houses to prevent its spreading, and burned to the tops of the highest houses and to the bottom of the lowest cellars.

The Royal Exchange was the next invaded, and burnt quickly through all its galleries. By-and-by down fell all the kings upon their faces, and the building on the top of them, with such a noise as was dreadful; then the citizens trembled and fled away, lest they should be devoured also.

Monday night was a dreadful night! The fire burst into Cheapside in four directions, with such a dazzling glare and roaring noise, by the falling of so many houses at one time, as to amaze any one who witnessed it.

On Tuesday the fire burnt up the very bowels of London; from Bow Lane, Bread Street, Friday Street, and Old Change, the flames came up almost together.

Then the fire got on to Paternoster Row, Newgate Street, the Old Bailey, and Ludgate Hill, and rushed down into Fleet Street. St. Paul's Church, though all of stone outward, and naked of houses about it, strangely caught fire at the top; the lead melted, and ran down as snow before the burning sun, and massy stones, with a hideous noise, fell on the pavement.

Tuesday night was more dreadful than Monday night; for the flames, having consumed the greatest part of the City, threatened the suburbs, and the poor were preparing to fly as well as they could with their luggage into the countries and villages.

On Wednesday the Lord had pity on them; the wind hushed, and the fire burnt gently. Then the citizens began to gather a little heart.

The following list of buildings destroyed in this terrible disaster hath been taken:—

|                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 13,200 Houses,      | The Custom House, |
| 87 Churches,        | Jail at Newgate,  |
| 6 Chapels,          | Three City Gates, |
| The Royal Exchange, | The Guildhall,    |

And four Bridges.





### Australian Squatters.

**A**USTRALIAN Squatters," seems to be a very appropriate term for the Kangaroo, whose massive and powerful tail serves him as an excellent substitute for a camp stool. The animal habitually rests itself in this position, and when hunted and brought to bay it will sit up in this manner and fight with its forelegs, its sharp strong claws being

rather formidable weapons of defence. The walking of the Kangaroo on all fours is awkward and constrained; but they hop or bound along on the hinder limbs with great velocity. Gentle and inoffensive in character, their food is entirely vegetable. The large claw of the hind foot is their defensive weapon, and being armed with a hoof-like nail, it is able to inflict a severe blow. F. S.

### The Folly of Atheism.



CHRISTIAN man had a sceptical friend who said he believed in chance.

He placed in his room a beautiful globe, and said: "It is a map or representation of the world." In reply to the question where he procured it, he said:

"Oh, from nowhere." "Then how came it here?" "By chance." "Oh, nonsense!" replied the sceptic.

"Well," said the Christian, "you will not believe it of that little toy, and yet you can believe that the great world of which it is a feeble representation could come by chance!"



## The Chinese, and Chinese Stories.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR E. MOULE, B.D., C.M.S., NINGPO AND HANGCHOW.\*

(Continued from page 229.)



THE "Stories" given by Mr. Moule in his charming book show that there is much to admire in the Chinese. It is clear that they have a knowledge of the reverence and respect due to parents

and elders, and of other moral duties. But their need of the Gospel and the teaching of God's Word is none the less manifest.

As Mr. Moule tells us: "They are far from acting up to the dim light they possess: and they have the most superstitious notions respecting the soul and God. They have many idols: and even their regard for their parents becomes almost an act of idolatry, since when they are dead they turn them into deities, and say, in the words of Confucius, their great teacher: 'He who places his forefathers on an equality with Heaven, and sacrifices to his father as he sacrifices to God, performs the greatest of all moral duties.'"

Mr. Moule well observes: "The Chinese would think very little of the man who was kind to his friend and was unkind to his brother, or of the woman who loved her brother and deserted her husband, or of the husband who loved his wife and neglected his parents, or of the man who was dutiful to his parents and rebelled against his emperor. And so out of their own mouths they are judged. They neglect or forget their duty towards God; and no other virtue or excellence can make up for this. They need therefore the knowledge of the only true God, and of Jesus Christ whom He has sent; the blessed doctrine of a Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. And this salvation we preach to them at the commandment of the Lord Jesus Christ."

At the same time, so far as they go, the stories, whilst they amuse, may teach even some English children a lesson, as well as

prompt them to do what they can to send the higher knowledge of God to this wonderful country.

We give twelve of the short Stories. We hope they will make our readers hungry for the rest. Mr. Moule's book ought to be widely circulated.

### I.

The parents of Tsze-loo, the favourite disciple of Confucius, were poor; and he himself was in the habit of eating nothing but herbs and pulse, while he carried rice for his parents on his back thirty miles and more.

When the old people died, Tsze-loo travelled southwards to the country of Ts'oo, a hundred carts following him loaded with ten thousand measures of grain. When he arrived at the grave, he spread his mat, and sat down upon it, and then set up his three-legged kettle, and ate his meal; and, sighing, said:—

"Though I am willing to eat herbs and pulse, and to carry grain for my parents to eat, alas, they are not!"

If then a son thus longs to support and help his parents when they are gone, is it not strange that sons living by their parents' side, with the joy and blessing of their presence, will not seize this opportunity for dutiful service?

### II.

There was once a man named Han. When he was a boy he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with a bamboo-rod. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised, and said:—

"I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?"

"Oh, mother!" he replied, "you used to hurt me when you flogged me; but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

\* "Chinese Stories," Edited and Translated by Arthur E. Moule, B.D. (London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday.) This will be a capital book for a Christmas gift.

## III.

About eighteen hundred years ago there was a man named Ong, who, when a child, lost his father, and lived alone with his mother.

Civil war broke out, and he carried his mother off on his back to escape the confusion. Many a time, when he was out searching for some food for his mother, he met the banditti, who seized him and threatened to drag him off. But he wept, and told them of his old mother at home depending on him; and even these rough robbers had not the heart to kill him.

## IV.

About eighteen hundred years ago there was a man named Mao, who entertained a friend, one Koh, and kept him to spend the night. Early on the following morning Mao killed a fowl for breakfast, and Mr. Koh flattered himself that it was for *him*. But no! it was for Mao's old mother; and Mao and Koh sat down to nothing but greens and rice. When Koh saw this he rose up from the table, bowed low to Mao, and said:—

"Well done, illustrious man!"

There is plenty of cordiality amongst *friends* in the world, but too much neglect of *parents*. This example of old Mao's teaches us the right order of duties.

## V.

There was a boy once named Woo Mang, or "Brave and Talkative." When only eight years old he was very dutiful to his parents.

They were very poor, and could not afford even mosquito-curtains\* for their bed in the summer. So their little boy used to get into his parents' bed early in the evening, and let the mosquitoes do their worst at biting him for an hour or two; and then, when they were surfeited with his blood, and fatigued with their venomous exertions, he got out and called to his parents to sleep in peace.

## VI.

A man named Chung lost his father in early childhood; and his mother, when old, fell ill, and longed for some bamboo-shoots to eat. Chung could not find any, because the ground was dry and hard. He went to the

wood, leant against the trees, and wept. His tears fell like rain, and moistened the ground, so that the shoots sprang up instantly, and with joy he took them to his mother.

## VII.

About thirteen hundred years ago an officer was unjustly accused of treason by a brother officer, and was condemned to death. His son, who was only fifteen years of age, went in boldly and beat the drum to claim an audience, entreating to be allowed to die for his father.

The emperor thereupon set the man free; and then expressed his intention of giving the boy the title "Perfectly Dutiful."

The boy exclaimed: "It is right and just for a son to die when his father is disgraced; but what disgrace can be compared with the idea of gaining honour at a father's expense? I respectfully decline your majesty's proposed distinction."

## VIII.

A certain man had a mother who lost her sight, and he spent all his money on doctors, but in vain. For thirty long years he cared for his mother, and would scarcely take off his clothes; and in the pleasant spring weather he would lead his mother into the garden, and laugh and sing, so that his mother forgot her sadness.

When she died, her son wasted away from grief; and when at last he somewhat recovered his health, he loved his brothers and sisters like his mother, and was as gentle to his nephews and nieces as if they had been his own children. As he said himself: "This is the only way in which I can get some comfort, namely, in letting my love go forth to those who are left."

## IX.

There was once a mandarin named Soo. He had under his jurisdiction a person named Yih or "Bent."

This man quarrelled with his brothers about some land, and went to law. Year after year the case dragged on; each party brought forward fresh evidence, and a hundred persons were involved in the lawsuit. The prefect at last summoned "Bent"

\* Mosquitoes are gnats which sting so badly, especially at night, that all but the very poor in China have gauze or net bed-curtains to keep them out.

and his brothers before him and addressed them as follows:—

"It is difficult to get a brother; it is easy enough to get land. Suppose you gain your fields and lose your brother, how will you feel then?"

The prefect wept, and none of the bystanders could restrain their tears. The brothers then bowed low to the magistrate and asked his pardon, and reflecting on their sad ten years of quarrels and separation at once resumed their common dwelling.

## X.

There were once two brothers, the elder named Duke Peace, the younger Earl Bland, who lived together in peace and love.

When the elder was eighty years old, his brother honoured him as a venerable father; and took care of him as of a tender infant.

At every meal he asked him every other minute if his hunger was satisfied or no; and when the weather began to get chilly, he stroked his back, and said: "Are not your clothes too thin, brother?"

Why was this incessant care shown by Bland for Peace, as to his hunger and thirst, and cold and heat? Why, but that it is a rare thing in the world to have a brother, and a rarer thing still to have a white-haired brother?

## XI.

A certain great officer had a younger brother named "Perverse," who was constantly getting intoxicated. One day, when he was tipsy, he shot at and killed his brother's ox which dragged his cart. When the great man came home, his wife met him, and said: "Perverse has shot your ox."

He did not seem surprised, nor did he ask questions, but simply said: "Well, let it be out up for food;" and sat down quietly to read. His wife exclaimed again: "Perverse has shot the ox; surely this is no light matter!"

"I am aware of it," said her husband; and did not even change colour, but kept reading his book.

## XII.

A family named Brown had been long distinguished for harmony and love.

One of the brothers was on his way to the capital to compete for the highest degree. The rumour reached him that his elder brother was ill. He sighed, and said: "Calamities are swift; honour can come by-and-by. I must go to my brother;" and so saying, he instantly turned back.

The next year he came out head of the whole list for admission to the Imperial Academy, the Han-lin (Forest of Pencils); the senior wrangler of his year.

## A Wedding Hymn.

BY THE REV. CANON BELL, D.D., RECTOR OF CHELTENHAM.



E near us, Triune God, we pray,  
In this the bridal hour;  
And may we feel, this holy day,  
Thy gentle power.

Give these who at Thy table bend,  
Rich tokens of Thy love;  
All benedictions on them send  
From Heaven above.

Great Father, ratify the vow  
That each to each has given;  
The troth that has been plighted now.  
Seal Thou in Heaven.

Christ, who at Cana's marriage-feast  
A Guest didst deign to be;

Grant that this union may be blest  
And owned of Thee.

O Holy Spirit, mystic Dove,  
Author of life and peace,  
Crown all their hopes of joy and love  
With rich increase.


And when this solemn rite is o'er,  
And one in Christ they be,  
God, send them forth for evermore,  
To walk with Thee,—

To walk with Thee, with steadfast heart,  
Till life wears on to even;  
Then to be with Thee, where Thou art,  
For aye, in Heaven.

## Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

## XXXIV. HONOURABLE OLD AGE.

"ELL, you've seen your best days! there's little enough of you left now," said a pair of shears to a spade that was leaning against the hovel door.

"I can do a good day's work yet," said the spade.

"You don't look much like it," said the shears, superciliously. "Your edge is all worn away, and your handle's cracked right through; I should say you weren't good for much."

"Even so," said the spade. "I'd rather be worn out in good honest work, than lie on the shelf like you, till the rust spoilt my hinges and made me useless. I heard the gardener say this morning he should have to get a new pair of shears, for you were good for nothing."

## XXXV. DOUBTFUL HONESTY.

"QUITE a tempting evening for a stroll, my dears," said a fox to some young pullets who were picking up a few grains of barley left from their last meal.

"Yes," said the pullets, "but we can't get outside this tiresome grating."

"Ah, that's a pity!" said the fox; "but perhaps I could manage to undo the fastening for you. I've managed one of that sort before—and it's a shame you shouldn't come out. There's a whole handful of oats just outside the barn door that the wag-

goner dropped when he was feeding the horses just now—I came on purpose to tell you."

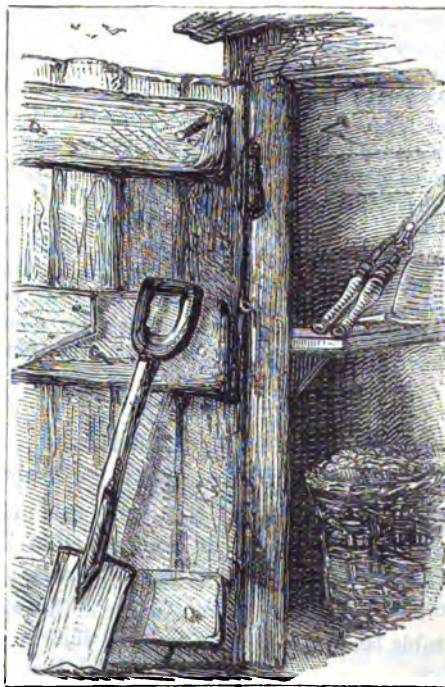
"How delightful!" cried the pullets; "make haste—do—before anyone comes to stop us."

"What are you about, you rascal?" cried Watch, the yard-dog, as he suddenly appeared round the corner; "be off this instant, if you value a whole skin."

"Pardon me," said the fox as he skulked off, "I was merely remarking what a pleasant evening it was—I had no thought of

intruding further; my principle has always been, Honesty is the best policy."

"Perhaps so," said Watch; "but I question how far your practice would have squared with it, if I hadn't happened to come up when I did."



HONOURABLE OLD AGE.



## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXXV. HOW GOD GIVES THINGS BACK.

BY THE REV. JAMES VAUGHAN, M.A.



HERE was a widow woman,—she was not very poor, and she was not very rich. She had two sons, and the two sons I am sorry to say were not good sons at all; they were very wild and wicked. The widowed mother was very unhappy about them. One day there was a collection being made for the Missionary Society, and the mother had saved up twenty pounds, and she gave the whole of this twenty pounds to the Missionary Society. Her sons were very angry indeed about it, and said, "You might as well throw your money into the sea, as give it to the Missionary Society." She said "That is just what I have done. I have cast my bread upon the waters; that is like throwing it into the sea. Perhaps I shall find it another day."

The sons were very angry indeed; they thought they ought to have had the twenty pounds; and they could not forgive their mother for using it to send teachers to the heathen, and to buy them Bibles. They were so angry that they both went and enlisted in the army. Their regiments were ordered to India; one of the sons was sent far up the Ganges, the other remained at Calcutta. The one that was sent far up the Ganges happened to be, in God's providence, thrown very near a good missionary. This missionary was very kind to him, and talked to him; till at last the young man became quite religious, quite a Christian. When his mother heard of it—for he wrote home to tell his mother of the change in his heart—she said, "Oh my twenty pounds! haven't they come back to me again?" That was God's way of giving things back.

After the elder brother had become a Christian, he went down to see his younger brother in Calcutta. They prayed together, had much conversation, and it pleased God that the younger brother too should become quite a Christian. Very soon after the younger son became good, the elder died. He died most happily. The younger brother wrote home an account of the death of his elder brother, telling how great was his pleasure at the thought of going to heaven. When the letter came to his mother, she said,

"Oh my twenty pounds! haven't I got my twenty pounds back again, a hundred-fold?"

This younger son afterwards became a minister, and left the army. Time went on. The poor mother got very old, and by-and-by she came to her last illness, and felt she was going to die. Lying in her bed, very ill, near her death, the Bible by her side, a tap came at the door. She just said, "Come in," when who should walk in but her younger son dressed like a clergyman; and a clergyman he was. There was his mother before him. He took the Bible, read to her, prayed with her. His mother saw, and recognised him; she died so happy,—made happy because she loved God, and had found out that both her sons loved Him too. One was gone to heaven, and the other was still serving Him on earth. Before she died, she said again, "Oh my twenty pounds! have not my twenty pounds come back again?" Was not that "lending to the Lord"? Did not her money "come back again"?

## XXXVI. A LITTLE.

A LITTLE,—'tis a little word,  
But much may in it dwell;  
Then let the warning truth be heard,  
And learn the lesson well.

The way of ruin thus begins,  
Down, down, like easy stairs;  
If conscience suffers little sins,  
Soon larger ones it bears.

A little theft, a small deceit,  
Too often leads to more;  
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet  
As through an open door.

Just as the broadest rivers run  
From small and distant springs,  
The greatest crimes that men have done  
Have grown from little things.

The child who early disobeys,  
Stands now on slippery ground;  
And who shall tell, in future days,  
How low he may be found.

ARON.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. **HOW** did God first teach Israel the power of prayer in overcoming their enemies?
2. Why do we find the name of Ephraim in prophecy given to Israel?
3. Where do we learn in the Old Testament Scriptures that God the Son appeared many times on earth before He was born in Bethlehem?
4. Have we any definition in the Bible of eternal life? and how do men receive it?
5. How did Joseph, and afterwards Daniel, look for the interpretation of dreams and visions?
6. What remarkable title did the man bear, whose prayer to God is the first recorded in Scripture?
7. When God created the world, where was the Lord Jesus?
8. In what place of worship, built by a Roman officer, did Christ explain how He Himself was the food for the soul?

9. How was Christ anointed to be the Prophet, Priest, and King of His people?

10. What is the only way in which we can account for the penitent thief being able to recognise in our Lord upon the cross the Saviour of the world?

11. How is it, that while Scripture says, "There is none righteous, no not one," yet we read in Scripture of certain righteous men?

12. Who first gave themselves and then their goods to the Lord? Who first gave their goods, but not themselves to the Lord?

## ANSWERS (See OCTOBER No., page 239).

- I. Gen. xviii. 23-33; Dent. iii. 23. II. Prov. x. 12; Jas. v. 20. III. Ephes. iv. 23; Gal. v. 24. IV. Prov. i. 23. V. Heb. viii. 10; compare Luke xi. 20 and Matt. xii. 28. VI. Matt. xxvi. 22. VII. John xiv. 6. VIII. 2 Kings xiv. 25. IX. Matt. xvi. 23. X. Isa. xxxix. 5-7. XI. Luke iv. 16-20. XII. Judg. xiii. 3-5. Birth, separation, strength.





Sun.—1st day.  
Rises 6.56. Sets 4.31.

NOVEMBER.

Moos—New, 2nd, A. 3.35.  
Full, 16th, A. 8.39.



# THE TITLES OF THE LORD JESUS.



My soul  
thirsteth for God.

Ps. xlii. 2.

IN PERILS

ON THE SEA.

Pleasures  
for evermore.

Ps. xvi. 2.

|   |    |                                                                           |
|---|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | M  | ALL SAINTS. Who of God is made unto us Sancti-<br>fication. 1 Cor. i. 30. |
| 2 | Tu | Sanctified . . . in the name of the Lord Jesus,                           |
| 3 | W  | And by the Spirit of our God. 1 Cor. vi. 11.                              |
| 4 | Th | Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Ps. li. 11.                             |
| 5 | F  | Who shall deliver us from this body of death? Rom.                        |
| 6 | S  | I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. [vii. 24, 25.]                 |
| 7 | S  | 24th S. aft. Trinity. The Lord of glory. 1 Cor. ii. 8.                    |

|    |    |                                                   |
|----|----|---------------------------------------------------|
| 8  | M  | The glory which I had with Thee                   |
| 9  | Tu | Before the world was. John xvii. 5.               |
| 10 | W  | Crowned with glory and honour. Heb. ii. 9.        |
| 11 | Th | Able to present you faultless                     |
| 12 | F  | Before the presence of His glory                  |
| 13 | S  | With exceeding joy. Jude 24.                      |
| 14 | S  | 25th S. aft. Trinity. The Son of Man. Rev. i. 13. |
| 15 | M  | The Word was made flesh. John i. 14.              |

## IN ME IS THINE HELP

FOUND.

Hosea xiii. 9.

Tempted  
like as we are.

Heb. iv. 15.

I will  
never leave thee.

Heb. xiii. 5.

|    |    |                                                               |
|----|----|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| 16 | Tu | Jesus increased in wisdom and stature. Luke ii. 52.           |
| 17 | W  | A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Isa. liii.        |
| 18 | Th | He groaned in the spirit and was troubled. Jn. xi. 33.        |
| 19 | F  | He bowed His head and gave up the ghost. John                 |
| 20 | S  | Yet without sin. Heb. iv. 15. [xix. 30.]                      |
| 21 | S  | 26th S. after Trinity. The Chief Corner Stone. [Eph. ii. 20.] |
| 22 | M  | Other foundation can no man lay. 1 Cor. iii. 11.              |

|    |    |                                                    |
|----|----|----------------------------------------------------|
| 23 | Tu | Upon this Rock I will build My Church. Matt. xvi.  |
| 24 | W  | A sure foundation. Isa. xxviii. 16. [18.]          |
| 25 | Th | Thy Word is truth. John xvi. 17.                   |
| 26 | F  | I know in whom I have believed. 2 Tim. i. 12.      |
| 27 | S  | Follow Me. Matt. iv. 19.                           |
| 28 | S  | 1st S. in Advent. The Lord from heaven. 1 Cor.     |
| 29 | M  | Behold He cometh with clouds. Rev. i. 7. [xv. 47.] |
| 30 | Tu | St. ANDREW. Every eye shall see Him. Rev. i. 7.    |

PH, lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet;  
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet

Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.—F. R. H.

**Hindering.**—We may hinder without word or act! For wrong-feeling is more infectious than wrong-doing, especially the various phases of ill-temper—gloominess, touchiness, discontent, irritability. Do we not know how catching these are? Shall we not watch and pray that this day we may only help and not hinder, in the least thing, and that no one may have virtually to say to us, "Hinder me not"? May we never be the helpers of the great hinderer! When "Satan hindered" St. Paul, he probably found human agents.—F. R. H.

1





Drawn by HARRISON WEIR.

THE STAG, OR RED DEER.

[Engraved by WALMSLEY.]



# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### "A Merrie Christmas."

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



MERRIE Christmas to you!  
For we "serve the Lord with  
mirth,"

And we carol forth glad tidings  
Of our holy Saviour's birth.  
So we keep the olden greeting  
With its meaning deep and true,  
And wish "A Merrie Christmas  
And a Happy New Year to you!"

Oh, yes! "A Merrie Christmas,"  
With blithest song and smile,  
Bright with the thought of Him who  
dwelt

On earth a little while,  
That we might dwell for ever  
Where never falls a tear:  
So "A Merrie Christmas" to you,  
And a Happy, Happy Year!



### The Stag, or Red Deer.

THE Stag, if we regard the elegance of his form, the flexibility of his limbs, his bold branching horns, and the lightness of his motions, is the most beautiful of the deer kind.

The antlers of the male Stag are supported on short solid tubercles of the frontal bone. After remaining nearly a year, they are cast off, and soon replaced by a newly-formed antler, which is of a larger size than the one lost. It often weighs nearly thirty pounds, and has been known to be completely formed in ten weeks from the time of its first appearance. There is no other instance in the animal kingdom of so rapid a growth.

Stag-hunting used to be a favourite pastime

in Britain. Large tracts of land were set apart for making forests as a shelter for them. Amongst these we may mention the New Forest, Woolmer Forest, and Epping Forest: but very few are ever seen in these forests now.

In Scotland, however, in the central part of the Grampians, there are still large herds of Red Deer. They frequent the southern part of the bleak and generally speaking naked ridge of Minigun, which lies between the glen of Athol and Badenach. The deer are seldom on the summits, but generally in the glens of the Tilt and Bruar. They are often seen in herds of upwards of a thousand; and when, in a track where there is no human abode for twenty or thirty miles, a long line of stag; appear on a height with their branching horns

relieved against a clear mountain sky, the sight is very striking.

Nothing can exceed the vividness of Scott's well-known lines:—

"The antlered monarch of the waste  
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste;  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
The doudrops from his flanks he shook;  
Like crosted leader, proud and high,

Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
A moment listened to the cry  
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;  
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,  
With one brave bound the copse he cleared;  
And stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam Var."

FREDERICK SHERLOCK.

## Mrs. Creadwell's Cook:

### A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY EMILY S. HOLT, AUTHOR OF "THE MAIDENS' LODGE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### GOD'S PREACHING.



ANNE shook her head, and a weary look came into her eyes, when old Alice Treadwell suggested that her life might not be long.

"Nò!" she said. "It is the happy that die early. The hapless have a long, sorrowful way before them, and they may look out for a weary road."

"Eh, maid!" said old Alice. "I've lived nigh fourscore years in this world, and I've seen so little come that I looked for, and so much I ne'er reckoned on, that I've given o'er fretting me for matters that may be. 'Tis no good, childer."

"It may be no good," returned Anne with a sigh, "but how shall you help it, my mistress?"

"Well, 'tis none so easy," said old Alice. "And 'tis a sight easier to preach to another than to one's self. The best way is alway to read thine homilies to thyself first, ere thou set out to discourse to other folk. Bat, though I said the best, there's a better way than that, my maid; and it is, to go to church where the Lord's a-preaching. And the door of that church is very oft at the end of rough roads."

Old Alice's conversation was always full of similitudes, which Kate was apt to take rather too literally.

"Ah, now you mean Saint Lawrence Pountney, Grandmother; 'tis rare rough down yon street. I nigh put out mine ankle the last time I went thither."

"Thy saints and my saints be not alway the same folks, Kate," said Alice, with a twinkle in her eyes. "There's a good lot of churches, my maid, and a weary lot of roads to them, that I meant, or ever thou go near Saint Lawrence Pountney. There's Saint Discolo's, at the end of Suffer Street; and there's Saint Sorrow's, in Mourning Lane; and there's Saint Penny-go-quick's, in Heavy-loss Street; and there's Saint Sick-Heart's, midway up Hopeless Row; and Saint Cruelty's, on Bitterword Hill. Eh, but there's a parcel of them! And in any of those, maids, you'll alway find either the Lord or the devil in the pulpit at sermon time. Sometimes they are both there, and you can choose. The throng's thickest round the devil's pulpit. Folks mostly like his sermons better of the two. He's given to saying: 'My dear afflicted brethren, never anybody was so troubled as you! But take comfort: 'tis with this coin ye buy Heaven.' And you'll see the folks sometimes looking right cheery, when they're coming out of church after one of the devil's sermons. He keeps a pot of honey in the vestry, and rubs it ever on his lips afore he beginneth. But the Lord discourseth right different from that. He sets you to looking into your hearts by the light of His lantern, and it shows right ugly things there. (The devil'll set you looking there too, but 'tis by

his lantern, which flasheth false colours, and trims up all the ugly brown beetles in green and gold.) The Lord's lantern shows matters just as they are. And, whatever the Lord doth, the devil's sure to go and do the same thing, but always upside down. Saint Disease's hath a dispensary, where the Lord giveth out simples and cutteth away cores; and so doth the devil on t'other side. You'll get wormwood served to you at the Lord's dispensary (with a lump of sugar alway at the bottom); but the devil handeth forth rare sweet wines, clear and sparkling. And the Lord taketh forth the core, that He may save you: it hurts, childer, it doth! But the devil rubs on scented salve, which is rare good to smell to, and leaveth the core in. Eh, my maids! there's many a day old Al'ce has gone to the devil's dispensary, and licked her lips over his sweet wine, and smelt to his rose-coloured salve. Now, child, which door art thou going in at?"

The sudden question, addressed to Anne, brought a flush to her cheek, and made her hand tremble.

"I thank you, my mistress," she said in a low voice. "I will think on what you have said."

Old Alice rose from her chair, and laid her hand on Anne's shoulder.

"Child," she said, "if thou hast a stubborn malady, He may be like to cut deep. But He'll heal thee, if thou wilt let Him. And He cares a deal more about it than thou dost."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### FOUND AT LAST.

"Now, Nan, bustle up!" cried Mrs. Treadwell, one afternoon towards the end of August. "I want a gooseberry pie to my supper, and I verily hope Cousin Roger shall be here to fetch his new tabard. And look thou make it not too little; I cannot abide to be starved. I count feathers and shavings should serve thee, but they'll none suit for my supper, I warrant thee. Good lack, what of a bruit! Is aught going on?"

Whcreupon Mrs. Treadwell applied her eye

to the little round window which looked into the shop, through which she and her husband were accustomed to communicate when necessary. The cause of the bruit, or noise, was very easily perceived.

"Well-a-day, and saw I ever the like!" exclaimed the worthy dame. "Here's gentry in the shop, if they be no lords, as fine as fiddlers, and lacqueys to boot! And one—two—three—four tall men o' their hands in murrey and blue livery, with a white falcon fast—"

"Good heart, Nan! what ails thee?" broke in Kate.

For a low cry had come from the white lips, and the girl retreated to the farthest corner of the kitchen, where no person looking through the little window could possibly detect her. Dorothy, however, was too much interested to see or hear anything but the scene in the shop.

"Eh, but what a grand set-out this first hath on!" said she. "A red hat, trust me, with a golden band and a white feather, held down of a jewel; and a cramoisie\* short jacket—he must be a lord!—furred with gris as deep as mine hand, and blue hose, with short round boots o' red Spanish leather. Eh, my word! if that cramoisie might be bought for less than eight shilling a yard, then will I eat my kerchief with sauce neger. And that feather cost a full angel,† or I'm an apple-John. And the gold chain of his neck! and the fur round the wrists of him! and the slashed sleeves of him! Eh, Kate, do thou come hither and look; 'tis a sight to see, as I'm a living woman!"

Kate went towards the window, in doing which she had to pass Anne. A thin trembling hand was laid upon her sleeve, and white lips whispered:

"Hath he the one shoulder higher than the other? Look and tell me."

A look through the window, and Kate nodded.

"Too late! too late! Is there no mercy, O God?"

"Why, Nan, what is come o'er thee?" demanded her mistress, looking at her in amazement.

\* Crimson velvet.

† Ten shillings.

But before any answer could be given, the little round window was pushed open, and Humphrey's voice, in an excited tone, said: "Wife! come hither."

Dorothy bustled off at once, leaving the window open, through which the conversation in the shop was distinctly heard.

"Give you good morrow, my mistress," said a voice; and Anne shrank into her corner, as though she would gladly have shrunk through the wall or the floor, if she could. Kate went to her, and put her arm round her.

"What is it, poor Nan?" she asked, in the lowest whisper, so as not to attract attention.

"It is my worst enemy!" said Anne, huskily.

"I have heard, of a very good hand," continued the voice, evidently that of an educated man, "that you have here a young gentlewoman, by name Mistress Anne; and as I would fain have speech of the same, I do beseech you bring me unto her."

"Dear heart! good my Lord," returned Dorothy, "we have here no young gentlewoman at all, neither Mistress Anne nor Mistress Joan. There is but myself and my daughter, and my master his sister, and our two serving-maids. Never a young gentlewoman lodgeth in this house, trust me, as my name is Dorothy Treadwell."

"I must ask of you, my mistress, to give me leave to see these serving-maids."

Anne's hands, within, were wrung in agony.

"Certain sure, and your Lordship shall," answered Dorothy, hastening back into the kitchen. "Here, Joan!—Nan!—come hither, and show yourselves to this good gentleman."

But the good gentleman followed Dorothy before she was aware. He passed Joan by with a glance. Going straight up to the corner where Anne cowered with Kate by her side, to the unfeigned amazement of Dorothy, he dropped on one knee before her cookmaid.

"Found at last, my Lady's Grace!"

Aye, there she stood, hidden no longer, the lost Princess of Wales, one hand pressed close upon her eyes, as though to shut out a terrible sight, the other outstretched, as if she would thrust her unwelcome suitor as far from her as possible.

"Fairest my Lady, what moved your Grace to hide you thus meanly from him that loveth you?"

A shudder passed over Anne, but her hand came down from her eyes.

"Gramercy!" whispered Dorothy.

"Lord Richard," Anne said, in a tone which Kate had never heard from her before that moment, "why did you seek me out, if you feign to love me? You know——"

"Feign, Lady Anne! Never man loved truer."

The curl of Anne's lip seemed to say the contrary.

"You knew," she said, "that it was from you I was hiding. Not from the law—ah me, no! What terrors hath outlawry for me, that look for no rest but death, for no happiness save to meet my dead? Why, the man that should have stabbed me to the heart would have been my kindest friend. But you! you ask me to give you a dead heart, to prink out with rich attire a head that would fain be at rest beneath the sod. Outlawry hath no terrors, death is no ill; but I pray God put the ocean betwixt me and you, for you are worser unto me than either."

"Sweet Lady Anne, for what reason?"

"Reason!" she panted. "Is there aught the which is not a reason?"

"Bear with me, fairest lady," replied the soft, musical voice of him who, perhaps of all men living, best knew how to cajole a woman. "Has it so soon passed from your Grace's mind that last May, on the field of Tewkesbury, there was one sword *not* drawn on the Prince you loved? Will you give me no credit for my long and faithful love, love that you never deigned to lighten by so much as a smile or token? Mind you not that we two were playmates of old time, ere any other crossed your path to mine hurt? Ah! women have light memories, though men love well."

Certainly Gloucester pleaded his cause well. Yet there was no sign of yielding in the fair, set, white face.

At last, suddenly,—no one saw exactly how,—at a signal from the Duke's whistle, the men-at-arms in the royal livery surrounded the Princess, and bore her away.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE END.

Two hours later came Roger Cordiner, who, now that all need for secrecy was past, could give them further particulars. The Princess had taken this disguise at her own earnest wish, to avoid the Duke of Gloucester, and with the help of her brother-in-law, who had a selfish reason for wishing her not to marry, since the whole of her father's inheritance would then fall to his children.

"Will she wed with my Lord of Gloucester?" asked Kate.

"He will force her to wed him," said Roger. "And take my word for it; if my poor young lady do, she will be the wretchedest slave ever seen on middle earth!"

Roger had discovered that the Princess had been taken to the Sanctuary of St. Martin le Grand, under the care of her uncle, George Neville, Archbishop of York. Here she was at first treated with an appearance of great kindness, and was even allowed to visit Queen Marguerite, still a prisoner in the Tower. But as months went on, and she stood as firmly opposed to the marriage with Gloucester as ever, he became convinced that this sort of treatment would not serve his purpose. The Princess was taken away from the kindly keeping of her uncle, and put into harder hands. Yet she held firm. At last, when he was satisfied that no yielding on her part could ever be expected, Gloucester gathered his servants around him, and bore the royal girl by brute force to the altar of Westminster Abbey. There, despite her helpless efforts to escape, despite her passionate words of protest, the marriage service was performed, and Anne Neville was made the wife of the man she hated. It was an outrage as wicked as murder, and as cruel.

For twelve months Anne wore her chains, ever trying to find some excuse for a divorce. But then there came to her a reason to the contrary, in the form of a little, nestling, helpless baby,—a hope, to love and live for. She gave way then, and accepted her fetters.

Before that time had come, there were changes in the Green Griffin in Bucklersbury. Roger Cordiner visited them twice, with

news of the Princess who had grown so dear to Kate Treadwell's heart in the familiar intercourse of those few months. Kate was not, however, given to talking much about Anne. It was Dorothy who did that,—Dorothy, whose taunts and harsh words had added so many drops of bitterness to the full cup of the fair girl's misery. For years after that episode in her life, no customer could come into the shop when Dorothy was present, without being told that it had been newly painted "that year the Lady Anne's Grace tarried with us," or receiving an unasked commendation of the pattern he had chosen as "well liked of my Lady's Grace of Gloucester, when she was hither."

After that occasion on which Roger Cordiner had introduced him, Mr. Philip Strangeways took to visiting at the Green Griffin. Nobody quite knew why he made himself so agreeable, (though old Alice with her head set redbreast fashion had strong suspicions on the subject,) till one summer evening, when he was standing with Kate beside the parlour window, and he was pleased suddenly to ask her:—

"Mistress Kate, think you that you might tread well in my strange ways?"

After a shy glance at Philip's face, which confirmed her interpretation of his meaning, Kate sent a rapidly instituted commission of inquiry to her heart, from which an immediate report was returned to the effect that Philip's strange ways were very pleasant ways, and that if deprived of his frequent visits life would become a much drier and more uninteresting thing than it had been of late. So a bashful "yes" answered Philip's pun,—our ancestors dearly loved to pun upon names—and in due course of time Kate Treadwell became Kate Strangeways.

It was shortly after her marriage that Kate was told by her husband that "my Lady's Grace of Gloucester would fain have speech of her." Kate could scarcely tell what it was which made her feel so nervous and uncomfortable, as Philip led her along the gilded corridors, and finally into a splendid room, hung with rich tapestry and crimson velvet, where they had to wait for a few minutes, before a liveried page lifted the tapestry, and a lady came forward to the



middle of the room. Kate hung back, but the Duchess came to her and took both her hands.

"'Tis but Nan the cookmaid, Mistress Kate," she said, a wintry smile on her white worn face, and in the eyes which were more sorrowful than ever. "And how do you all? for I would know."

Kate managed to answer the inquiry, and to stammer out a hope that her good Ladyship's Grace was well.

"As well," said the Duchess quietly, "as I am ever like to be on middle earth. Ah, Mistress Kate! It was better with me in the Green Griffin than in this palace; serge lieth oftentimes over an happier heart than velvet. And Mistress Treadwell, old Mistress Alice, how goes it now with her?"

"Madam," answered Kate with a sob, "I am afear'd that she is not long for this world."

"She is meet'er for the other," said Anne, gently. "But tell her, Mistress Kate, with my loving commendations, that her good words were not lost, and that I will try to go in at the right door."

Kate Strangeways never saw her again but once, and that was twelve years after the summer which she spent in the Green Griffin. King Edward IV. was dead, and his sons were cast aside, and Richard Duke of Gloucester had become King of England. There was a magnificent pageant in Cheapside, when the King and Queen passed through the city towards Westminster, the day before their coronation. Our Plantagenet kings always slept at the Tower a night before their coronation, in order to make this splendid progress through London the day after.

The King had passed by,—the deformed prince with the handsome face and sinister eyes, the nervous restless man who must be perpetually fingering something, and who could not look fixedly at any man for more than a second,—and then Kate heard a cry

of "God save the Queen!" She looked up to the gilded chariot, over gorgeous violet and gold, and saw the face, once so familiar,—more worn and white than ever, with the old golden gleam on the fair hair, and more than the old deep anguish in the lustrous eyes. And then the pageant swept on, and Kate saw her no more.

"Well, dear heart!"

Kate had gone back to the bedside of old Alice. She had lived longer than had been fear'd, but she was near the end now.

"Is she in at the right door, thinkest? the poor child! Right sorrowful and weary doth she look? Ah, well! The Lord knoweth His own. Old Al'ce shall know likewise, afore long. I'll watch to see if she comes in,—if only I can get my eyes off the Lord."

And so old Alice passed in at the gates of gold. Eight months later, news came to London that the cherished child who was Anne's one tie to life had died at Middleham Castle "an unhappy death." And just twelve months after that, the great bell of Westminster Abbey tolled thirty-one strokes upon the spring night air, and they knew that God's hand had broken the gilded fetters, and that the weary heart of Anne of Warwick would suffer no more.

This, in the main, is a true story. Shall we not thank God and take courage from it? We cannot be used as this poor girl was. The men and women of England may weep by their dead in peace, may enjoy their honest gains in safety, may worship God without any man making them afraid. Is this nothing to be thankful for? It was not always so. The day may come when it will not be so again. A contented, thankful heart is about the best receipt possible for making a man happy or a woman fair. Let us ask God for it: for He alone can give it.

### "Home Words" for the New Year.



UR arrangements for 1881 include: I. *Old Umbrellas; or, Nobody Cares*, a New Tale, by Agnes Gibberne. II. *"Harvest Home; or, the Reapers' Song,"* a New Tale, by Emma Marshall. III. *"Our Church Portrait Gallery."* IV. *"Wayside Chimes,"* by the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. V. *"The Life of Thomas Cooper,"* by the Editor. VI. *"What I saw in China,"* by the Rev. A. M. Moule. VII. *"Down in the Dammora*

*Mine,"* by "Rob Roy." VIII. *"Lessons from the Book,"* by various Authors. IX. *"Royalty at Home,"* by the Editor. X. *"Fables for You,"* by Eleanor B. Prosser. XI. *"Anecdotes of Illustrous Abstainers,"* by F. Sherlock. XII. *"England's Church."* XIII. *"Young Folks' Page."* "The Story of the Months," etc., etc.

Will each Reader try and gain another?

"*Carels and Chimes*" is also now ready.



## Lessons from the Book.

### VIII. CHRIST AT THE DOOR.

BY THE VERY REV. H. MARTYN HART, DEAN OF DENVER.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—*St. Luke ii. 7.*



THE birth of Christ is an event which never dies. He passes through this world, seeking a home in the hearts of men; and when the door is opened, and room is found for Him to abide, again the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth." For there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner who repenteth—who changes his mind.

Christ is still as it were a wayfarer standing at the door of an inn. He stands out in the cold; His hair is wet with the night dews; His eyes might be dimmed with watching if it were not love that lit them; He would be tired of waiting, were His not Divine patience. He sees the heart thrown open, and the world and sin find a ready entrance; but when He knocks how often He is told, "There is no room" for Him "in the inn."

Ah! foolish heart, those guests of yours are only staying for a little time. They are but sojourners with you for the day. They will all at last leave you desolate and alone; while for the only Being who could fill your whole heart with His occupancy—who could give you more joy than all the rest—who would never desert you, but take you with Him to the home of His own blessedness—for Him there is "no room."

Oh, bid Him welcome now! He will

create enduring peace and never-ending happiness.

Families gather at Christmas-tide around the same hearth: a genial warmth seems to reach all hearts, and a thrill of happiness crosses the strong rough current of earnest life. But beyond all this, it is to Christmas that eternity will owe its happiness. Because of Christmas the Father will gather His children within His heavenly Home—a circle which no rude death can break, and no separations can change. Because of Christmas the society of Heaven will be one—one in intention, one in endeavour, one in mind, because each is filled with Christ. The rough torrent will there be a glassy sea, and the sparkling of happiness will fill it with light, because the one joy, the joy of the Lord, will be upon all.

Yes, Heaven dates its happiness from Christmas. Every heart there will have its Christmas-day, the day upon which Jesus Christ was born in it. He passes you to-day; bid Him welcome. Let go that selfishness, renounce that sin which most easily besets you, silence that voice of enmity, bid pride lower itself, lift up your whole being to make room for Him to abide: and you will commence a Christmas joy which will never dim, but which shall increase with the increase of God. For of "the increase of His government and peace there is no end."

### A Word of Cheer to Christmas Mourners.

**M**OURNER, Christmas comes for thee;  
Hear with low and gentle tone  
One who whispers, Look to Me!  
Hope, for thou art not alone!

He knows all—thy Lord Divine:  
Mourner, though thine eye be dim,  
Look to Christ:—His love is thine;  
Take thy Christmas joy from Him.



## A Christmas Welcome Home.

BY THE EDITOR.



PICTURES illustrating domestic subjects are unquestionably most popular with the public. The reason they are so is obvious enough. We are emphatically a domestic people; other nations may equal us in their love of country, but they have not the same regard for their homes. An Englishman, as a rule, feels pride in his home and household, whether he be wealthy or in humble circumstances; his sympathies are in accord with everything which speaks of home-affections, home-influences, home-pursuits. Art which touches the slightest chord that harmonises with these feelings, he therefore welcomes; and because it does this, its spirit is intelligible to him, though he be unable to give any other reason for the interest he takes in it than that it pleases him.

As one of the best specimens of this class of paintings, we introduce a CHRISTMAS WELCOME HOME. The picture is an expression of one of those "touches of nature," which "makes us all akin," and will find a not unsuitable comment in some kindred verses from the gifted authoress of "The Songs of the Affections." Mrs. Hemans' poems ought to be read more than they are.

### THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE WANDERER.

"Oh, when wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early loves?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the groves?"

Oh, thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without a guide  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died.  
Thou hast flung the wealth away,  
And the glory of thy spring;  
And to thee the leaves' light play  
Is a long-forgotten thing.

Give back thy heart again  
To the freedom of the woods,  
To the birds' triumphant strain,  
To the mountain solitudes!

But when wilt thou return?  
Along thine own pure air  
There are young sweet voices borne—  
Oh, should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board  
There is kept a place for thee;  
And, by thy smile restored,  
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,  
Thy coming step to greet,  
A look of days gone by,  
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,  
For thee kind bosoms yearn,  
For thee fond tears are shed—  
Oh, when wilt thou return?"

It may be these lines may reach the eye of some wanderer from a "father's board." What a mission will *Home Words* discharge at Christmas-tide this year, if it be only said of *one*, in the joy of a Christmas welcome:—"This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found!"

## Christmas Reading.



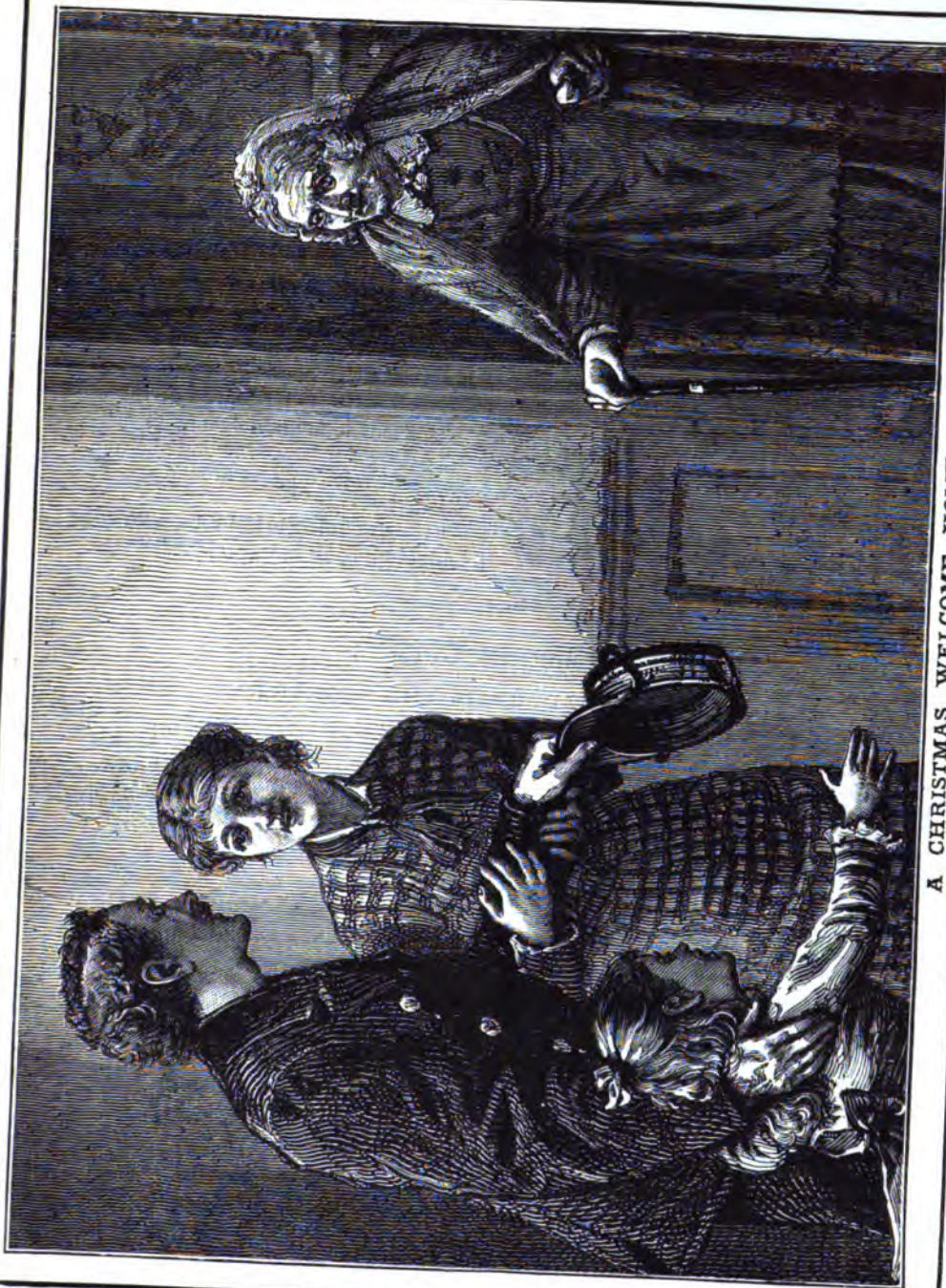
CHRISTMAS is here again. Christmas Reading in the Home is an important consideration. Good books are as Wordsworth terms them,—

"A substantial world, both pure and good,  
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness can grow."

We know our readers are all interested in our efforts to supply high-class Christian literature. We therefore give our "bill of"—mental—"fare."

1. *The Annuals. The Fireside, 7s. 6d. Hand and Heart, 7s. 6d. The Day of Days, 2s. Home Words, 2s.*
2. *Nehemiah Nibbs' Goose, 1s.*
3. *Puzzledom for Fireside Amusement, 2s. 6d.*
4. *The Christmas Box of Fireside Tales, 2s. 6d.*
5. *Our Folks: John Churchill's Letters Home, 6d.*
6. *Carols and Chimes. HOME WORDS for Christmas, 1d.*

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS!



A CHRISTMAS WELCOME HOME.

## Christmas.



“**EROY’S** day of triumph.”

“The heart’s summer.”

“Earth echoing the angels’ song.”

“The rising day of the Sun of Righteousness.”

“The loadstone which attracts many a prodigal to his father’s house.”

“Time’s reminder of the loved ones gone before.”

“The sun which may thaw some drops from even a miser’s heart.”

“The glorious birthday of the King of kings.”

“The jubilee of earth.”

“The dove which carries the olive branch of ‘Peace on earth’ to our families.”

“An annual visitor who has a warm heart, though his head be crowned with a garland of snow.”

“The focus which should always unite the bright but scattered rays of family affection.”

“The spring-tide of Christian hope.”

“The severed link ’twixt earth and heaven again restored.”

“The jubilee alike of the Christian and of the domestic year.”

“The season when the most glorious concert was performed by a perfectly harmonious choir. Yet, although the burden of their song, ‘Peace on earth, goodwill toward men!’ flowed easily from their tongues, it has never yet been perfectly learned on earth.”

“Cement to unite broken families.”

“A Divine message bidding the wanderers meet and rejoice again around our Father’s board.”

“Charity in her bridal robe, with hope and faith bidding all hearts rejoice.”

## Whyside Chimes.

### VI. BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.”—*Eccles. xi. 1.*



“ID the losses and the gains;  
Mid the pleasures and the pains,  
And the hopings and the fears,  
And the restlessness of years,

We repeat this promise o’er—

We believe it more and more—

Bread upon the waters cast

Shall be gathered at the last.

Gold and silver, like the sands,  
Will keep slipping through our hands;  
Jewels, gleaming like a spark,  
Will be hidden in the dark;  
Sun and moon and stars will pale,  
But these words will never fail:

Bread upon the waters cast

Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon, like dust, to you and me,  
Will our earthly treasures be;  
But the loving word and deed  
To another in his need,  
They will not forgotten be—  
They will live eternally:

Bread upon the waters cast

Shall be gathered at the last.

Fast the moments slip away,  
Soon our mortal powers decay,  
Low and lower sinks the sun,  
What we do must soon be done;  
Then what rapture, if we hear  
Thousand voices ringing clear—

Bread upon the waters cast

Shall be gathered at the last.

ANON.



## Ramblings in Churchyards and Cemeteries.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "EDIE'S LETTER," ETC.



### CHAPTER III.

N the cemetery in Hastings lie not a few whom I knew in days gone by.

Here is one grave. It is that of a young man. I visited him for a few weeks before his death. I cannot but hope and believe that he took hold of the Saviour's promise. Upon this stone are engraved the last words he ever uttered—uttered, too, with intense reality, though with failing breath:—

"Him—that—cometh—unto Me—I—will—in  
no wise—in no wise—cast out."

Close by his grave is that of an aged Christian, who fell asleep after fifty or sixty years of faithful service in the Lord's vineyard. Though fifteen years blind, he was always busy for the Master. Upon the stone are engraved the last words he had ever been able to read in the Bible he had loved so well.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—*Ps. lxxiii. 24.*

Over this there is cut out the likeness of a ring and the words within it:—

"God's providence mine inheritance."

The finding of this ring and the motto within it had exercised a lifelong influence upon him. It had led him to rely upon God's Fatherly care, and his confidence had never been disappointed.

Not far away lie the remains of three sisters—all of them the true followers of Christ, and whose works do follow them. One text amongst others over their remains is peculiarly appropriate, in remembrance of their zeal in winning souls for Christ.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—*Dan. xii. 3.*

Crossing the walk, and at a few yards distance, there lies the body of one, the Rev. Thomas Vores, who, for more than thirty years, preached with all love and earnestness the Gospel of Christ, and whose simple and faithful lifting up of the Saviour brought consolation to many a troubled and anxious soul. 2 Cor. v. 20, 21, upon his tomb tells truly the story of his ministry. Upon the stone of his partner, for many years a confirmed invalid, there is a thought which she repeated more than a hundred times during her last illness. She had long been a true believer, but one distressed exceedingly by doubts and fears. But these words had marvellously helped her:—

"Regard not feelings, good or bad,  
Trust only what He saith;  
Looking away from all to Him—  
This is to live by faith."

Let me end my paper with a question for each reader. The closing days of another year may well suggest it. The longest life is but an inch of time: and any life may end at any moment. If soon the summons call you away, what might truly be written over your grave? What doth He see who searcheth the heart? Have you a hope that maketh not ashamed? Could there be written on your tomb any such words as these? "Accepted in the Beloved;" "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness;"

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast."

Let us live so that we may leave a sure testimony behind us. It was a sweet word I noticed over the grave of a young lady in Edinburgh, aged 17, one Elizabeth Pope:—

"I know that grief your hearts will touch,  
While you my loss deplore;  
But, farewell, though I love you much,  
I love my Saviour more."



## Jonas Colter; or, the Victory Gained.

BY A. L. O. E., AUTHOR OF "PRECEPTS IN PRACTICE," ETC.

(Continued from page 231.)



### CHAPTER III. THE VICTORY GAINED.

THE old sailor Jonas sat before the fire with his pipe in his mouth, looking steadfastly into the glowing coals. Not that, following a favourite practice of his little niece, he was making out red-hot castles and flaming buildings in the grate, or that his thoughts were in any way connected with the embers; he was doing what it would be well if we all sometimes did,—looking into himself, and reflecting on what had happened in relation to his own conduct.

"So," thought he, "here am I, an honest old fellow,—I may say it with all my faults; and one who shrinks from falsehood more than from fire; and I find that I, with my bearish temper, am actually driving those about me into it—teaching them to be crafty, tricky, and cowardly! I knew well enough that my gruffness plagued others, but I never saw how it *tempted* others until now; tempted them to meanness, I would say, for I have found a thousand times that 'an angry man stirreth up strife,' and that a short word may begin a long quarrel. I am afraid that I have not thought enough on this matter. I've looked on bad temper as a very little sin, and I begin to suspect that it is a great one, both in God's eyes and in the consequences that it brings. Let me see if I can reckon up its evils! It makes those miserable whom one would wish to make happy: it often, like an adverse gale, forces them to back instead of steering straight for the port. It dishonours one's profession, lowers one's flag, makes the world mock at the religion which can leave a man as rough and rugged as a hethen savage. It's directly contrary to the Word of God,—it's wide as east from west of the example set before us! Yes, a furious temper is a very evil thing: I'd give my other leg to be rid of mine!" And in the warmth

of self-reproach the sailor struck his wooden one against the hearth with such violence as to make Alie start in terror that some fierce explosion was about to follow.

"Well, I've made up my mind as to its being an evil—a great evil," continued Jonas in his quiet meditation; "the next question is, How is the evil to be got rid of? There's the pinch! It clings to one like one's skin. It's one's nature,—how can one fight against nature? And yet, I take it, it's the very business of faith to conquer our evil nature. As I read somewhere, any dead dog can float with the stream: it's the living dog that swims against it. I mind the trouble I had about the wicked habit of swearing, when first I took to trying to serve God and leave off my evil courses. Bad words came to my mouth as natural as the very air that I breathed. What did I do to cure myself of that evil? Why, I resolved again and again, and found that my resolutions were always snapping like a rotten cable in a storm, and I was driven from my anchorage so often, that I almost began to despair. Then I prayed hard to be helped; and I said to myself, 'God helps those who help themselves, and maybe if I determine to do something that I should be sorry to do, every time that an oath comes from my mouth, it would assist me to remember my duty.' I resolved to break my pipe the first time that I swore; and I've never uttered an oath from that day to this, not even in my most towering passions! Now I'll try the same cure again; not to punish a sin, but to prevent it. If I fly into a fury, I'll break my pipe! There, Jonas Colter, I give you fair warning!" And the old sailor smiled grimly to himself, and stirred the fire with an air of satisfaction.

Not one rough word did Jonas utter that evening; indeed, he was remarkably silent; for the simplest way of saying nothing evil, he thought, was to say nothing at all. Jonas looked with much pleasure at his pipe when he put it on the mantel-piece for the

night. "You've weathered this day, old friend," said he: "we'll be on the look-out against squalls to-morrow."

The next morning Jonas occupied himself in his own room with his phials, and his nephew and niece were engaged in the kitchen in preparing for the Sunday-school, which their mother made them regularly attend. The door was open between the two rooms, and, as the place was not large, Jonas heard every word that passed between Johnny and Alie almost as well as if he had been close beside them.

*Johnny.* I say, Alie—

*Alie.* Please, Johnny, let me learn this quietly. If I do not know it my teacher will be vexed. My work being behind-hand yesterday has put me quite back with my tasks. You know that I cannot learn as fast as you do.

*Johnny.* Oh! you've plenty of time. I want you to do something for me. Do you know that I have lost my new ball?

*Alie.* Why I saw you take it out of your pocket yesterday, just after we crossed the stile on our way back from the farm.

*Johnny.* That's it! I took it out of my pocket, and I never put it in again. I want you to go directly and look for the ball. That stile is only three fields off, you know. You must look carefully along the path all the way; and lose no time, or some one else may pick it up.

*Alie.* Pray, Johnny, don't ask me to go into the fields.

*Johnny.* I tell you, you have plenty of time for your lessons.

*Alie.* It is not that, but—

*Johnny.* Speak out, will you?

*Alie.* You know—there are—cows!

Johnny burst into a loud laugh of derision. "You little coward!" he cried, "I'd like to see one chasing you round the meadow! How you'd scamper! how you'd scream! rare fun would it be,—ha! ha! ha!"

"Rare fun would it be, sir!" exclaimed an indignant voice, as Jonas stumped from the next room, and, seizing his nephew by the collar of his jacket, gave him a hearty shake; "rare fun would it be,—and what do you call this? You dare twit your sister with cowardice!—you who sneaked off yesterday

like a fox because you had not the spirit to look an old man in the face!—you who bully the weak and cringe to the strong!—you who have the manners of a bear with the heart of a pigeon!" Every sentence was accompanied by a violent shake, which almost took the breath from the boy; and Jonas, red with passion, concluded his speech by flinging Johnny from him with such force that, but for the wall against which he staggered, he must have fallen to the ground.

The next minute Jonas walked up to the mantel-piece, and exclaiming, in a tone of vexation, "Run aground again!" took his pipe, snapped it in two, and flung the pieces into the fire! He then stumped back to his room, slamming the door behind him.

"The old fury!" muttered the panting Johnny between his clenched teeth, looking fiercely towards his uncle's room.

"To break his own pipe!" exclaimed Alie, "I never knew him do anything like that before, however angry he might be!"

Johnny took down his cap from its peg, and, in as ill humour as can well be imagined went out to search for his ball. He took what revenge he could on his formidable uncle, while amusing himself that afternoon by looking over his "Robinson Crusoe." Johnny was fond of his pencil, though he had never learned to draw; and the margins of his books were often adorned with grim heads or odd figures, by his hand. There was a picture in "Robinson Crusoe" representing a party of cannibals, as hideous as fancy could represent them, dancing around the fire. Johnny diverted his mind, and gratified his malice, by doing his best so to alter the foremost figure as to make him appear with a wooden leg, while he drew on his head a straw hat, unmistakably like that of the old sailor, and touched up the features so as to give a dim resemblance to his face. To prevent a doubt as to the meaning of the sketch, Johnny scribbled on the side of the picture,—

"In search of fierce savages no one need roam;

The fiercest and ugliest, you'll find him at home!"

He secretly showed the picture to Alie.

"Oh, Johnny! how naughty! What would uncle say if he saw it?"



"We might look out for squalls indeed! but uncle never by any chance looks at a book of that sort."

"I think that you had better rub out the pencilling as fast as you can," said Alie.

"Catch me rubbing it out!" cried Johnny; "it's the best sketch that ever I drew, and as like it as can stare!"

Late in the evening Mrs. Morris returned, a nurse from London having been sent for the lady. Right glad were Johnny and Alie to see her sooner than they had ventured to expect. She brought them a few oranges, to show her remembrance of them. Nor was the old sailor forgotten; carefully she drew from her bag, and presented to him, a new pipe.

The children glanced at each other. Jonas took the pipe with a curious expression on his face, which his sister was at a loss to understand.

"Thank'ee kindly," he said; "I see it'll be a case of—

'If ye try and den't succeed,  
Try, try, try again.'"

What he meant was a riddle to every one else present, although not to the reader.

The "try" was very successful on that evening and the following day. Never had Johnny and Alie found their uncle so agreeable. His manner almost approached to gentleness,—it was a calm after a storm.

"Uncle is so very good and kind," said Alie to her brother, as they walked home from afternoon service, "that I wonder how you can bear to have that naughty picture still in your book. He is not in the least like a cannibal, and it seems quite wrong to laugh at him so."

"I'll rub it all out one of these days," replied Johnny; "but I must show it first to Peter Crane. He says that I never hit on a likeness: if he sees that, he'll never say so again!"

The next morning Jonas occupied himself with gathering wild flowers and herbs in the fields. He carried them into his little room, where Johnny heard him whistling "Old Tom Bowline," like one at peace with himself and all the world.

Presently Jonas called to the boy to bring him a knife from the kitchen; a request made in an unusually courteous tone of voice, and

with which, of course, Johnny immediately complied.

He found Jonas busy drying his plants, by laying them neatly between the pages of a book, preparatory to pressing them down. What was the terror of Johnny when he perceived that the book whose pages Jonas was turning over for this purpose was no other than his "Robinson Crusoe!"

"Oh! if I could only get it out of his hands before he comes to that horrid picture! Oh! what shall I do! what shall I do!" thought the bewildered Johnny. "Uncle, I was reading that book," at last he mustered courage to say aloud.

"You may read it again to-morrow," was the quiet reply of Jonas.

"Perhaps he will not look at that picture," reflected Johnny. "I wish that I could see exactly which part of the book he is at! He looks too quiet a great deal for any mischief to have been done yet! Dear! dear! I would give anything to have that 'Robinson Crusoe' at the bottom of the sea! I do think that my uncle's face is growing very red—yes! the veins on his forehead are swelling! Depend on't he's turned over to those unlucky cannibals, and will be ready to eat me like one of them. I'd better make off before the thunder-clap comes."

"Going to sheer off again, Master Johnny?" said the old sailor, in a very peculiar tone of voice, looking up from the open book on which his finger now rested.

"I've a little business," stammered out Johnny.

"Yes, a little business with me, which you'd better square before you hoist sail. Why, when you made such a good figure of this savage, did you not clap jacket and boots on this little cannibal beside him, and make a pair of 'em 'at home'? I suspect you and I are both in the same boat as far as regards our tempers, my lad!"

Johnny felt it utterly impossible to utter a word in reply.

"I'm afraid," pursued the seaman, closing the book, "that we've both had a bit too much of the savage about us,—too much of the dancing round the fire. But mark me, Jack,—we learn even in that book that a savage, a cannibal *may* be tamed; and we learn from

something far better, that principle,—the noblest principle which can govern either the young or the old,—*may*, *ay*, and *must*, put out the fire of fierce anger in our hearts, and change us from wild beasts to men. So I've said my say," added Jonas, with a smile, "and in token of my first victory over my old foe, come here, my boy, and give us your hand!"

"Oh, Uncle, I am so sorry!" exclaimed Johnny with moistened eyes, as he felt the kindly grasp of the old man.

"Sorry, are you? and what were you on Saturday when I shook you as a cat shakes a rat?"

"Why, Uncle, I own that I was angry."

"Sorry now, and angry then? So it's clear that the mild way has the best effect, to say nothing of the example." And Jonas fell into a fit of musing.

All was fair weather and sunshine in the

home on that day, and on many days after. Jonas had, indeed, a hard struggle to subdue his temper, and often felt fierce anger rising in his heart, and ready to boil over in words of passion, or acts of violence; but Jonas, as he had endeavoured faithfully to serve his Queen, while he fought under her flag, brought the same earnest and brave sense of duty to bear on the trials of daily life. He never again forgot his resolution, and every day that passed made the restraint which he laid upon himself less painful and irksome to him.

If the conscience of any of my readers should tell him that, by his unruly temper, he is marring the peace of his family, oh! let him not neglect the evil as a small one, but, like the poor old sailor in my story, resolutely struggle against it. "For an angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression."

## Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.



### XXXVI. OFFICE SHOWS THE MAN.

OW do you like Tiger?" said Puck to Toby, her ladyship's favourite pug, who was sunning himself against the wall by the stable door.

"Like him!" said Toby, wrinkling his black nose into contemptuous creases: "I don't suppose any one *likes* him; but he has nothing to do with me, as I shall take the first opportunity of telling him, if he offers to interfere with me."

"Ah! I wish I were in your place," said Puck; "he's wonderfully altered since he's been put in charge of the yard; he used to be as friendly as possible, and I've often given him a tit bit from my own dinner, because he was so pleasant and sociable; but now he does nothing but growl if any one goes near his kennel, and

leads us all such a life that nobody has a good word for him."

"Ah!" said Toby flattening his nose on his fore paws and blinking at the sun:—"you are not the first I have heard complain of him. I'm sorry for you; but I'm not surprised. He's not the first, and he won't be the last, whose head has been turned by the responsibilities of office."

### XXXVII. THE TIME TO REMOVE EVIL.

"Don't pull me up!" cried a handsome Scotch thistle to the farmer, as he grasped her prickly stalk. "See, I am quite in the corner of the field: and though I am tall, I take up very little ground. There are no more of my family anywhere in sight. I am all alone in my glory."

"I daresay," said the farmer; "but if I were to leave you to scatter those seeds of yours over the field, I wonder how many of you there would be next year. No, no, my friend; you're comparatively harmless now, and now is the time for you to go."





A CHRISTMAS TREASURE.

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXXVII. THE WONDROUS BIRTH.



NCE in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
Where a Mother laid her Baby  
In a manger for His bed;  
Mary was that Mother mild,  
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

And through all His wondrous Childhood,  
He would honour and obey,  
Love and watch the lowly Maiden  
In whose gentle arms He lay:  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern:  
Day by day like us He grew:  
He was little, weak, and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love:  
For that Child, so dear and gentle,  
Is our Lord in heaven above;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; but in heaven,  
Seated at God's right hand on high;  
When, like stars, His children crown'd  
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. ALEXANDER.

## XXXVIII. HOW DO WE KNOW?



OW do we know a Christian boy or girl? Why  
in the same way that you know a candle  
has been lighted—by its shining. Do you  
suppose that people do not know whether  
you love your mother or not? You need  
not say to them, "I am very fond of my  
mother;" they will find it out soon enough for themselves,  
—by the way you speak of your mother; by the way you  
speak to your mother; by your obedience to her direc-  
tions; by your thoughtfulness when you think you can  
help her; by your willingness to be in her company; by  
your grief when she is grieved, or in trouble or pain.  
Yes; in a hundred different ways people can discover  
your affection for your mother. So with your love and  
devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ.

There is no necessity for your quoting texts, or talking  
religiously; indeed, I think such practices exceedingly  
unbecoming in children; and if I found a child acting in  
such a way, I should find it hard to believe that he had  
any real religion at all. A child must be a child in his  
religion as well as in other things. The Lord Jesus, when  
He was a boy, did not lift up His hand, as the pictures  
represent Him doing, and preach to the old men around  
Him, but sat modestly at their feet, and heard what they  
said, and asked and answered questions.

But though you need not announce to the world how  
good you are, the world will find out if you are  
good, will find out if you love Jesus Christ, when  
they see that you really—not in pretence, but really  
—like all that belongs to Him: His Book, His House,  
His Day; and really—not in pretence, but really—wish  
to please Him, and try to please Him, by following His  
Example. If you have the light, it will shine. If you  
have the love, it will show itself. People will say, "That  
boy, that girl, makes no parade of religion, but quietly  
and modestly is serving the Lord Jesus." \*

\* From "Flowers from the Garden of God." By the Rev.  
Gordon Calthrop, M.A. (London: Cassell & Co.). Every  
Sunday Scholar should have this charming book. Pa-  
rents and Teachers, make a note of it.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHO does our blessed Lord teach us to regard as the earliest prophet?
2. How do we know the truth of the record which has been given us through Moses in the first chapter of Genesis?
3. What prayer of Christ for His people just before His death, was wonderfully fulfilled just before the death of the first martyr?
4. Who preferred to break God's commandment, rather than break an oath which he had rashly made?
5. How did God open the prison doors for the deliverance of the saint? And how did He open them for the deliverance of the sinner?
6. Who was the first man permitted to perform a miracle?
7. Where do we last find any mention made of Pontius Pilate?

8. What young man, whose name we know not, was the means of saving the life of one of the Apostles?
9. How was it that Balaam's ass was able to speak with human voice, and that the whale was able to swallow the prophet Jonah?
10. In whose days was the earth divided? And what Divine plan regulated the division?
11. What animal, which was not in the ark, has suffered more than any other on account of man's sins?
12. What sad instance is mentioned in the Bible as the result of not attending to Scripture when it is read in a place of worship?

## ANSWERS (See NOVEMBER No., page 263).

- I. Exod. xvii. 11. II. 1 Chron. v. 1, 2. III. Micah v. 2.
- IV. John xvii. 3; Rom. vi. 23. V. Gen. xl. 8; Dan. ii. 28.
- VI. James ii. 23. VII. Prov. viii. 29, 30. VIII. John vi. 59; Luke xii. 1-5. IX. Acts x. 38. X. 1 Cor. xii. 3. XI. Rom. iii. 22. XII. 2 Cor. viii. 5; Acts v. 1-11.



SUN.—1st day. Rises 7.45. Sets 5.52.      **DECEMBER.**      MOON.—New, 2nd, M. 2.56. Full, 16th, A. 3.36. New, 31st, A. 1.56.

**THE TITLES OF THE LORD JESUS.**

**GRACE**

**LIFE**

**JOY**

**PEACE**

**LOVE**

**Even so, come, Lord Jesus.**  
Rev. xxii. 20.

|   |    |                                                        |  |
|---|----|--------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 1 | W  | We look for the Saviour. Phil. iii. 20. [iii. 12.      |  |
| 2 | Th | Hasting unto the coming of the day of God. 2 Pet.      |  |
| 3 | F  | Of that day and hour knoweth no man. Matt. xxiv.       |  |
| 4 | S  | Therefore . . . let us watch. 1 Thess. v. 6. [26.      |  |
| 5 | S  | <b>2nd S. in Advent.</b> <i>This same Jesus,</i>       |  |
| 6 | M  | <i>Which is taken up from you into heaven,</i>         |  |
| 7 | Tu | <i>Shall so come in like manner</i>                    |  |
| 8 | W  | <i>As ye have seen Him go into heaven. Acts i. 11.</i> |  |

**The Lord is at hand.**  
Phil. iv. 5.

|    |    |                                                                  |  |
|----|----|------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 9  | Th | To them that look for Him,                                       |  |
| 10 | F  | Shall He appear the second time                                  |  |
| 11 | S  | Without sin unto salvation. Heb. ix. 28.                         |  |
| 12 | S  | <b>3rd S. in Advent.</b> <i>The Prince of Peace. Isa. ix. 6.</i> |  |
| 13 | M  | <i>He is our peace. Eph. ii. 14.</i>                             |  |
| 14 | Tu | <i>Having slain the enmity thereby. Eph. ii. 16.</i>             |  |
| 15 | W  | <i>My peace I give unto you. John xiv. 27.</i>                   |  |
| 16 | Th | <i>There is no peace to the wicked. Isa. lvii. 21.</i>           |  |

**TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN.**  
Phil. i. 21.

**Unto Him that loved us, be glory.**  
Rev. i. 6.

|    |    |                                                                 |  |
|----|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 17 | F  | Let the peace of God rule in your hearts. Col. iii. 15.         |  |
| 18 | S  | The Lord of peace Himself give you peace. 2 Thess. iii.         |  |
| 19 | S  | <b>4th S. in Advent.</b> <i>The Desire of all nations. Hag.</i> |  |
| 20 | M  | <i>I wait for the Lord. Ps. cxxx. 6. [ii. 7.</i>                |  |
| 21 | Tu | <i>St. THOMAS. My Lord and my God. John xx. 28.</i>             |  |
| 22 | W  | <i>Your redemption draweth nigh. Luke xxi. 28.</i>              |  |
| 23 | Th | <i>Rejoice greatly . . . thy King cometh. Zech. ix. 19.</i>     |  |
| 24 | F  | <i>The only wise God our Saviour. Jude 25.</i>                  |  |

**Abide in My love.**  
John xv. 10.

|    |    |                                                                                                  |  |
|----|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| 25 | S  | CHRISTMAS DAY. <i>The Holy Child Jesus. Acts iv. 27.</i>                                         |  |
| 26 | S  | <b>1st S. aft. Christmas.</b> <i>St. STEPHEN. God was manifest in the flesh. 1 Tim. iii. 16.</i> |  |
| 27 | M  | <i>St. JOHN. God is love. 1 John iv. 8.</i>                                                      |  |
| 28 | Tu | <i>INNOCENTS. Become as little children. Matt. xviii. 3.</i>                                     |  |
| 29 | W  | <i>We beheld His glory. John i. 14.</i>                                                          |  |
| 30 | Th | <i>The time is short. 1 Cor. vii. 29.</i>                                                        |  |
| 31 | F  | <i>Grace be with you all, Amen. Heb. xiii. 25.</i>                                               |  |

**HUSH!** while on silvery wing of holiest song  
 Floats forth the old, dear story of our peace—  
 His coming, the Desire of ages long,  
 To wear our chains and win our glad release.  
 Our wondering joy, to hear such tidings blest,  
 Is crowned with "Come to Him, and He will give you rest."

**Hark!** "Hallelujah!" O sublimest strain!  
 Is it prophetic echo of the day  
 When He, our Saviour and our King, shall reign,  
 And all the earth shall own His righteous sway?  
 Lift heart and voice, and swell the mighty chords,  
 While hallelujahs peal to Him, the Lord of lords!—F. R. H.

**Till He come.**—Luther said, "I feel as if Jesus Christ died yesterday." So fresh, so vivid, be our love and thankfulness! But may we add, "And as if He were coming to-day"! Then our lives would indeed be rich in remembrance, and radiant in anticipation, "looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

**Commands and Privileges.**—As commands always lead up to privileges, so privileges again lead on to commands. We are to declare all that we see. When we have seen the King, we are to "tell it out"—F. R. H.







